

# ULTIMA,

The last things,

*in reference to*  
the First and Middle things:

O R

CERTAIN MEDITATIONS

*on Life, Death, Judgement, Hell,  
Right Purgatory, and Heaven:*

Delivered by

ISAAC AMBROSE,

Minister of the Gospel

at PRESTON in AMOUNDERNES  
in LANCASHIRE.

---

Deut. 32. 29.

☉ *that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.*

Ecclus. 7. 36.

*Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.*

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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Geological Survey

Washington, D. C.

July 1, 1880

To

Chief of the Geological Survey

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have the honor

to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst.

relative to the matter of the

report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office

in relation to the

proposed extension of the

boundary of the

public lands in the

State of California.

I am sorry that I cannot

reply to you more fully at this time.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Yours very truly,

Wm. H. Woodworth

Assistant Secretary

## To the Reader.

READER,



Or to stay thee too long at the doore, come in, and  
thou mayst in this fabrick see these severall  
partitions.

Here is {	{	Life,	Ser. 1.
		Death,	Ser. 2.
		Judgement,	Ser. 3.
		The Execution,	Ser. 4.
		Redemption,	Ser. 5.
{	{	Salvation,	Ser. 6.

The first part may bring thee to a sight, and sense, and  
sorrow for sin; the second to a sight of Christ, and a com-  
fort in Christ: and these are the principall means of conver-  
sion. Nor is the work unprofitable, if thou beest converted;  
use them as daily meditations, and they will keep thee from  
sin, and help thee towards heaven. One of our Worthies  
can tell thee, that Nothing more strongly bends men to  
sin then securitie, or incogitancie of these things. If  
thou ask what things? he answers, The end of our  
creation and redemption, the certaintie of death, the  
uncertaintie of life, the severe account we must give,  
the just retribution we shall have, the miserie of the  
damned in hell, the blessedness of the Saints in heaven,  
these things being sadly and frequently thought upon,  
would quench our burnings and lustings after sinne.  
And true thou mayest find it, that such good thoughts, and

an inordinate life, are scarce consistible: Will you hear another? A serious and fruitfull meditation on these things (so blessed M. Bolton) hath ever been holden very materiall, and of speciall moment to make us (by Gods blessing) more humble, unworldly, provident and prepared for the evil day. And I take it, every one of these following subjects would be an excellent theme, or matter for our deliberate meditation. See the Middle things, Chap. 7. Sect. 4. Read then and practise these Meditations, and I trust by these means, thy end will be Heavens happiness. So ends this work, and to that end solely, next to Gods glory, I built it for thee. Farewell.

Thine in all services I may,

for thy souls salvation,

I. A.



# Lifes Lease.

GEN. 47. 9.

*Few and evil have the dayes of my life been.*



When Pharaoh was Egypts King, Joseph Pharaohs Steward, and Jacob Josephs father, there was a great famine which Pharaoh had dreamed, Joseph fore-told, and Jacob suffered: God that sent Joseph to Pharaoh, brings Jacob to Joseph, the same providence so disposing of all, that yet some food must be in Egypt, when nothing was found in all the land of Canaan: Thither come, & welcome (as you may see in the storie,) Pharaoh salutes Jacob with this question, *What is thy age? How many are thy dayes? How many? alas; but few: what are they? alas; but evil:* Thus we find Jacob at his Arichmetick, the bill is short, and the number but a cyphar: Will you hear him cast his accounts? First, they are *dayes*, and without all rules of fallshood, by subtraction *few*, by addition full of *evil*; contract all and this is the sum of all. *Few and evil have the dayes of my live been.*

This Text, briefly, is the Lease of Jacobs life, God the chief Lord inricht his substance, yet limits the grant of his time: will you question the Lease? for what time? no more, but *my life* ] saith Jacob: but a life? what years? no years, but *dayes*. ] saith Jacob,



cob: but dayes? how many? not many, but few ] saith *Iacob*, but few? how good? not good, but evil ] saith *Iacob*: who can blaze the arms of life, that finds not in it Crosse and Crocket? the lease but a life ] the rearm but dayes ] the number few ] the nature evil ] nay, when all is done, we see all is out of date; the dayes are not, but are past, they have been ] Few and evil have the dayes of my life been. ]

We must, you see, invert the Text, and begin with that on which all hangs; it is but *my life* ] saith *Iacob*.

### Life.

**V**ould you know what is that, take but a view of *Nature*, and *Scripture*, & these will sufficiently describe our life.

First, *Nature*, whose dimme eye sees thus far: what is it? but a *Rose*, saith *Tisernas*, which if you view in its growth, the cold nips it, heat withers it, the wind shakes it; be it never so fair it withers, be we never so lively, immediately we die and perish.

A *Rose*? that is too beautifull! *Life* is but *grasse*, saith *Plautus*, green now, withered anon; thus like the flower that is cut in Summer; as soon as we are born, Death is ready with his Sythe; as soon as we are dead, Angels gather in the harvest, on whose wings we are carried to that Barn of Heaven. *Grasse*? no saith *Philemon*, *Life* is no better then a counterfeit picture: what if the colours be fair, and the resemblance near? the shadow of death, and the Curtains of our grave will darken all. A picture? that is too honourable; *Life* is (a worse resemblance) but a *Play* saith *Luscinus*, we enter at our birth, and act all our life, presently there is an *exit*, or a back return, and away we go, shutting all up with a sudden Tragedie. A *Play*? that is too large, *Anonymus* being asked what was *Life*, he shows himself a little, then hides himself again; his meaning was this, our *Life* is but a little *show*, and no sooner are we seen, but immediately are we hid and gone. A *show*? that is too pleasant; *Life* is nothing but a *sleep*, saith *Philonius*, we live secure, and *Dormise-like* we slumber away our time; when all is done, as if all this were too little, we sleep again, and go from (our grave) the bed, to (that bed) our grave. A *sleep*? that is too quiet, it is nothing but a *dream*, saith *Aristophanes*; all our worldly pleasures are but waking

ut rosa Pa-  
flans languet  
adepta iugo.  
Tisernas.  
ut herba sol-  
stitialis, Plaut.

ο βίος & βίος  
ἀλυσόμε, Phi-  
lemon.

Scena est ludus  
quoque vita:  
Luscin.

Cum parumper  
se ostendisset,  
mox se abs-  
condit Anony-  
mus: Rodol.  
Agric.

Tu quiescis se-  
curus; & in  
modum gliris  
sepultus jaces.  
Philonius.

ἀνέρες εἰμελά-  
ρειοι. Ari-  
stophanes.

waking dreams, as last Death rouzeth our souls that have slept in sinne, then lifting up our heads and seeing all gone we awake sorrowing. *A dream, or the dream of a shadow*, saith Pindarus; the worst, the weakest *dream* that can be imagined, sure one step further, were to arrive at death's door; and yet thus farre are we lead by the hand of Nature: nay if you will lower, death succeeds life, and life is but the image of death, saith Cato. Here is a true picture of our frailty, life is like *dew*; indeed so like, so near together, that we cannot differ each from other.

οὐκ ἔστιν ὄναρ  
ἀνθρώπου,  
Pind. in Pyth.  
Vita quid nisi  
mortis imago?  
Cato.

See here the condition of our life; what is it but a *Rose*, a *Grasse*, a *Picture*, a *Play*, a *Show*, a *Sleep*, a *Dream*, an *Image of death*? Each thing is *life*, that we so much talk of.

And if Nature give this light, how blind are they that cannot see *life*. Frailty you need no more but mark the *Destinies* (as *Poets* feign) to spin their threads: one holds, another draws, a third cuts it off: what is our life but a thread? some have a stronger twist, others a more slender: some live till near rot, others die when scarce born: there's none endures long. This thread of life is cut sooner or later, and then our work is done, our course is finished. Are these the Emblemes of our life? and dare we trust to this broken staff? how do the heathen preceed us Christians in these studies? *Their books were skuls, their desks were graves, their remembrance an hour-glass*. Awake your souls, and be-think you of mortality: have you any priviledge for your *lives*? are not Heathens and Christians of one Father *Adam*? of one mother, *Earth*? the Gospel may free you from the second, not the first death; onely provide you for the first to escape the second death. O men, what be your thoughts? nothing but of *Goods* and *Barns*, and *many Years*? you may boast of *Life*, as *Oromazes* the Conjuror of his Egge, which (he said) included the felicity of the world, yet being opened, there was nothing but *Wind*: Think what you please, your life is but a *Wind*, which may be stopt soon, but cannot last long by the law of *Nature*.

Use.

But secondly, as *Nature*, so *Scripture* will inform you in this point. The life of man is but of little esteem; what is it but a *Shrub*, or a *Brier* in the fire? *As the crackling of thorns under the pot, so is the (life or) laughter of the fool*: momentary and vanity, Eccles. 7. 6. Nay, a *shrub* were something, but our life Eccles. 7. 6.

- is lesse, no better then a *leaf*, not a tree, nor shrub, nor fruit nor blossom: *We all fade as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind have swept us away*. *Esay 64. 6.* Yet a *leaf* may glory of his birth, it is descended of a Tree, *Life is a Road*, sometimes broken, at least shaken, for vain so infirm, so inconstant is the *life* of man: *What went you out to see? a reed shaken with the wind?* *Matth. 11. 7.*
- Job 8. 12.* Nay, a reed were something, our *life* is baser, indeed no better then a *rush* or *flag*: *Can a rush grow without mire? though it were green, and not cut down, yet shall it wither before any other herb*, *Job 8. 11, 12.* What shall I say more? what shall I cry, a *rush*?
- Esa. 40. 7.* All *flesh* is *grass*, and all the *grace* thereof as the *flower* of the *field*, the *grass* withereth, the *flower* fadeth, surely the *people* is *grass*, *Esa. 40. 7.* I am descended beneath just patience; but not so low as the *life* of man; as all these resemble *life*, so in some measure they have *life*: but *life* is a *smoke*, without any spark of *life* in it, thus cries *David*, *My dayes are consumed like smoke, & my bones are burnt like an hearth*, *Psal. 102. 3.* Yet is here no stay, the *smoke* ingenders *clouds*, and a *cloud* is the fittest resemblance of our *life*: *Our life shall passe away as the trace of a cloud, and come to nought as the myst that is driven away with the beams of the Sun*. *Wild. 2. 4.*
- Job 7. 7.* Neither is this all, *clouds* may hang calm, but *life* is like a tempest, it is a *cloud* and a *wind* too, *Remember that my life is but a wind, and that mine eye shall not return to see pleasure*, *Job 7. 7.* Nay, we must lower, and find a weaker element, it is not a *wind*, but *water*, said that woman of *Tekeab*, *We are as water spilt on the ground; which cannot be gathered up again*, *2. Sam. 14. 14.* yet is *water* both a good and necessary element, *life* is the least part of *water*, nothing but a *foam*, a *bubble*: *The King of Samaria* (that great King) *is destroyed as the foam upon the water*, *Hof. 10. 7.* I can no more, and yet here is something lesse, a *foam* or *bubble* may burst into a *vapour*, and *What is your life* it is even a *vapour* that appeareth for a little time, and afterwards vanisheth away, *Iam. 4. 14.* Lesse then this is nothing, yet *life* is something lesse, nothing in substance, all it is, it is but a *shadow*, *1. Chr. 29. 15.* *We are strangers and sojourners as all our fathers were, our dayes are like a shadow upon the earth, & there is none abiding*, *1. Chr. 29. 15.* See whither we have brought our *life*, and yet ere we part, we will down one step lower; upon a strict view we find neither substance nor shadow, onely a meer nothing, a verie vanitie: *Behold,*



Behold, thou hast made my dayes as an hand breadth, and mine age is nothing in respect of thee, surely every man living is altogether vanitie: Psal. 39.5.

Lo here the nature of our life, it is, a shrub, a leaf, a reed, a rush, a grasse, a smoke, a clond, a Wind, a water, a bubble, a vapour, a shadow a nothing.

What mean we to make such ado about a matter of nothing? I cannot choose but wonder at the vanitie of men, that runne, rid, toil, travell, undergo any labour to maintain this life, and what is it when they have their desire which they so much toyl for? we live, and yet whilest we speak this word, perhaps we die. Is this a land of the living, or a region of the dead? We that suck the air to kindle this little spark, where is our standing but at the gates of death? Psal. 9. 13. Where is our walk, but in the shadow of death? Luke 1. 79. What is our mansion-house, but the body of death? Rom. 7. 24. What think ye? Is not this the region of death, where is nothing but the gate of death, and the shadow of death, and the body of death? Sure we dream that we live, but sure it is that we die; or if we live, the best hold we have is but a lease: God our chief Lord may bestow what he pleaseth, to the rich man wealth, to the wise man knowledge, to the good man peace, to all men somewhat: yet if you ask, Who is the Lessor? God. Who is the Lessee? Man. What is leased? This world. For what terme? *My life.*] Thus Jacob tels Pharaoh, as the Text tels you, *Few and evil have the dayes of my life*] been.

Psal. 9. 13.

Luke 1. 79.

Rom. 7. 24.

Annon & hac regio mortis, ubi porta mortis, umbra mortis, & corpus mortis?

This is the Lease, and now you have it, let us see what use you will make of it.

It is a bad life some live, Come (say they) and let us enjoy 1 Use. the pleasures that are present, and let us cheerfully use the creatures as in youth, let us fill our selves with costly wine and oynments, and let not the flower of life passe by us. What a life is here? Can it be that pleasures, wine and oynments should have any durance in this vale of miserie? Suppose thy life a continued scene of pleasures, hadst thou Dives fare, Solomons robes, Davids throne, Cræsus wealth, livedst thou many years without any cares, yet at last comes death, and takes away thy soul in the midst of her pleasures: alas, what is all thy glory, but a snuff that goes out in a stench? Couldst thou not have made

Wild. 2. 6, 7.



death more welcome, if he had found thee lying on a pad of straw, feeding on crusts and crums? Is not thy pain more grievous, because thou wast more happie? Do not thy joys more afflict thee, then if they had never been? O deceitfull world, that grieveest if thou crossest, and yet to whom thou art best, they are most unhappie?

2. Use.

John 14.6.

John 1.1.

John 6.48.

John 17.3.

But to speak to you who have passed the pikes and pangs of the *new birth*, would you have *life indeed*, and enjoy that joy of *life* which is *immortall*? then hear, revive, watch and awake from *sinne*: were you sometimes dead in *sinne*? O but now live in Christ, Christ is *the life*. John 14. 6. Were you sometimes dumb in your dying pangs? O but now abide in Christ, Christ is *the word* of life. John 1.1. Are you as yet babes in Christ, feeble and but weak through *lifes* infirmities? why then use all good means, eat and be strong, Christ is *the bread of life*. John 6. 48. Here is a *life indeed*, would you not thus live for ever? then *believe in God, and in Iesus Christ whom he hath sent, and this is life eternal*. John 17.3. O happy *life*, which many a man never dreams of! So much they strive to protract this brittle *life*, which but adds more grief, that they forget Christ, nay, they forget their Creed; which begins with *true life, God*; and ends with *life never-ending, Life everlasting*. Others that hope for heaven, fix not their thoughts on earth; if you be Gods servants, lift up your hearts above, for there is *life*, and *the God of life*, *the True of life*, and *the Well of life*, *the life of Angels*, and *the Life everlasting*.

One sand is run, and the Text is lessened; but as you have the *lease*, so you may now expect to know the *date*: the *lease* is but a *life*, the *date* lasts but *dayes*.

Dayes. ]

Not weeks, nor moneths nor years; or if a *year*, the best Arithmatick is to reduce or break it into *Dayes*: so we have it in the last translations, *The dayes of the year*.

Here then is the  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Summe, a Year.} \\ \text{Fraction, Dayes.} \end{array} \right.$

First, a *Year*; in the *Spring* is the youthfull spring of our age, in the *Summer* is the aged time of our youth; in the *Autumn* is the

the high noon, or middle of our age, when the Sun ( which is our soul ) rules in the Equinoctiall line of our life; in the *Winter* we grow old and cold, the nips of frost strip the tree of our life, we fall into the grave, and the earth that nourished us, will then consume us. See what is man ! a *Spring of tears*, a *Summers dust*, an *Autumns care*, a *Winters wo*: Read but this map, and you need travell no further to enquire of *life*.

The first quarter is our *Spring*, and that is full of sinne and miserie; the infant no sooner breathes, but he sucks the poyson of his parents : in *Adam* all sinned, and since his time all were defiled by his sinne. Is it not Natures rule, that *every man begets one like himself* ? And is it not Gods rule, that *every sinner begets another no better then himself* ? How may a foul vessel keep sweet water ? or how may an earthy sinner beget an heavenly Saint ? we are all in the same state of sinne, and so we fall into the same plunge of sorrow : the child in his eradle sleeps not so secure, but now he wakes, and then he weeps, cold starves him, hunger pines him, sores trouble him, sicknesse gripes him, there is some punishment, which without sinne had never been inflicted. It is wonderfull to consider, how Nature hath provided for all creatures, birds with feathers, beasts with hides, fishes with scales, all with some defence, onely man is born stark naked, without either weapon in his hand, or the least thought of defence in his heart ; birds can flie, beasts can go, fishes can swim, but infant-man, as he knows nothing, so neither is he able to do any thing : indeed he can weep as soon as born, but not laugh ( as some observe ) till fortie dayes old : so ready are we born to wo, but so farre from the least spark of joy. O meer madnesse of men, that from so poor, naked and base beginnings, can perswade our selves we are born to be proud !

And if this be our *Spring*, what ( think ye ) is our *Summer* ? Remember not the finnes of this time, prayes David, Psalme 25. Psal. 25. 7. and why ? their remembrance is bitter, saith Job, Job 13. 26. Job 13. 26. If mirth and melody should never meet with end, this were an happy life, Rejoyce, O young man, in thy youth, let thine heart Eccles. 11. 9. cheer thee in the dayes of thy youth, walk in the wayes of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes ; but remember for all these things God will bring thee to judgement, Eccles. 11. 9. This

Eccles. 2. 2.

*judgement* is the damp that puts out all the lights of comfort : could not *Solomon* have given the rains, but he must pull again at curb ? Must youth rejoyce, *But for all this remember* ? what a barre stands here in the very door of joy ? alas, that we should trifle thus with toyes, which no sooner we enjoy, but in grievous sadnesse we repent our follies. The wise man that gave libertie to his wayes, what cries he but *vanitie*, and after, *vanitie of vanities*, and at last, *all is vanitie* ? what was the wisdom of *Achitophel* ? a vain thing : what the swiftnesse of *Hazael* ? a vain thing : what the strength of *Goliath* ? a vain thing : what the pleasures of *Nebuchadnezzar* ? a vain thing : what the honour of *Haman* ? a vain thing : what the beautie of *Absolon* ? a vain thing. Thus if we see but the fruit that grows of sin, we may boldly say of *laughter*, *thou art mad, and of joy, what is this thou doest* ? Eccles. 2. 2.

And if this be our *Summer*, what may be our *Autumn* ? an hour of joy, a world of sorrow; if you look about you, how many miseries lie in wait to ensnare you ? there is no place secure, no state sufficient, no pleasure permanent, whither will you go ? The chamber hath its care, the house hath its fear, the field hath its toyl, the Countrey hath its frauds, the Citie hath its factions, the Church hath its Sects, the Court hath its envie, here is every place a field where is offered a battell : or if this were better, consider but your states, the Beggar hath his sores, the Souldier hath his scarres, the Magistrate hath his troubles, the Merchant his travels, the Nobles their crosses, the great ones their vexations; here is every state a sea, tossed with a world of tempests : or yet if this were happier, bethink you a little longer of your fleeting joys; the sweet hath its sower, the Crown hath its care, the world hath its want, pleasure hath its pain, profit hath its grief, all these must have their end : here is a dram of sugar mixt with an Ephra of bitter. Is this manhood, that is subject to all these miseries ? Nay, what are these in comparison of all it suffers ? It is deformed with sinne, defiled with lust, outraged with passions, over-carried with affections, pining with envie, burthened with gluttony, boyling with revenge, transported with rage; all mans body is full of iniquitie, and his soul ( the bright image of God ) through sinne, is transformed to the ugly shape of the Devil.

And

And if this be our *Autumn*, what ( I pray ) is the *winter*? then our Sun grows low, and we begin to die by degrees; shew me the light which will not darken, shew me the flower which will not fade, shew me the fruit which will not corrupt, shew me the garment which will not wear, shew me the beantie which will not wither, shew me the strength which will not weaken: behold, now is the hour that thy lights shall darken, thy cheeks wrinkle, thy skinne be furrowed, thy beantie fade, and thy strength decay. Here is the ambition of a long *life*, thy *lease* lies a bleeding, and death raps at the door of thy heart to take possession: O forcible entrie! will not pleasures delay? cannot riches ransome? dares not strength defic? Is neither wit nor wealth able to deceive nor bribe? what may rent this house, that the soul may but lodge there one night longer? Poor soul that dies ( or departs ) in unremedied pangs! our sinnes may run on score, and repentance forget her dayes of payment. Yet our lease shall end, the date exspire, this body suffer, and the soul be driven from her house and harbour. See the swift course of our mortall *Sun*, at *North and South*, in our mothers *womb* and *tomb* both in one year.

Consider this, ye that forget God, you have but a *year* to live, *Use*. and every season yields some occasion to tell you, ye must die. In *childhood*, what is your chest of clouts, but a remembrance of your winding sheets? In *youth*, what is your mirth and musick, but a summons to the knell? In *manhood*, what is your house and enclosure, but a token of the coffin? In *age*, what is your chair or litter, but a shew of the beer, which at last shall convey you to your graves? Man, ere he is aware, hath drest his herse, every season adding something to his solemnitie. Where is the Adulterer, Murtherer, Drunkard, Blasphemer? Are you about your sinnes? look on these objects; *there is a sunne now setting, or a candle burning, or an hour-glasse running, or a flower decaying, or a Traveller passing, or a vapour vanishing, or a sick man groaning, or a strong man dying*, be sure there is something puls you by the sleeve, and bids you beware to commit such enormities: Who dares live in sinne, that considers with himself he must die soon? And who will not consider, that sees before his eyes so many a remembrancer? Alas, we must die, and howsoever we passe from childhood to youth, from youth to



*Senectutem  
nemo excedit.*

manhood, from manhood to age, yet there is none can be more then old: here is the utmost of our life, a *Spring*, a *Summer*, an *Autumn*, a *Winter*, and when that is done, you know the whole Year is finished.

The summe is a Year ] the Items are *Dayes*. ] And what *Dayes* can ye expect of such a Year? my text, in relation to these *dayes*, gives us two attributes, the first is *few*, the second is *evil*: if you consider our *dayes*, in regard of the *fewnesse*, (which this word seems rather to intimate) you may see them in Scripture brought to *fewer* and *fewer*, till they are well near brought to nothing.

If we begin with the beginning, we find first, that the first man *Adam* had a lease of his life in *fee*, and (as Lawyers say) *To have and to hold*, from the beginning to everlasting: but for eating the forbidden fruit, he made a forfeiture of that estate: of this he was forewarned, *In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt die the death*; Gen. 2. 17. And this he found too true, *Because thou hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee, Thou shalt not eat* — what then? amongst other curses this was one, *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return*: Gen. 3. 19. After him, the longest life came short of the number of a thousand years, *The dayes of Methusalem (saith Moses) were nine hundred, sixtie, and nine years*: Gen. 5. 27. and had he come to a thousand, which never was attained by man, yet *a thousand years are but one day with God*: 2. Pet. 3. 8. yea, but as yesterday, saith *Moses*, *A thousand years in Gods sight are but as yesterday*: Psalme 90. 4. But what speak I of a thousand years? no sooner came the flood, but the age of man (of every man born after it) was shortened half in half. *These are the generations of Sem (saith Moses)* Gen. 11. 10. to wit, *Arphaxad*, and *Selah*, and *Eber*, none of which three could reach to the number of five hundred years; the longest liver was *Eber*, and yet all his dayes, before and after his first-born *Peleg*, were but *four hundred, sixtie, and four years*: Gen. 11. 16, 17. nay, as if half a thousand were more then too much, you may see God halfe their ages once again: *Peleg* lives as long as any man after him, and yet his dayes were neither a thousand, nor half a thousand, nor half of half a thousand; no, no more then *two hundred*

Gen. 2. 17.

Gen. 3. 19.

Gen. 5. 27.

2. Pet. 3. 8.

Psal. 90. 4.

Gen. 11. 10.

Gen. 11. 16,  
17.

*hundred, thirtie and nine years, Gen. 11. 18, 19. but this was a long life too: If we come to arrive at the time of Jacob, we shall find this little time well-near halfed again; when he spoke this text, he tells he was one hundred and thirtie years old, and after this he lived no longer then seventeen years more, so that the whole age of Jacob was but (seven score and seven) an hundred fortie, and seven years. Gen. 47. 28. Nay, to leave Jacob a while, and to come a little nearer our selves, in Moses time we find this little time halfed again, he brings seven score to seventie, The dayes (saith he) of our age are threescore years and tenne, and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone. Psal. 90. 10. Here is halfs of halfs, and if we half it a while, sure we shall half away all our time: nay, we have a custome goes a little further, and tells us of a number a great deal shorter, we are fallen from seventie to seven, in lifes leases made by us. Nay, what speak I of years, when my text breaks them all into dayes? Few and evil have the dayes been, so our former translation, without any addition of years at all: and (if you mark it) our life in Scripture is more often termed dayes then years: the book of Chronicles, which writes of mens lives, are called according to the interpretation, Words of dayes: to this purpose we read, David was old, and full of dayes. 1 Chron. 23. 1. and in the dayes of Iehoram, Edom rebelled. 2 Chron. 21. 8. So in the New Testament, In the dayes of Herod the King. Matth. 2. 1. and in the dayes of Herod the King of Iudea. Luke 1. 5. In a word, thus Iob speaks of us, our life is but dayes, our dayes but a shadow; we know nothing (saith Iob) and why so? our dayes upon earth are but a shadow. Iob 8. 9.*

Lo here the length of our little life, it is not for ever; no, Adam lost that estate, & he that lived longest after Adam, came short of the number of a thousand years: nay, that was halfed to somewhat lesse then five hundred, and that again halfed to little more then two hundred; Jacob yet halfs it again to a matter of seven score, and Moses halfs that again to seventy, or a little more: nay, our time brings it from seventy to seven: nay, Jacob yet brings it from years to daies *few and evil have the dayes ] of the year ] of my life been.* Teach us, O Lord, to number our dayes, that we may apply our hearts

*hearts unto wisdom*, Psal. 90, 12. *Moses* Arithmetick is worthy your meditation; learn of him to number, pray to God your teacher, think every evening there is one *day* of your number gone, and every morning there is another *day* of miserie coming on; evening and morning meditate on Gods mercy, and your own miserie. Thus if you number your *dayes*, you shall have the lesse to account for at that *day*, when God shall call you to a finall reckoning.

2. Use.

1. Pet. 3. 10.

But miserable men, who are not yet born again, their *dayes* run on without any meditation in this kind: What think they of, but of *long dayes*, and *many years*? And were all their *dayes* as long as the day of *Joshuah*, when the Sun stood still in the midst of heaven, yet it will be night at last, and their Sun shall set like others. True, God may give some a liberall time, but what enemies are they to themselves, that of all their *dayes* allow themselves not one? *If any man long after life, and to see good dayes let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.* How live they that would needs live long, and follow no rules of pietie? many can post off their conversion from day to day, sending Religion afore them to thirty, and then putting it off to fourtie, and not pleased yet to overtake it, promise it entertainment at threescore; at last death comes, and allows not one hour: In youth these men resolve to reserve the time of age to serve God in; in age they shuffle it off to sicknesse, when sicknesse comes, care to dispose their goods, loathnesse to die, hope to escape, manys that good thought. O miserable men! if you have but the *Lease* of a Farm for twenty years, you make use of the time, and gather profit; but in this *precious farm of Time*, you are so ill husbands, that your *Lease* comes out before you are one penny worth of grace the richer by it. *Why stand ye here all the day idle?* there are but a *few hours or dayes* that ye have to live; at last comes the night of death, that will shut up your eyes in sleep till the day of doom.

Matth. 20. 6.

You see now the term of our *Lease*, our *Life* lasts but *Dayes*.] and although we live many *dayes*, yet in *this thy day*, saith Christ; and, *Give us this day our daily bread*, say we, as if no *day* could be called *thy day* but *this day*: if there be any more, we shall soon number them, my text tells you they are not many, but *few*; *Few and evill have the dayes of my life been.*

Luke 19. 42.

Matth. 6. 12.

Few]



Few ]

Our *Lease* is a *Life*, our *Life* is but *Dayes*, our *Dayes* are but *Few*. The Phoenix, the Elephant, and the Lion fulfill their hundreds; but man dieth when he thinks his Sun yet riseth, before his eye be satisfied with seeing, or his ear with hearing, or his heart with lusting, death knocks at his door, and often will not give him leave to meditate an excuse before he comes to judgement; Is not this a wonder to see dumb beasts outstrip mans life? The Phoenix lives *thousands* (say some); but a thousand years are a long life with man: *Methusalem* (you saw) the longest liver, came short of this number; and yet, could we attain to so ripe an age, what are a thousand years to the dayes everlasting? If you took a little mote to compare with the whole earth, what great difference were in these two? and if you compare this *life* which is so short, with the *life* to come which shall never have end, how much lesse will it yet appear? *As drops of rain are unto the sea, and as a gravell stone is in comparison to the sand; so are a thousand years to the dayes everlasting.* But will you have an exact account and learn the just number? It was the Arithmetick of holy men to reckon their dayes but *Few*; ] as if the shortest cut were the best account. The Hebrews could subduct the time of sleep, which is half our life. so that if the dayes of men were *threescore years and ten*, here's *Psalm 90. 10.* five and thirty years struck off at one blow. The Philosophers could subduct the time of weakness, which is most of life; so that if *vivere be valere* that onely a true life, which enjoys good health, here's the beginning and the ending of our dayes struck off at a second blow. The Fathers could subduct all times not present, and what say you to this account? were the dayes of life at noon, man grown to manhood? look ye back, and the time past is nothing; look ye forward, and the time to come is but uncertain: and if time past and time to come stand both for ciphers, what is our life but the *present*? and what is that but a *moment*? Nay, as if a *moment* were too much, look at Scripture, and you will see it brought to a lesser passe: *Job* (for his part) goes about to subduct the time of his birth, which is the bud of life; *Let the day perish* (saith he) *wherein I was born; nay let it not be joynd unto the dayes of the year, nor let it come into the count of moneths,* *Job 3. 6.* *Solomon* could subduct

not



not onely childhood but the time of youth too, which is the strength of life : *Take away grief out of thine heart, and cause evil to depart from thy flesh; for childhood and youth both are but vanity*, Eccles. 11. 10. Paul could subduet the time of sinne, which is the joy of life, *She that lives in pleasure* (lives not, nay she ) *is dead while she is alive*, 1. Tim. 5. 6. Summe all and suppose that the time of birth, and childhood, and youth, and sin were gone, to what an epitome were mans life come? Think of this all ye that travell towards heaven, had we not need to make haste, that must go so long a journey in so short a time? How can he choose but run, that remembers his *dayes are few*? nay, that every day runs away with his life? The workman that sets a time for his task, he listens to the clock, and counts the houres, not a minute must passe, but his work goes onwards: how then do we neglect our time while we should serve God? *Work while it is day*, saith Christ; and, *this is the day of salvation*, saith the Apostle. Would you know your task? you must work: would you know the time? it is *this day*: a great task, a short time, had we not need with *Moses* to *number our dayes*, lest we loose a minute? It is true, of all numbers we cannot skill to number our dayes: we can number our sheep, our oxen, our fields, our coyn; but we think our dayes are infinite, and never go about to number them. The Saints that went before us cast another account; *Moses* had his *tables*, *Job* had his *measures*, all agree both for *measure* and *number*, magnitude and multitude, our life is but short, our dayes are but few. *Few*] and evil they have been.

Give me leave a little to amplifie on this point: would we thoroughly know the shortness of our time, the fewness of our dayes? I shall then set before you the *magnitude* of the one, and the *multitude* of the other:

And first, for the *magnitude* of the time of our life; A man (say the Philosophers) is *Microcosmus*, a little world: little for goodness, but a world of wickedness. Of this world if you'l have the dimensions according to the rules of Geometricians, the *length*, *breadth*, and *depth* of our short life; then first for our *length* from East to West, from our birth to our buriall. I need not to take so many paces, as will make *mille passus*, a mile; our little life bears no proportion to such a length: I dare not say as

*Stobaeus*

*Stobæus* relates, that our life hath the last of a cubits length: for that's more then the Scripture will afford it: it is but a *span*, Psal. 39. 5. or *hand-breadth*, saith *David*, that's little: nay, *Alcans in carmine Lyrico*, saith, it is but an *inch long*, that's lesse: nay, saith *Plutarch*, *All our life is but a prick, a point*: yet lesse, saith *Seneca*, it is a *point that we live, and lesse then a point*. that's less then either I can say, or you conceive. What is it? not a *mile*, but a *cubit*, but a *span*, but an *inch*, but a *point*, nay less then that: here's little longitude of life. Well, but our latitude perhaps is greater: no, take a measure if you please from one pole to another, as we stand betwixt the terms of life and death and wheresoever we are, death is within an *hand-breadth* of our life: if we be on the sea, there's but a *thick board* betwixt us and drowning: if on the land, there's but a *shoe-sole* betwixt us and our grave: if we sleep, our bed is our bodies grave, and there's but a *sheet*, (perhaps a winding-sheet) betwixt us and it: when we are awake, our bodie is our souls grave, and there's but a *few skins* (as say Physicians) betwixt death and us. What is it? but the breadth of an *hand*, of a *board*, of a *shoe-sole*, of a *thin sheet*, of a *small skinne*: there's little latitude you see. Well, but our profundity may help all this: go to therefore, and see what that is. I shall not lead you down many steps, for indeed there are not many steps to lead you down: in one word come to the centre of the heart of man: The *Grecians* to expresse the shallowness of this life, give the same name to the heart, that they do to death. *Kéap* is the heart, the authour of life; and *Kéap* is destiny, the worker of death; to shew that as every man hath an heart; so death hath a dart for every man. Christians! mortals! consider your magnitude in all these dimensions; alas, how is it that many of you make your selves so great? what mean those titles which you take upon you? *Your Greatnesse, Your Highnesse, your*— I know not what. O consider the mortalitie of your bodies, and that will tell you the just \* scantling of your selves.

*Punctum est quod vivimus. Et adhuc puncto minus.*

\* *Mors sola fatetur quantula sunt hominum corpora.* Juvenal.

2. For the *multitude of our dayes*, he was branded with the name of a fool, that thought he had many years to live. *Moses* tells us, *The dayes of our years are threescore years and ten*, Psal. 90. 10. But now (as you heard) we value our life but at *seven years*, as if six years we had to labour, and to do all we had to do; but the seventh were a Sabbath to rest with God, Revel. 14. 13. Revel. 14. 13.

Nay,

- Gen. 47. 9. nay yet the Scripture comes somewhat lower, and because a plurality might cause a securitie, it bestows but a unitie upon our years, thus *Jacob* in this text reckons of a great number of one year, *The dayes of the year of my life are an hundred and thirty year.* Gen. 47. 9. nay *Austin* comes shorter, and compares our life to a quarter of a year, like *Jeboahab* reign, which lasted about three moneths time. 2 Kings 23. 31. nay, the Scripture descends from moneths to dayes, *Few and evil are my dayes,* saith *Jacob*: implying that this life is but a few dayes, or but \* one day, as some would have it, which is the meaning of Christs prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* Matth. 6. 11. And yet that we may not think our death a great way off, the Scripture tells us, it is not a day to come: no, *boast not of to morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.* Prov. 27. 1. thy day is this present day, and therefore saith the Apostle, *To day if you will hear his voice,* Heb. 3. 7. nay, to speak further, this day (saith *Iob*) is past already, *we are but of yesterday.* Job 8. 9. nay, as if a day were too long for the life of man, most resembles it to the grasse that grows up in the morning, and is cut down in the evening, Psal. 90. 6. and *Gregorie* compares it to *Jonahs* gourd, that came up in a night, and perished ere the day was come, *Jonah* 4. 10. *The evening and the morning make but one day.* Gen. 1. 5. but \* our day is oft times an evening without a morning, and oft times a morning without an evening. Nay, yet to go lower, as if half a day were more then our life could parallell, *Moses* compares it to a watch, which is but the fourth part of a night. Psal. 90. 4. yea and as if this were longer then our life doth last, the Scripture calls it but an hour. John 5. 25. *The hour is coming, and now is,* saith Christ: nay our life is but a minute, or if we can say lesse, a moment, in a moment they go down to the grave, saith *Iob*, Job 21. 13. and in a moment shall they die. saith *Elihu*. Job 34. 20. *And a lying tongue is but for a moment,* saith *Solomon*, Prov. 12. 19. and our light affliction is but for a moment, saith *Paul*, 2 Cor. 4. 17. Lo here the length of our little life, this is the gradation that God makes of it: at first a matter of *seventie years*, but these were tythed from *seventie to seven*, this number again was made no number, one single year: a year? nay a moneth, nay a day, nay an hour, nay a minute, nay a moment, as soon as we were born, we began to draw to our end.
- Wisd. 5. 13.
- Wisd.



Wisd. 5. 13. There's but *one poor moment* which we have to live, and when that is spent, our life is gone. How? but *one?* and a *moment?* *one* is the least number that is, and a *moment* the shortest time that ever was: O what mean men to plot and project for the time to come, as if this life would never be done? O consider of the littleness of the time that thou hast to live! O consider of the greatness of the matter that depends upon it; thy body, soul, heaven, and hel, all hangs on this thread, a short life, a few dayes. ] *Few* ] and *evill have the dayes of my life been.*

You have learned *Moses* Arithmetick to number your dayes; practise a while, and you find this *use.*

God shortens your time, you that are unregenerate, lest you *1 Use.* defer your repentance: it is said of the Devil, that he is *hustie*, *because his time is short*, Revel. 12. 12. and are you worse then Devils? is not your time shorter? and yet are you more negligent? how do you give way to that old serpent? he delays no time to bring you to hell, and ye neglect all times to get you heaven: What is your life but a *Jonas* gourd, suddenly sprung up, and by and by withered again, and gone? whatsoever ye do, your wheel whirls about apace: in a word, *ye die daily*, and you all know thus much, that you have every one of you a poor soul to save. I have wondered at men, that desire time after time, one time after another, why if your souls perish, the day will come soon enough. *It makes me weep* (said one of a better stamp) *when my hour-glasse is beside me, and I see every drop of sand follow other so speedily.* Your dayes are but few, and yet who knows whether *this day* his sunne may set? Take heed, you unregenerate, if death come unawares, it is the price of your souls how you are provided! Who (alas) would defer to be good, that knows not how soon he may go to judgement? The enemy keeps a daily watch, a friend prepares for your welcome, and are you such enemies to your selves, that never are prepared to welcome death?

But to speak to thee, whosoever thou art that readest, *regenerate or unregenerate*, the best counsel thou canst learn, is to be still in a readinesse; think every day thou risest to be thy day of death, and every night thou goest to bed, that thou art laid down in the grave: if thou shouldest forget; will not each object

ject be a remembrancer? thy sheets, of thy winding-sheet; thy coverings, of thy claspings dust; thy sleep, of thy death; with whom (I may say truly) thou shakest hands every night: who can forget his *grave*, that lies him down in his bed? and who then would not so provide himself, as if every night he went to his grave? Our dayes are but *few*, and the night will be ere long that we die indeed. What are we but Tenants at will in this Clay Farm? the foundation of all the building is a small substance, alwayes kept cold by an intercourse of air; the pillar is but a little breath, the strength some few bones tied together with dry strings, howsoever we piece and patch this poor cottage, it will at last fall into the *Lords hands*, and we must give surrender onely in this tenour. *Few] and evill have the dayes of my life been.*

You now see the time of our *Lease* to the full, our *life* lasts but *dayes*, our *dayes* are but *few*, who is so fond to settle his care on this *Lease*, that so soon is expired, nay, with a blast is gone out? The man that is wedded to this world, enjoyes neither length of *dayes*, nor a *day* of joy; as he is mortall, so is he miserable: you shall see my Text joyn both the hands, nothing indeed but death can loose the bonds, the *dayes* of my life are *few*, the *few dayes* of my life are *evill*; *few* in number, *evill* in nature; neither many, nor good, but *few*, and *evill*.

*Evill.]*

Our life is but *dayes*; our *dayes* are but *few*, our *few dayes* but *evill*: Into what a sea of misery have I now rushed sail? *Evill* life, *evill* dayes; but *few*, yet *evill*.

There waits on our life { *Sinne*,  
  *Punishment*.

Jam. 1. 15.

Both these are *evill*; *Sinne*, as the father, playes the Bankrupt; and *Punishment*, the sonne, must pay the debt: first, *Lust* conceives and brings forth *sinne*, then *sinne* being finished brings forth death. Here is both the work and wages, first we commit, and then we suffer *evill*.

The *evils* we commit are *sinnes*, and see what a troop of enemies march about us; if you expect the battel in array, what say

say you to those evils originall? these are the inheritance which we have from our first parents; it is the same infection that distilled from them abides in us, and therefore the same punishment is due to us, that fell on them. O the flood-gate of evils that now are opened! *Adams sinne* is ours by imputation, we are twigs of one root, streams of one fountain, and by the same reason partakers of one sinne. And as no evil is alone, so besides that *imputed*, we have another *inherent*, this is the proclive disposition that we have to evil, because of the losse of those powers that we had to good; First, the sinne of the person infected nature, but now the sinne of nature infects the person: Is not the mind doubtfull of the wayes of God? Is not the will prone to all manner of evil? Are not the affections disordered in their actions? But as for goodnesse, and holinesse, and virtue, and grace, and temperance, and innocency, all these ornaments are lost; Adam received them for himself and us, and therefore lost them from us, as from himself: what wonder, if we being spoyled, nature be left naked; a rotten root must needs bear rotten branches; and if the first man be infected with sinne, what follows, but a corruption of the whole nature of man?

*Primò persona infecta naturam, sed post natura infecta personam: Polanus.*

But these are but the seeds, what say ye to the off-spring? Evils original beget evils actuall, and such are they (as *Austin* defines them) *Whatsoever we say, or do, or think against the Law eternall.* How many of these Furies haunt us? our saying, doing, thinking, all is evil that is against Gods command: his will is the rule that should measure all our actions, our actions are the frame that should be measured by his will; here then is sinnes *materiall* and *formall*, the actions of man diverted from the will of God; and if all these be evils, how many evils are they all?

*Dictum, vel factum, vel concupitum, contra legem eternam. Aug. l. 22. contra Faust. cap. 27. initio tom. 6.*

Look at our omission of good duties, and come they not in like moats in the Sun? How many alms have we denied? How many blessings have we refused? How many Sermons have we neglected? How many Lords dayes have we mis-spent? This was the sinne of that rich man, of whom though *Lazarus* had no hurt, yet because he could receive no good, therefore he was tormented in that flame. You know a day vwill come, vwhen a

*Luke 16.*

bill of negatives shall be framed against the vvicked, not vvhat ye have done, but vvhat ye have not done: *I was hungry, and ye*

*Matth. 25. 42.*

*gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a*

*43.*

*stranger,*



Matth. 25. 41.

stranger, and ye lodged me not; I was naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not, Matth. 5. 42. It is the not doing your duties must incurre that heauey sentence, *Depart from me ye cursed.* Mere harmles men are no fit members for Gods kingdome; if you mean to avoid evil, you must neglect no good: alas, vvho vvould slip any occasion, that considers the iust revvard of this *evil of omission.*

Psal. 51. 9.

But these are not half the count, there be *evils of Commission*, whereby we fight against God, and provoke his justice against us: of all the Commandments which we should perform, there is not one precept which we have not broken; God himself is dishonoured, his worship is neglected, his name is blasphemed, his dayes are profaned: if we go any further, parents are disobeyed, injury is maintained, adultery is committed, robbery is practised, false witness is produced, covetousness is followed: thus is the manner of our keeping the Commandments, from the first to the last having transgressed against all. *Hide thy face from my sins, O Lord, and put away all mine iniquities.* We had need to pray, *Hide them,* for if they be not hid, how many of these *evils* will rise up in judgement against us?

Esa. 1. 5.  
Jer. 17. 9.  
Jam. 3. 8.  
Prov. 30. 14.  
Esa. 1. 15.  
Esa. 59. 7.  
Esa. 1. 6.

But here is no end, there be *evils externall* that accompany the bodie, and what part of the body is not possessed with some *evil*? Look at the senses, and wherein hast thou imployed thine eyes, but in beholding vanity? wherein thine ears, but in hearkening to lies? wherein thy tasting, touching, smelling, but in sensuall pleasures? and as the senses, so are the members full of evil, *The head is sick, the heart deceitfull, the tongue unruly, the teeth as swords, the jaws as knives, the hands are full of blood, and the feet swift to shed blood.* Thus from the sole of the feet to the crown of the head, there is *nothing whole, but wounds, and swellings, and sores full of corruption,* Esa. 1. 6.

1. Cor. 2. 14.

And if these be our *outward*, what be those *inward evils*? should I thrust my hand into your bosomes, O how leproous should I pluck it out again! that *Understanding* created full of light, is now so blind, that it perceives not the things of the spirit of God, neither can it know them, for they are *spiritually discerned.* No doubt there is in us a remaing spark of Nature, and that is the light of reason which makes us men; but if you look at this

reason, it perceives onely naturall and externall things; it can perceive thy house adorned, thy lands tilled, thy grounds stocked; but those spirituall blessings, celestially promises, eternal priviledges, it cannot see, nor so much as think of: What are all our thoughts but vanitie, and *imagination of mans heart, but onely evil*, Gen. 8. 21. Neither is this all, God framing mans soul, planted in it two faculties, the *Understanding* that informeth, and the *Will* that followeth: and as the *Understanding*, so is the *Will*; it receives from *Reason* (her Counsellour) sensuall advice, and sends forth to the *Affections* (her Courtiers) injunctions of vanitie; here is a Counsellour indeed, what is it but *reason* without reason? and here is a *Will* indeed, what is it but a slave to sinne, without any *will* to good? Man is so holden captive with the yoke of sin, that of his own nature he can neither *aspire by desire nor travell by endeavour to any goodnesse*. I Calv. Instit. say not, but (as Bernard) *to Will is in us all*, but *to will evil* is of nature, to will *good* is of grace, away then with our abilities, and confesse we with the Apottle, that *to will is present with me*, Rom. 7. 18. *but I find no means to perform that which is good*, Rom. 7. 18.

And yet this is not all, take a view of those *affections* which attend the *Will*, and how are all *evil*? It is God should be the object both of our *will* and *affections*, and what say you? do you love him, and fear him, and trust in him, and serve him? your sinns say, no: we can do nothing that good is, but we run upon *evil*; see thine *anger* like a Serpent, thy *desire* like a Wolf, thy *fear* like an Hart, thine *envie* like a Viper, all thy *passions* are become sensuall, and, *Every man is a beast by his own knowledge*, Jer. 10. 14. Jer. 10. 14.

Blessed God! what a world of *evils* are within us? *We have sinned* (O Lord) *above the number of the sands of the seas*, our *transgressions* (O Lord) *are multiplied*, our *offences* are exceeding many: Many sure, that contain these streams, and yet how many are the rivolets that issue from them? There be *evils* of weakness against God the Father, whose attribute is Power; there be *evils* of ignorance against God the Son, whose attribute is Wisdome; there be *evils* of malice against God the holy Ghost, whose attribute is Love. Can we adde any more? Mark but our thoughts, our delights, our consents to *evil*; or if these be not enough, see a swarm indeed that continually assault us,

Psal. 19. 12.

anger, hatred, envy, distrust, impatience, avarice, sacriledge, pride, despair, presumption, ind devotion, suspicion, contention, derision, exaction, (give me leave to breathe in the numbring of this bed-roll) perjurie, blasphemie, luxury, simony, perplexitie, inconsistency, hypocrisie, apostasie: here is a number numberles, *gross sins, little sins, known sins, hid sins; Who can understand his errors? O Lord, cleanse me from my secret faults,* Psal. 19. 12. The dayes of life are few, but the evils God knows how many; he that would number them may tell a thousand, and yet not tell one of a thousand: Can the proudest Pharisee justifie himself? Remember the swarms that lurk in thy venomd conscience, number thy wanton words, thy carnal thoughts, thy unchristian gestures, thy outrageous sins, & come they not in by troops and herds, thicker then the frogs in Egypt, well may we stand amazed at their number, and as convicted prisoners, cry for that Psalm of mercie, *Lord have mercy on us, most evil wretched sinners.*

*Miserere mei.*

Thus you see, Beloved, how *evil* be our *dayes*, sith every day we do *evil*: then to wander no further, now we have found such a world of them, will you see them in a map? here is *evils* original, *evils* actual, *evils* of omission, *evils* of commission, *evils* of the body *evils* of the soul; well may we pray, *Deliver us from evil: what, so many evils of sin? now the Lord deliver us.*

I Use.  
Psal. 38. 4.

Remember your selves, and who will not sing *Dauids* burthen, *Mine iniquities are gone over my head, and as a weighty burthen, they are too heavy for me to bear?* There is in sin (saith *Austin*) both weight and number, and is any one so dull or dead, that he is sensible of neither? go ye to the balance, and what a mass lies upon you? enough and enough again to sink you down to hel: go ye to the count, and what a swarm comes upon you? a million, and a million of millions to keep you out of heaven; when all your sins must be called to account before that Judge of the world, what account shall be given of this account that is endless? see them like the stars, onely these set and rise, but your sins rise, and never set; see them like your hairs, onely these shed and lose, but your sinns grow ever more and more; see them like the sands, onely these are covered with the floods and waters, but your sins lie still open and are ever before you: think on these  
stars



stars, these hairs, these infinite innumerable sands of sins, and when all is done, let your tears be the floud to hide them over. It was *Dauids* saying, *Every night wash I my bed, and water my couch with my tears: if your daies be evil, let not your night slip without repentance; go not to bed, but beat your breast with the Publican; lay you not down, but withall lift up your voice Lord be mercifull unto me a sinner; How sweet a rest doth that night bring, whose sleep is prevented with the consideration of our sins? though we are begirt with a thousand devils, this would be as the wash of our souls, and the safeguard of our persons,*

*Psal. 6. 6.*

But I must speak with a difference: I stand over some of you, who are so far from *\* washing away your sins with tears,* that I fear you never took much notice of the multitude of your sins: should I tel you that you brought sin enough with you to damn you, when you first came into this world; should I tell you that you have everie one committed thousands, and thousand of thousands of actual sins and yet any one of those thousands is enough to send you packing to hell: You would think these strange points; but if God be true, there is no sin of man, either originall or actual, either of omission or commission, either of the bodie, or of the soul, which without repentance will not produce eternall death: and therefore in Gods fear take notice of your sins, set before you the Commandments of God, and thereto comparing your life, you may find out such a catalogue of your sinnes, that will thoroughly convince you of your damnable estate,

*2 Use:*

*\* When I speak thus of tears or repentance, I argue not a causality or merit; onely I inferre a necessarie presence of repentance in those that obtain pardon offin. All that I positively affirm is this, that repentance is the means or way which God hath appointed antecedently to to pardon.*

*A. 3. 19.*

*Jer. 4. 14.*

You may ask, to what end should we be so carefull to find out our sins? I answer to a very good end, both in respect of the

{ Unregenerate,

{ Regenerate.

First, in respect of the unregenerate: this is the first step of repentance; this is one of those paces that will lead you towards heaven. You may be sure, without repentance no heaven, without confession no repentance, and without finding out sin there can be no confession. It were good therefore, and a singular means to bring you out of corruption into Christianity, and out of the state of nature into the kingdome of grace, that you would everie one of you have a Catalogue of your sins. If you will not, I can tell you who will, there is an adversary called

*Sathan* ( the adversary of mankind ) that stands at your back, and ( I may say figuratively ) with a scroll in his hands , wherein he writes down your sins ; not a day passeth on, but he can easily tell how many sins you have committed all day. Lord, that men would think on't ! Are you about any sin ? at that very time *Sathan* is registering the act, and time and place, and everie circumstance: now wo, wo to man, that lets *Sathan* do his work for him ! Would you do this your self, would you but study for a Catalogue of your own sins, that so you might confesse them to God, and repent you thereof, this would be a dash in the devils book, so that he could not have whereof to accuse you; but if still you go on securely in sin, and never go about to call your sins to remembrance, a day will come ( wo worth the day ) when that roring Lion shall set all your sins and transgressions in order before you : then shall you read ( perforce ) your sinnes originall and actuall, of omission and commission, of your bodies and souls. And I must tell you, herein is a great policie of *Sathan*, he lets you alone in your securitie a while, if you will not trouble him, he will not trouble you; if you will not tell your own sinnes, neither will he tell you of them; but he will change his note (at furthest ) when your *few evil dayes* finish : it is the very case, as many creditours deal with their debtors, while they have any doings as they say, and are in trading, they will let them alone, in policie they will say nothing; but if once down the wind, in sickness, povertie, disgrace, or the like, then comes Serjeant after Serjeant, arrest upon arrest, action upon action : just thus is Satans dealing with the unregenerate man ; if you will but sinne, and never call your selves to a reckoning, in policie he will say nothing, but when the score is full, and death comes to arrest you, then will he bring out his black book of all your sinnes committed all your *dayes*. O I tremble to speak of it ! then shall your sins fall as foul on your souls, as ravens on the fallen sheep, and keep you down for ever in the dungeon of despair.

Secondly in respect of the regenerate; that you have readie by you ( or by heart ) a catalogue of your sinnes, is necessary in many respects.

First, to humble you : for no sooner shall the poor soul look on all the sinnes he hath committed, both before and after  
his

his regeneration, but confessing them in prayer, it will pull down his heart, and make the wound of his remorse to bleed a fresh, as before: and therefore this catalogue is most necessary in dayes of humiliation.

Secondly, it is necessarie to prepare you for the receiving of the Sacrament; for indeed I would have none to presume to taste on that Supper, but first to view over all his sinnes, and to confess them in prayer to his heavenly Father: there be many that in Confession look on their sinns, as they do on the stars in a dark cloudie night, they can see none but the great ones, of the first or second magnitude, it may be here one and there one; but if they were truly illightened, and informed aright, they might rather behold their sinns, as those innumerable stars that appear in a fair frostie winters night; they are many, and many: and therefore take a little pains in composing your catalogue, that so you may confess all (at least for the kinds) before you presume to come near that Table of the Lord.

Thirdly, it is necessarie in times of desertion, or visitation: yea, if the Lord shall please to exercise you with any crosse, or disgrace, or discountenance, losse of goods, disease of bodie, terrour of soul, or the like; you may be sure as no miserie comes but for sinne, so then the enumeration of your sinns from a bleeding broken heart, is the prime and first meansto cause that Sun of mercie to break through the clouds, and to beget a clear day; alas, our *dayes* are *evil*, and sure we have as good reason as ever *Jacob* had to confess it: for my part, though I keep my catalogue to my self, yet in the generall I cannot but confesse to you all, *My dayes have been evil, evil, evil: Few and evil.*

And now we have done with the work, it rests that you should know your wages; there be dayes of sinn, and then dayes of sorrow; as you have spent your dayes, so must you have your rewards; first we trespassse, and then we pay for it; first we sin, and then we suffer *evil*.

2. The evils that we suffer may be ranked in this order; first, *evils originall* fill up the scene, and what a multitude of *evils* do enter with them? No sooner had *Adam* sinned, but a world of miseries fell on man, so that as the infection, in like manner the punishment distills from him. *By one man* (saith the Apo- Rom. 5.12, *stle*) *entred sin into the world*: what sin alone? no, but *death*



by sinne, and so death went over all men Rom. 5. 12. Infants themselves bring their damnation with them from their wombs; or if that be omitted, how many are the miseries of this life, as the fore-runners of that judgement? Look at the *mind* and what think ye of our *ignorance*, not onely that of wilfull disposition, but (as the Schools distinguish) of pure negation; if it be not a sin, what is it but a punishment for sinne? that our understanding should be obscured and darkened, our knowledge in things naturall wounded, in supernaturall utterly extinguished: O the miserable issue of that monster Sin! But as *evils* come by heaps, so of the same parent here is another brood, *Ignorance* and *Forgetfulness*; and is not this a miserie, after all our time and studie to get a little knowledge, quickly to forget that we are so long a learning? Man in his whole state, before the fall, could not forget things taught him; but now (as the hour-glass) we receive in at the one ear, and it goes out at the other; or rather (like the sieve) we alwayes keep the bran, but let the flowre go, so apt are we to retain the bad, but we verie easily forget the good. And is this all? nay, yet more *evils*; see but our *affections*, and to what a number of infinite sorrows, griefs, anguishes suspensions, fears, malices, jealousies, is the soul of man subject? So prone are we to these miserable passions, that upon any occasion we fall into them; or for want of cause from any other, we begin to be passionate with our selves: *Why hast thou, O Lord, set me against thee? I am become irksome and burdensome even unto mine own self,* Job 7.20.

Job 7.20.

Alas, poor man how art thou beset with a world of miseries? and yet, as if all these summed up together, could not make enough, look at the body, and how many are its sufferings? *In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread,* said God, Gen. 3. 19. The Spider spins, and weaves, and wastes her very bowels to make her net, and when all is done, to what purpose serves it, but to catch a flie? If this be vain work, how vain is man in his fond imitation? the birds and beasts can feed themselves, without any pains, onely man toils night and day, on sea and land, with bodie and mind; yet all is to no purpose, but to catch a flie, to protract a life, or to procure some vanitie. And yet, as if miserie had no mean; besides our *industry*, how is this bodie stuffed with many an *infirmities*? all the strength of man is but

Gen. 3.19.

but a reed, at best shaken, perhaps broken, howsoever weakened by every wind that blows upon it. The Physicians distinction of *Temperamentum ad pondus, & iustitiam*, gives us thus much to learn, that no constitution is ever so happie, to have a just temper according to its weight; some are too hot, others too cold, all have some defects, and so are disposed to all kind of infirmities: man cannot carrie himself, but he must needs carry about with him many forms of his own destruction. The books of the Physicians tell us of many diseases, and yet many are the diseases which their books cannot tell of: we see in our own dayes, most labour of new sicknesses, unknown to our fathers; or if any of us be free from any of these, yet everie ones bodie nourisheth the causes, and may be a receptacle of a thousand diseases. How evil is sinne, that incurs so many evils of punishment?

*De ipso corpore  
tot existunt  
morborum ma-  
la, ut nec libris  
Medicorum  
cuncta compre-  
hensa, Aug. de  
Civ. Dei, l. 22.  
cap. 22.*

But as if all were too little (because our sinnes are so many) if you will number any more, here is yet another reckoning, evils originall, and evils adventitious, evils of necessitie, and evils of chance. Austin saith, *What shall we say of those innumerable accidents that befall a man?* as heat, and cold, and thunder, and rain, and storms, and earthquakes, and poysons, and treasons, and robberies, and wars, and tumults, and what not? go whither you will, and everie place is full of some of these evils: if you go on sea, every wave threatens you, every wind fears you, every rock and sand is enough to drown you: if you go on land everie step dangers you, everie wild beast scares you, everie stone or tree is enough to kill you: if you go no whither, you cannot be without danger: Eli was sitting, and what more secure? yet at the news of Gods Ark, that it was taken by the Philistims, he falls down backwards, and his neck was broken. Korah was standing, what more sure? yet as soon as Moses had made an end of speaking, the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed him and his family, and all the men that were with him. Indeed Absalon was riding, & vvhay vvhay more readie to escape the enemy? yet, as the mule carried him under a great thick oak, his head caught hold of the oak, & he was taken up between the heaven and the earth and the mule that was under him went away. Whatsoever we do, or vvhithersoever we go, so long as we do evil, these evils vvhill meet us. Go into the ship, there is but a board

*Quid de innu-  
meris casibus  
qui forinsecus  
corpori formi-  
dantur? Aug.  
ibid.*

*Que mala pa-  
tiuntur navi-  
gantes? que  
terrena timera  
gradientes?*

*1. Sam. 4. 17.*

*Num. 16. 32.*

*2. Sam. 18. 9.*

betwixt thee and the vvaters: vvalk on the ground, there is but a shoe-sole betwixt thee and thy grave: take a turn in the streets, and so many perills hang over thee, as there are tiles on the houses; travell in the countrey, and so many enemies are about thee, as thou meetest beasts in the fields; if all these places be so dangerous, then retire to thy house, and yet that is subject to fire, or water, or if it escape both, it may fall on thy head: whithersoever we turn us, all things about us seem to threaten our death. Our *dayes* are *evil* indeed, and who is it that is exempted from everie of these *evils*? Sinners are corrected, good men are chastened, there is none escapes free.

Gen. 31. 40.

To see a little the state of Gods own friends and children: Was not *Abel* murdered by his brother? *Noah* mocked by his sonne? *Job* scoffed by his wife? *Eli* slain for his sons? will you all at once? take one for all, and see *Jacob* our Patriarch, a notable example of extream infelicity: he is threatned by his brother, banished from his father, abused by his uncle, defrauded of his wife, was not here miserie enough to break one heart? But after this, for another wives sake, see him enter into a new service, *In the day he is consumed with heat, in the night with frost*: an hard service sure! nay after this that he got his *Rachel*, see then a division betwixt her and *Leah*, two sisters brawling for one husband yet neither content, after both enjoyed him. Blessed Saint! how wast thou haunted with afflictions? yet after this, he agrees his wives, and they all run from their father, and now see a fresh pursuit; behind him, *Laban* follows which an Hue and Cry, before him *Esau* meets him with 400 men; to go forwards intolerable, to go backwards unavailable; which way then? It was an Angel of God, nay the God of Angels that now must comfort him.

And yet again after his first entry into his own countrey, his wife *Rachel* dies, his daughter *Dinah* is ravished, his sonne *Reuben* lies with his concubine, and if the defiling of a wife be so great a grief to the husband, what sorrow and shame, when the wickednesse is committed by a mans own son? what can we more? If yet his heart be unbroken, here's another grief great enough to match all the rest, his sonne, his *Joseph* (they report) is lost, and what news hears he of him, but that he is torn with wild



wild beasts? and now see a man of miseries indeed! *He rends* Gen. 37. 34, *his clothes, he puts sackcloth about his loyns, he will not be comforted, but surely (saith he) I will go down into the grave unto my sonne mourning.* Alas poor *Jacob*! what can they say to comfort him? To comfort, said I? nay, yet hear the tidings of a new misfortune, a famine is begun, and another of his sonnes is kept in prison: What a grief is here? Another in prison, and nothing to redeem him but his onely *Benjamin*; here is the losse of sonne after sonne, *Ioseph is not, and Simeon is not, and now ye will take Benjamin, all these things are against me.* We need no more, if *Jacob* thus number, how many are the miseries he did dayly suffer? would you have the summe? He himself the best witnesse of himself, affirms it to *Pharaoh*, *Evil, Evil: Few and Evil* ] have the dayes of the years of my life been. Gen. 42. 36.

So miserable is our life, that no man can take his breath before some evil or other do seiz on his person: if you would that we knit up all in one bundell, there be evils originall, evils adventitious, evils of the mind evils of the body, evils that are common, evils of the chosen, we had need pray again, *Deliver us from evil.* ] What? so many evils of suffering? Now the Lord deliver us.

What is sweet in this life, which so many miseries will not imbitter? If this be a vale of rears, where is thy place to pleasure? If this life be a nest of cares, how canst thou settle so great a vanity as sinne in a field of such misery as the world? *O ye* Psal. 4. 2. *sonnes of men, how long will ye blaspheme mine honour, and have such pleasure in vanity, and seek after leasing?* Were men not mad in their wayes, or utterly besotted in their imaginations, well might these miseries of our life breed their neglect of the world. Can we chuse but wonder to see how busily thou heapest up riches, yet knowest not who shall eat the grapes of thy planted vineyard? God gave thee a countenance erected towards heaven, and must it ever be groveling and poring on the earth? God gave thee a soul to live with his blessed Angels, and wilt thou make it a companion fitter for no other then brute beasts? *There is an evil sicknesse (saith Solomon) that I have seen under the Sunne;* and what is that, but riches reserved to the owners for their evil. See here the just judgement of a righteous.

teous God, to this end is thy riches, thou wouldest live at ease, and outlast many years, therefore thy life is but miserable, and thy death must be sudden, thy *dayes are but few*, and thy *few dayes are evil*.

2. Use.

But to comfort all you that live in the fear of God, it may be your *dayes are evil*, ] and what then? this is to make *tryall of your love to God*, and a *tryall* it is of *Gods love to you*.

Gen. 29. 20.

First it makes a *tryall of your love to God*; Certainly if you have but a spark of this *love*, your *dayes* cannot be so *evil*, but in the midst of those *evils* you shall find some inward consolations that will sweeten all. It is memorable how *Jacob* for *Rachel* serves *Laban* seven years, but yet (saith the Text) *they seemed to him but a few dayes for the love he had to her*. Nay, after *Laban* had deceived him in giving him blear-eyed *Leah* instead of beautifull *Rachel*, *Jacob* then serves him another seven years prentiship; love makes the heart chearfull in the worst of sufferings: though *Jacob* was consumed with drought in the day, and frost in the night, which many and many a time made his rest and sleep to depart from his eyes; yet his love of fair *Rachel* sweetens all his labours. Why thus thus will it be with you that wait on the Lord your God: what though miseries come upon you as thick as hail-storms in a sharp winters day; you may remember you have a better master then *Laban*, a better service then *Jacobs*, a fairer prize then *Rachel*: who is your master but such an one as will surely keep his covenant, even the Lord your God: what is your service, but such a one as is most glorious and honourable, even a *light burden*, a *perfect freedom*? what is your prize, but such a one as surpasseth all prizes whatsoever, even the beauty of heaven, the beatificall vision of our blessed God: If then you but love God as *Jacob* did *Rachel*, what matters it how *evil* your *few dayes* be? nay be they never so *evil*, and were your *dayes* never so many, yet an hundred, a thousand years spent in Gods service, they would seem but a *few dayes* for the love you bear to him. O Lord work in us this love, and then command what thou wilt, persecution, affliction, the Crosse, or death, no service so hard, but we shall readily obey thee.

Gen. 31. 40.

2 Cor. 4. 17. Secondly, as your *evils of sufferings* try your love to God, so they are a *tryall* (or token) of *Gods love to you*: Our *light affliction*

*fiction which is but for a moment causeth unto us a farre more excellent and an eternall weight of glory; and if this be the end, who would not endure the means? O divine mercy! therefore the dugs of this life taste bitter, that thereby God may wean us from the love of this world to attain a better: Certainly God is good unto us in tempering these so fitly; bitternesse attends this life, that thou maist sigh continually for the true life. Wouldst thou not run through dangers for a kingdome? wouldst thou not fetch a crown for fear of a thorn? nay, who would not go to heaven, although it were with *Eliab* in a whirlwind? I count (saith *Paul*) that the afflictions of this life are not worthy of the glory which shall be shewed unto us. Come then ye that thirst for long life, believe in God, and you shall have life eternal. All is well that ends well: though a while we sink in miseries, yet at last the joys of heaven will refresh us: then shall we live in love, rejoyce in hymns, sing forth in praises the wonderfull works of our Creatour and Redeemer, this is that life of heaven, and when our life ends here, Lord grant us life everlasting.*

Rom. 8.18.

Thus farre have you seen the state of our *life*, this *lease* breeds sorrow, but the reversion is our joy; no sooner shall this *life* expire, but God will give us the purchase of his Son, that inheritance of heaven; comfort then thy soul that wades through this sea of miseries, and the Lord so assist us in all our troubles, that he lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen.

*Have been.]*

**O**ur *life* is but *dayes*, our *dayes* are but *few* our *few dayes* but *evil*, and now when all is done, we find all is out of date. *Few and evil have ] the dayes of my life been. ]*

This last word is the leases expiration: and why *have been?* ] If you will needs know the reason.

The time that is past is best known to *Jacob*.

And the life of *Jacob* is but as the time that is past.

First, the time that is past is best known to *Jacob*: old men can tell old stories, and something it delights them to remember the storms gone over them. We all know how

*Olim meminisse juvabit.*  
Virg.

Many



{ Many years we have lived.  
 { Great miseries we have suffered.

*Jacob tells you, as you may tell each other, our years have been few, our few years have been evil. To make this good. Have they not been few? Let me ask some old man, whose hairs are dipt in snow, whose golden ewer is broken, whose silver cord is lengthened, how many be thy years? It may be thou wilt answer, as Moses gives the number, a matter of threescore years and ten, or four score years: I cannot say but it is a long time to come, but alas, what are these four score years now they are gone? Tell me you that have seen the many changes both of Moon and Sun, are they not swiftly runne away? you may remember your manhood, childhood, and I pray what think ye? was it not yesterday? is it not a while since? who will not wonder to see how quickly it is gone, and yet how long it was a coming? The time to come seems tedious, especially to a man in hope of blisse, the time now past is a very nothing, especially to a man in fear of danger: go down to those cast-away souls that now suffer in hell flames, and what say they of their life, but as soon as we were born we began to draw to our end, Wisd. 5. 13. go down to those putrified bodies, and find amongst them the dusts of Adam, Seth, Enosh, Kenan, Mahalaleel, Jered, Enoch, Methushalem, every one of whom lived near to the number of a thousand years, are they not dead? and what is their epitaph, but, they lived and dyed? Gen. 5. To summe up all in one, and to make this one serve for all, Jacob is an hundred and thirty years old ( for so you see it registred in Gods book ) yet now being demanded to tell his age, he answers but *Dayes*, and his dayes are but *Few*; how should they be many that now are gone already? these few dayes, they have been. ]*

*Scribit in may-  
 more latus.*

2. And as time past tells our dayes, so it counts all our miseries, *who cannot remember the miseries he doth suffer? The poor, the sick, the banished, the imprisoned, the traveller, the souldier, every one can write a Chronicle of his life, and make up large volumes of their severall changes. What is the history of the Bible but an holy brief Chronicle of the Saints grievous sufferings? See the miseries of the Patriarchs described in the books of Moses: see the warres of the Israelites set down in the books of Ioshua: see the afflictions of David in the books of*

of *Samuel, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Iob*, every one hath a book of their severall calamities, and if all our miseries were but thus abrevitæd, *I suppose the world would not contain the books that should be written.* ] There is no man so cunning to know his future condition; but for those things which *have been*, every one can reade them. Look then (beloved) at the time now past, and will you not say with *Iacob*, your dayes *have been evil?* *Evil* for your sinnes, and *evil* for your sufferings: if you live more *dayes* what do you but increase more *evils*? the just man sinnes seven times a day, and every one of us perhaps seventy times seven times: do we thus multiply sine? and think we to subtract our sorrows? think but of those storms that already have gone over our heads. famines, sores, sicknesses, plagues, have we not seen many seasons unseasonable, because we could find no season to repentance? Our Springs have been graves rather then cradles, our Summers have not shot up but withered our grasse, our Autumns have took away the flocks of our sheep, and for our latest Harvest, the heavens themselves have not ceased weeping for us, that never yet found time to weep for our selves. And as this procured the famine, so famine ushered the pestilence. O the miseries miserable that at this time fell upon us! Were not our houses infected? our towns depopulated? our gardens made our graves; and many a grave a bed to lodge in it a whole family? Alas, what an hideous noise was heard about us? In every Church bells tolling, in every hamlet some dying, in every street men watching, in every place, every where, wailing and weeping, or groining and dying. These are the evils that *have been*, ] and how should we forget them that have once seen them with our eyes? *Call to mind time past*, was the rule of *Bernard*, & what better rule have we to square our lives, then the remembrance of those *evils* which our lives have suffered? Look back then with *Iacob*, and we have good reason to *redeem the time past, because our dayes have been evil.* *Recole primordia.* Bern.

2. But there is yet another reason why these few *evill dayes have been.* ] As the time past is best known to *Iacob* so the life of *Iacob* is but as the time past. *Go to now* (saith *St. James*) *ye that say to day or to morrow we will go into such a City, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain, and yet ye cannot tell what shall be to morrow.* James 4. 13. It is a meer presumption

Eccles. 9. 12.

Matth. 25. 13.

Psal. 90. 4.

Psal. 90. 5.

Job 8. 9.

sumption to boast of the time to come: can any man say he will live til to morrow? look back ye that trust to this staff of Egypt, there is no man can assure you of this day. *Man knoweth not his time*, saith the Breacher, Eccles. 9. 12. As near as it is to night, it may be before evening some one of us may be dead, and cold, and fitter to lodge in our graves under earth, then in our beds above it; nay, assure your selves, our life is of no long continuance: what speak we of to morrow, or this day? we are not sure of ( that least of times division ) a very hour: *watch therefore* ( saith our Saviour ) and will you know the reason? *for ye know neither the day, nor the hour when the Sonne of man will come*, Matth. 25. 13. The man with ten or twenty dishes set before him on his table, when he hath full intelligence that in one of them is poyson, will he not refuse all, lest in eating of any he runne upon the hazard of his life? What is our life but a few houres; and in one of them death must needs come; watch then for the hour is at hand, and we know not how soon it will seiz upon us. This hour the breath thou drawest may be thy infection, this hour the bread thou eatest may be thy poyson, this hour the cup thou tastest may be ~~that cup that must not~~ *pass from thee*. But what speak we of this hour, seeing it is come, and gone? The sweetest ditty that *Moses* sung, were his briefs and semibriefs of life, and what is it but a *watch*? Psalme 90. 4. what is it but a *sleep*? Psalme 90. 5. we watch when it is dark, we sleep when it is night; if then our life be no more but a night-work, what is truer then this wonder, our *life is done*, our *dayes they have been*?

You may think we go farre to prove so strange a paradox, yet *Job* goes further; what are we *but of yesterday*, for our *dayes upon earth are but a shadow*? Job 8. 9. See here the chronologie of mans frailtie, we have a time to live, and when is it, think you? not to morrow, nor to day, nor this hour, nor last night, it is as long since as *yesterday it self*. Are not we strangely deceived? What mean our plots and projects for the time to come? why our life is done, and we are now but dead men. To speak properly, *In the midst of life we be in death*, our whole life being truly ( if not past, yet ) *as the time past that is gone and vanished*. The similitude or resemblance will runne in these respects,



the time past } cannot be recalled.  
 } suddenly is vanished.

And so is our *life* : can we recall that which is fled away ? the life that we led yesterday, you see it is gone; the life that we led last night, it is past and done ; the life that we led this morning, it is now a going, nay, it is gone as soon as we have spoken. *Nicodemus* saying according to the flesh was true, *How can a man be born which is old ? can he enter into his mothers womb again, and be born ?* John 3. 4. How should a man recall that is past ? can he receive again the soul once given, and begin to live ? man never so great in power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree, a tree ] most durable ; a bay tree ] most flourishing ; a green bay tree ] that is most in prime, if any thing will stand at a stay, what is more likely ? yet he passed away ( saith the Psalmist ) and to he was gone, I sought him but he could not be found, Psalm 37. 35. 36. We cannot stay time present, how should we recall time past ? See here the man on whom the eyes of the world are fixt with admiration, yet for all this he passeth ] without stay, he is gone ] without recall, I sought him but to find him ] is without all recovery. Time was that *Adam* lived in paradise, *Noah* built an Ark, *David* slew *Goliath*, *Alexander* overcame the world : where be these men that are the wonder of us living ? we all know they are long since dead and the times they saw shall never come again. How fond was that fiction of *Plato*, that after the revolution of his tedious year, then he must live again and teach his Schollers in the same chair he sate in ? our faith is above his reason, for the heavens shall passe away, the elements shall melt with heat, and the earth with the works therein shall be burnt up, 2 Pet. 3. 10. Where then is the life of *Plato*, when all these things shall turn to nothing ? we may now for his learning praise him where he is not, and he may then for his errour be damned and tormented where he is. Is there any man with skill or power can call back but yesterday ? once onely we read of such a miracle, but it was onely by the hand of God Almighty. *Hezekiah* was sick, 2 Kings 20. and to confirm the newsthat he must recover, he requires a sign. What shall be the sign that the Lord will heal me, and that I shall go up into the house of the Lord the third day ? this was no temptation, for you see how the Prophet gives him satisfaction,

John 3.4.

Psal. 37. 35, 36

Annus Platonicus.

2 Pet. 3. 10.

2 Kings 20.

satisfaction, *This sign shalt thou have of the Lord; wilt thou that the shadow go forward tenn degrees, or go back tenn degrees? Hezekiah thinks of death, and the Prophet restores his life, not onely a time of fifteen years to come, but of ten degrees now gone, and thus it was observed in the diall of Ahaz.* This was a miracle that but once happened since the beginning of the world; he then that sleeps away his time in expectation of *Hezekiahs* sunne, may sleep till his death, and then not recall one minute of his life; as the time, so our life, if once past it is *irrevocable, irrecoverable.*

*Longitudinem  
hujus vite sen-  
tiri non facit,  
nisi spes viven-  
di: nam nihil  
videtur esse  
celerius quam  
quicquid in ea  
jam preteri-  
tum est: Aug.  
in Psal. 6.  
Certè videres  
vitam tuam  
non fuisse diu-  
turnam. Aug.  
in Psal. 36.*

2. And as it cannot be recalled again, so suddenly it is vanished; *Nothing makes life long, but our hope to live long: take away those thoughts of the time to come, and there is nothing swifter then the life that is gone.* Suppose then thou hadst lived so long, as from *Adam* to this time: as *Austin* saith, *Certainly thou wouldest think thy life but short:* and if that were short, which we think so long, how long is our life, which in comparison of that is so extreemly short? The time once past, we think it suddenly past, and so is life gone in a moment, in the twinckling of an eye, so soon indeed, before it can be said, *This it is.* ] In every one of us death hath ten thousand times as much, as life, the life that is gone is deaths, and the life yet to come is deaths, our *now* is but an instant, yet this is all that belongs to life, and all the life which any of us all is at once possessed of: here is a life indeed, that so soon is vanished, before it can be numbered or measured; it is no time but *now*, yet staies not till the syllable *now* may be written, or spoken: what can I say? the life that I had when I began to speak this word, it is now gone since I began to speak this word. May we call this life that is ever posting towards death? Do we what we can, & could we do yet more, all we do, and all we could do, were to no purpose to prolong our life: see how vve shore this ruinous house of our body vvith food, vvith raiment, vvith exercise, vvith sleep, yet nothing can preserve it from returning to its earth; vve go, and vve go suddenly, vvittnesse those two *Cesars*, vvho put off themselves vvhilest they put on their shoes; *Fabius* (styled *Maximus* for his exploits, and *Cunctator* for his delaying) yet could not delay death, till notice might be taken he vvvas sick: but hovv manie examples in this kind have vve daily amongst us? you know  
hovv

how some lately have gone safe to bed, and yet in the morning were found dead and cold : others in health and mirth laid down by their wives, and yet ere mid-night found breathless by their sides. What need we further instances? You see how we go before we know where we are; the life that we had, what is it but a nothing? the life that we have, what is it but a moment? and all that we can have, what is it but a fleeting wind, begun and done in a trice of time, before we can imagine it. In a word, our Sunne now sets, our day is done : ask *Jacob* ( the Clock-keeper of our time ) this Text tells the hour and now struck, you hear the sound : our dayes are gone, few and evil they have been.]

## The Conlusion :

*Occasioned by the death of CHARLES BRIDGEMAN,  
who deceased about the age of twelve, in the yeare of  
our Lord 1632. he was a most pious sonne of  
a most pious mother, both now  
with God.*

**H**ERE I thought to have finished my Text and Sermon ; But here is a sad accident to confirm my saying, and whilst I speak of him, what can I say of his state, his person, his birth, his life, of all he had, and of all he was, but that *they have been.*

Sweet rose, cropt in its blossome, no sooner budded, but blasted ; how shall we remember his daies, to forget our sorrows ? no sooner had he learnt to speak, but ( contrary to our custome ) he betook him to his prayers ; so soon had grace quelled the corruption of his nature, that being yet an infant, you might see his proneness to learn, nay, sometimes to teach them this dutie, who waited on to teach him his devotion: not long after he was set to school, where he learned by book, what before he had learned by heart ; the sweet care, good disposition, sincere religion, which were in this child, all may remember which cast but their eyes upon him. O God, how hast thou



bereaved us of this Gem? Sure it is (as it was said of another) for this cause onely, that it might shine in heaven. But this was but the beginning of his dayes, now they are past, they have been.]

1. Cor. 2. 2.  
Psal. 8. 2.

Luke 1. 66.

Go a little further, we left him at school, but how learned he *Christ, and him crucified?* this was the knowledge taught him by the Spirit of God in a wonderfull manner. *Out of the mouthes of babes and sucklings hast thou, O God, ordained strength.* To consider again his religious words, his upright actions, his hearty devotions, his fear of God, all then concluded, as they did of *John*, *What manner of child shall this be?* No question the grace of God was with him. If I should instance in any of these his frequencie in prayer, his reading of Scripture, his reasoning with others to get knowledge to himself, we may wonder at Gods power in this childs poor weakness: Excuse me whiles I tell nothing but truths, and I hope they will tend to our own instruction. In the morning he would not stir out of doors, before he had poured out his prayers; at noon he would not eat any meat, before he had given the Lord thanks; at night he would not lie down on his bed, before he had kneeled down on his knees: we may remember those times, when sometimes that he had forgotten this dutie, no sooner had he been in bed, but up he would have got again, and so kneeling down on his bare knees, covered with no garment but his linens, he would ask God forgiveness for that sinne of forgetfulness; neither have his brothers escaped without his reprehension: for had they eat any meal or meat without a grace, his check was usuall; *Dare you do thus? unless God be mercifull unto us, this bit of bread might choke us.* The wise sentences, the religious words, which often dropt from his mouth like honey can we remember them, and not grieve at the death of him that spake them? What comfort had we in those dayes? What sorrow have we to think those dayes are done? Surely we cannot speak it without bitterness of soul, *they are gone, they have been.*

Thus he lived: will you know how he died? First, a lingring sickness seized upon him, against which to comfort him, one tells him of possessions that must fall to his portion: *And what are they?* (said he) *I had rather have the Kingdome of Heaven, then a thousand such inheritances.* Thus he minds Heaven; and  
God,

God, so minding him, presently sent him his sickness that should summon him thither. And now how should I repeat his words with the life that he spake them dying? No sooner had God struck his body with that fatall sickness, but he asks, and needs would know his soules estate: *I have heard of the soul* (said he) *but what is the soul? the mind?* he questions, and questioning answers, better (I fear) then many, too many gray-headed amongst us; but the answer given, how the soul consisted of the Will and the Understanding, he sayes, *he is satisfied, and now understands better then he did before.* Another comes to him, and then he begins another question, now he knows the soul, he desires yet to know further, *How his soul may be saved?* O blessed soul, how wisely couldst thou question for thine own soules good! The answer given, *by faith applying Christs merits:* he heard it, and had it, anon telling them, who before had taught it him. Resolved in these questions, he questions no further, but will now answer them, that go about to question him: One asks him, whether he had rather live or die, he gives the answer, and not without *Pauls* reason. *I desire to die* (said he) *that I might go to my Saviour.* O blessed Spirit, how didst thou inspire into this child thy wisdom and goodnesse! This done, his pain begins again to afflict him, and this occasions another thus to question him, whether he would rather still endure those pains or forsake his Christ? *Alas* (said he) *I know not what to say as a child, for these pains might stagger a strong man, but I will strive to endure the best I can.* Upon this he presently calls to mind that Martyr, who being in prison, the night before his burning put his finger in the candle, to know how he could endure the fire; *☉* (said he) *had I lived then, I would have runne through the fire to have gone to Christ.* Sweet resolution of a silly child! who can hear, and not wonder? wonder, and not desire to hear that he may wonder still? Blessed child, hadst thou lived that we might have wondred at thy wisdom! but his daies were determined, and now is the number turned to this poor cypher, they are not, they *have been.*

Thom. Bilney.

I cannot leave him yet, his sickness lasts long, and at least three dayes before his death, he prophesies his departure, and how strange a prophēcie? not onely that he must die, but foretelling the very day, *On the Lords day* (said he) *look to me.*

Psal. 31. 5.

Neither was this a word of course, which you may guesse by his often repetition, every day asking till the day came indeed, *What, is Sunday come?* At last the lookt-for day came on, and no sooner had the Sun beautified that morning with his light, but he falls into a trance; What (think ye) meant his blessed soul, whilest the body it self used such an action? his eyes were fixed, his face chearfull, his lips smiling, his hands and arms clasping in a bow, as if he would have received some blessed Angel, that there was at hand to receive his soul; but he comes to himself, and tells them how *he saw the sweetest boy that e: er eyes beheld*, and bids them, *Be of good chear, for he must presently go with him.* One standing near, as now suspecting his time of dissolution, bids him say, *Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit;* *Yes* (said he) *Into thy hands, Lord, I commit my spirit which is thy due; for why? thou hast redeemed it, O Lord my God most true.* Who will not believe this child now sings in Heaven, that so soon had learned this *Dauids* Psalm on earth? I cannot hold my self, nor will I hold you long; but how may I omit his heavenly ejaculations? Beloved, I beseech you pardon me whilest I speak his words, and I will promise you to speak no word, but the very same formally which were his own: *Pray, pray, pray, nay yet pray, and the more prayers the better all prospers: God is the best Physician: into his hands I commend my spirit: O Lord Jesus receive my soul. Now close mine eyes, forgive me father, mother, brothers, sister, all the world. Now I am well, my pain is almost gone, my joy is at hand, Lord have mercy on me, O Lord receive my soul unto thee. Where am I whilest I speak these words? Blessed Saint, now thou singest in Heaven, God hath bid thee welcome, the Angels are hugging thee, the Saints rejoyce with thee, this day is the Crown set on thy head, this day is the Palm of victory in thy hand now art thou arrayed in the shining robes of Heaven, and all the Host do triumph at thy coronation. Sweet soul, how am I ravished to think upon thee! What joy is this? The Patriarchs salute thee, the Prophets welcome thee, the Apostles hug thee, all hands clap for joy, all harps warble, all hearts are merry and glad. O thou Creatour of men and Angels, help us all to Heaven, that when our dayes have been] we may all meet together in thy blessed Kingdome.*



I have done: turn back by the same thread that led you through this labyrinth, and you shall have in two words the summe of this whole Text.

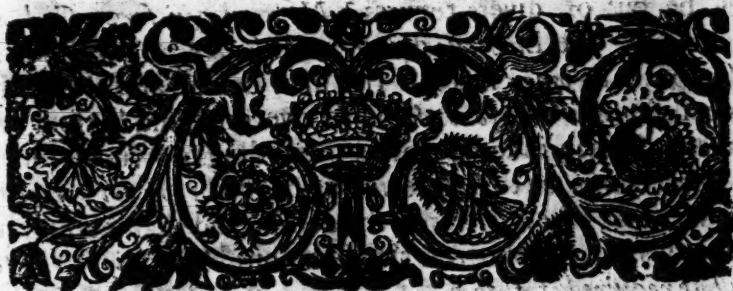
The time of our *Lease* what is it but our *Life*? what is this *Life*, but a number of *few dayes*? what are these *dayes*, but a world full of *evil*? But a *life*, but *dayes*, but *few*, but *evil*; can we adde any more? Yes, *Life is life* howsoever we live, and better you think to have a bad *lease* in being, then our *life* to be quite extinguished; nay, be not deceived, this *life* is but *death*, the *dayes* that we spend, they are past and done, *few and evill they have been*. Thus ends the Text with the expiration of our *Lease*: yet is not all done, when we loose this *life* we have another free-hold prepared in Heaven, and this is not leased, but purchased; not for a *life*, but inheritance; not for *dayes* but for ever: Crosse but the words of my Text,  
and *many and happy shall the ages of thy  
life be in Heaven, for ever and  
ever. Amen.*

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FINIS.

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# Deaths Arrest.

LUKE 12. 20.

*This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

**M**Ans Bodie (we say) is closed up within the Elements, his Bloud in his Bodie, his Spirits in his Bloud, his Soul in his Spirits, and God or Sathan in his Soul. Who holds the possession we may guesse in life, but then is it most apparent when we come to death: The tree may bend East, or West, or North, or South; but *as it falleth so it lieth*: Our affections may look up or down, towards heaven or hel; but as we die we receive our doom, and then whose we are shall be fully made manifest to all the world. There is a parable of poor *Lazarus*, Luke 16. whose life was nothing but a catalogue of miseries, his body full of sores, his mind full of sorrows; what spectacle could we think more pitifull, whose best dainties were but broken crumbs, and his warmest lodging but the rich mans gates? Here is a parable of a certain rich man, who enjoyes (or at least purposeth) a delicious fare, he hath lands *vers. 16.* fruits, *vers. 17.* build-  
ings, *vers. 18.* and if this be the Inventorie, what is the summe? *Verf. 16.*  
see it collected in the verse succeeding, *Soul, thou hast much* *17.*  
*goods laid up for many years; now live at ease, Eat, drink, and* *18.*  
*take thy pastime.* These two estates thus different, how should *19.*



Matth. 6. 24.

they be but of divers tenures? *No man can serve God and Mammon. See Lazarus dying, and the Angels carry him in Abrahams bosome. See this rich man dying, and they (that is, devils) require his soul. God receives one, and his soul is in heaven; Sathan takes the other, and drags down his soul to hel; he is comforted that received pains, and thou art tormented that wast full of ease: this is the doom, and that he may undergo this, death now gives the summons, This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

The Text we may christen *Deaths Arrest*, it is we that offend his Majestie of heaven, and his precepts are given unto Death to attach our souls. See here a president, a rich man taken on a sudden, who must instantly appear before the Judge of heaven: when? *this night.*] What? *thy soul.*] Why? *it is required.*] Of whom? *of thee.*]

Or if this will not find the offender, see yet a more narrow search, every word is like some dark closet, therefore we will open the windows that you may have full light. This Text is *Deaths Arrest*, vvhich as it must be executed, so it admits of no other time but *This*] This what? this day, whilst the Sun gives light to the vworld, and the light gives pleasure to the eie? this were some comfort: no, but then suddenly vvhilst all sleep securely, not *This day* but *This night.*] And vvhath, this night? Is it to attach the bodie of some great personage, vvhose looks might affrighten Officers had they come by day? No, let his bodie rot in dust, vvhilst the *Soul* must answer his defaults: it is not thy body, 'tis *thy soul.*] And what, of his *soul*? Is this a subject liable to arrests? rather can they beg it at his hands, or will he yield it at their fair intreaties? no, it is neither begg'd nor intreated; but by vertue of Gods Writ, it is *required.*] And how required? of his sureties bound for his good appearing? he hath many friends, and all, either have or vould have entred bonds: no, he must go vwithout bail or main-prize, it is not required of his sureties, but himself; not of others, but *of thee*] *is thy soul this night required.*

You hear the Texts harmonic, of each string vve vwill give a touch, and first note the time, *this night.*

*This.]*

This.]

**N**O other but *This*? were it a fortnight, a seven-night, any but *This* ] night, and his griefs were lessened; the news is more heartlesse in that it comes more sudden. You may observe, *Then are the greatest losses when they come on us by heaps, and without fear or suspicion of any such matter.* Here was a man swimming in his fulnesse, and a sudden death robs him of all his treasures. To give you a full view, see his possessions, and how great was the losse, because of the suddenesse: *This* ] night.

Doctrine.

First, those goods, whercof he boasted, are now confiscate; not a penny, not a dram, not a mite shall be left him, save onely a token of remembrance ( I mean his winding-sheet ) which he carries along with him to his grave.

1.

Secondly, his goods and grounds both were took from him at his death; he that commanded so much of earth, must now have no more earth to pleasure him but a grave; what a change was this? his grounds were fertile, and they brought forth plenty; but a blast of death hath struck both the fruit and ground; and nothing is now left him but a barren Tombe.

2.

Vers. 16.

Thirdly, his lands and houses both went together. You may guess that great demesns must have stately Halls: we read of his building, and especially of his Barns; when these were too little for his store, he tells us, he will pull them down, and he will build greater. He never thinks of any litle room in the bowels of the poor. Was his harvest so great that his barns would not hold it? Whence came the blessing but from God? How is it then he forgets God that bestowed this blessing? It is written, *When ye reap the harvest of the Land, ye shall not reap every corn of your field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of the harvest.* Flow? not reap it? not gather it? what then? why. *Thou shalt leave them for the poor, and for the stranger: I am the Lord your God,* Levit. 19. 9. When Ruth came to glean in the fields of Boaz, that good Master commands his servants, *Let her gather among the sheaves, and do not rebuke her.* Had this Worldling been so pitifull to the poor, his barns might have stood, himself might have lived, his soul have been saved. But now what a strange lot happens on him? his Halls, Houses, Barns, Build-

3.

Lev. 19. 9, 10.

Ruth 2. 15.

Buildings, all runne round in a dance of Death before his eyes.

4. *Ex Damasceno* Fourthly, his *house and friends* both left him when death came: The Parable is common: A man hath three *friends*, two whereof he loved most entirely, the third he made no account of: this man being sent for to come before his King, he desires his first *friend* to go with him, but he could not, onely he would give him something for his journey: He desires his second *friend* to go with him, but he would not, onely he would bring him a little piece of his way: When both these forsook him, he goes to the last, which before he esteemed least, and this *friend* was the party that went with him to the King, and answered for him in all his causes: This is the case of every man dying; the King our Judge sends death his Serjeant to summon you to your judgement. Come to your first *friends*, (I mean your riches) alas! they cannot go with you, but give you a sheet as necessary for your journey: Come to your second *friends* (I mean your acquaintance) alas! they wil not go with you, but bring you to your graves, and there leave you to your selves: Come to your last *friends*, which you now least think of (I mean your Consciences) and you shall find that is the truest *friend* that will go with you to the Judge, answer for you to the King, and either acquit you, or condemn you; bring you to the gates of heaven, or deliver you to the goal of hell. Have a care of your *Consciences*, if you mean to speed well at this day: how blessed a man had this Worldling been, if onely a good *conscience* had accompanied him to the Judge of heaven? but now when death summons him, there is no *friend* to sollicite, no Advocate to plead no man to speak one word in his souls behalf: it is his *bad conscience* keeps him company, and though all others leave him, he can devise no means to shake this from him.

5. Fifthly, there is a jewell irrevocable, of which this sudden death robs him, I mean his *time*, and what a losse was this? all his goods, grounds, barns, buildings, were they more worth then the world it self, yet were they not able to restore one minute of his time: if this could be purchased, what a rate would he give for a little respite? nothing is now so precious as a piece of *time*, which before by moneths and years he lavishly mis-spent: they that passe away *time* with mirth and *pastime*, shall one day



day see to their grief what a losse they have ; now we revell it out, dally it away, use all means and occasions to make it short enough; but when this golden showre is gone, and those opportunities of salvation lost by negligence, then we may wish, and wish again, *Oh had we a little time, a little space to repent !* Imagine that this worldling ( whom now you must suppose to lie frying in hel flames ) were dispenced with for a little time, to live here again on earth amongst us; would but the Lord vouchsafe him one hour of a new triall, a minute season of a gracious visitation, oh how highly would he prize, how eagerly would he apprehend, with what infinite watching, praying, fasting, would he improve that short time, that he might repent him ? I know not how effectually this may work on your hearts, but I am fully perswaded, if any damned creature had but the happinesse to hear this Sermon, you should see how his very heart would bleed vvithin him; bleed said I ? nay, break and fall asunder in his breast like drops of vvater. Oh vvith vvhat inflamed attention vvould he hear and listen? vvith vvhat insatiable grasping vvould he lay hold on Christ? vvith vvhat streaming tears vvould he vvater his cheeks, as if he vvould melt himself, like *Niobe*, into a fountain ? Blessed God ! how fond are foolish men that never think of this till their *time* be lost : vve that are alive have onely this benefir of opportunity, and if vve neglect it, a day vvill come ( vve knowv not howv soon ) that vve shall be past it, and cannot recover it, no not one houre, if vve vvould give a thousand, ten thousand, vvorlds for it. What can I say ? reflect on yourselves, you that have souls to save ; you have yet a little *time* ( and the *time* present is that time ) vvhat then, but so use it novv, as vvhen you are gone, you need not vvith grief vvish you here again ?

Sixthly, yet more losse, and that is the losse of losses, the losse of his *soul* ; his *riches, lands, houses, friends, time*, and all were nothing to his *soul*. This is that Paragon, Peere, Rose, and Spouse of our well-beloved Christ. How many a teare shed he to save it ? what grones cryes, prayers, teares, and bloud, poured he before God, that he might redeem it from the jawes of Satan ? and is this lost notwithstanding all this labour ? O sweet Jesu ! what a losse is this ? thou wast born, lived, died, and that a shamefull death, ( the death of the crosse ) and all this  
suffer-

suffering was to save poor *souls*: yet see a *soul* here lost, and the blood of God, though able, not effectual to redeem it. Whose heart would not melt into blood; that but knew this misery? Suppose you could see the *soul* of this wretched worldling, no sooner had it left the body, but immediately was it seized on by infernall fiends, now lies it on a bed of fire, tortured, tormented, scourged, and scorched in those furious flames; there his conscience stings him, his sorrow gripes him, his pain so handles him, that he cries, and roares, *Woe, woe, and alas evermore*. Who now for shadows of short pleasures, would incur these sorrows of eternall pains? In this world we can weep and wail for a losse of trifles: an house, a field, an Oxe took from us, is enough to cruciate us; but how shall we bewail the losse of a *soul*, which no sooner plunged into that pit of horror, but it shall feel a punishment without pity, misery without mercy, sorrow without succour, crying without comfort, torment without ease, a world of mischief, without all measure or redress? Such is the losse of this mans silly *soul*, whilst he was cheering it with an home-bred solace; *Soul, thou hast much goods layd up for many years*: God whispers in his eares, and tells him other newes: What? of his *soul*: how? it is required: when? *this night*: a fearfull sound unlookt-for message, speedy dispatch, no more delays, nor days, onely *this night*, for then must his *soul* be taken from him.

7.

You see all his losses; and now to contract them, there is one grieve more then all, that *all is lost on a sudden*. Losses that come by succession are better born with, but *all on a sudden* is the worst of all; yet such is the misery of man, when he goes, all goes with him, and he and all pass away *on a sudden*: *As in the days of Noah, they ate, and drank, married, and gave in marriage, and knew nothing till the flood came, and took them all away; so is the coming of the Son of man*, *Matth. 24. 38*. How many have been thus took tripping in their wickedness? *Belsazzar* in his mirth, *Herod* in his pride, the *Philistims* in their banqueting, the men of *Ziklag* in their feasting, *Jobs* children in their drunkenness, the *Sodomites* in their filchiness, the *Steward* in his security, this *Churle* in his plenty: miserable end, when men end in their sin. Call to mind this (*O my soul*) and tremble: sleep not in sin, lest the sleep of death surprize thee: *The hour*

Mat. 24. 38.

*hour is certain, in nothing but uncertainties*; for sure thou must dye, yet thou knowest not on what day, nor in what place, nor how thou shalt be disposed when death must be entertained. *Certa mors, incerta hora.* Do you not see most dye, whiles they are most busie how to live? he that once thought but to begin to take his ease, was faine that very night (whether he would or no) to make his end: would you have thought this? he but now *flourished like a green bay tree*, his thoughts full of mirth, his soul of ease, *but I passed by, and loe he was gone*: gone, whether? his body to the grave, his soul to hell, in the midst of his jollity, God threats destruction, Devils execution, death expedition, and thus like a Swan he sings his funerals. There is that saith, *I have found rest, and now will I eat continually of my goods, and yet he knoweth not what time shall come upon him, and that he must leave those things to others, and dye*, Eccles 11.19. The higher our Babel-tower of joy is raised, the nearer it is to ruine and confusion. Sodome, in the heat of their sins, had that showr of fire poured on their heads: *Nebuchadnezzar*, in the height of his pride, became suddenly a beast, that ruled before as a King: once for all, here was a man solacing, singing warbling out pleasant songs of ease and pastime; but (O the misery) in the midst of his note here is a suddain stop; he dreames of songs and larges, he hears of briefes and semi-briefes, no longer a day, but *this very night*, and then shall *thy soul* be taken from thee.

See here the many losses of one man, *his goods, his grounds, his houses, his friends, his time, his soul, and all on a sudden*, whilest the word is spoken, *this* night.

Our neighbours fire, cannot but give warning of approaching flames. Remember his judgment, *thine also may be likewise*: *unto me yester-day, and unto thee to day*. Whose turn is next God onely knows, who knows all. *Is not madnes in the hearts of men whiles they live?* In the least suspicion of loosing worldly riches, all watch and break their sleep; you shall see men work, and toyl, and fear, and care, and all too little to prevent a losse; but for all these losses which are linked together, our riches, lands, houses, friends, time, and soul, and all we have, there is few or none regards them: O that men are so carefull in trifles, and so negligent in matters of a great importance! It is storied of *Archimedes*, that when *Syracuse* was taken, he onely



ly was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compass in the dust. Thus some we have, that when the eternall salvation of their souls is in question, they are handling their dust, nothing but suites or money-matters are their daily objects: but (alas) what will your *goods or grounds, or houses, or friends* avail you, when *death* comes? Where did ever that man dwell, that was comforted by any of these, in that last and forest conflict? Give me a man amongst you, that spends the span of his transitory life in grasping gold, gathering wealth, growing great, enriching his posterity, without any endeavour, or care to treasure up grace against that fatall hour; and I dare certainly tell him, whensoever he comes to his deaths bed, he shall find nothing but an horrible confusion, extremest horror and heaviness of heart; nay, his soul shall presently down into the kingdome of darkness, and there lye and fry in everlasting fires. Nor speak I only to the covetous (though my text seem more directly to point at them) but whosoever thou art that goest on daily in a course of sin, in the fear of God unbethink thee of mortality: some of you may think I speake not to you, and others, I speake not to you; the truth is I speake to you all, but to you more especially that to this day have sinned with delight, but never as yet felt the smart for sin upon your souls or consciences: O beloved! this is it I call for, and must call for till you feel a change, a thorow-change in you: would but some of you at this present examine you consciences, and say, whether have I not been inordinate in drunkenness, or wantonness, or coveteousness? whether have I not sworn an oath, or told a lye, or dissembled in my heart, when I have spoken? O who can say amongst you, *I am clean, I am clean*? and assure your selves if you are guilty, you must either feel hearts grief, or you can never be provided for deaths dismall arrest. If you were but sensible of sin, if you felt but the weight and horror of Gods wrath for sin, I am verily perswaded you would not take a quiet sleep in your beds for fear, and horror, and heaviness of heart: what is it but madness of a man to lye down in ease upon a feather bed, and to lodge in his bosome that deadly enemy, sin?

But (horror of horrors!) what if *this night*, whilst you sleep in your *sin*, *death* should arrest you on your beds? This I tell

tell you is no wonder, are not sudden deaths common and ordinary among the sons of men ? How many have we heard that went to bed well over night, for ought any man could tell, and yet were found dead in the morning ; I will not say carried away out of their beds, and cast into hell fire ; whether it be so or no, the Lord our God knows : but howsoever it is with them, if we for our parts commit sin, and repent not thereof by crying, and sobbing, and sorrowing for sin ; it may be *this night*, (and that is not long to) you may sleep your last in this world, and then shall your souls be hurried by Devils to that infernall lake, whence there is no redemption. O beloved ! O wretch, whosoever thou art ! *Canst thou possibly sleep in such a case as this ? Canst thou go to bed with a conscience laden with sin ? Canst thou take any sleep (which is the brother of death) when thou lyeest now in danger of eternall death ? Consider, I pray, what space, what distance, how far off is thy soul from death, from hell, from eternity ? no more but a breath, one breath and no more ; no more but a step, one step and more : O beloved ! were not this lamentable, that some one of us that now are standing, or sitting, should *this night* sleep his last, and to morrow have his body brought to be buried ; yea, and before to morrow morning have his soul (which the Lord forbid) cast from his bed of feathers, to a bed of fire ? and yet alas ! alas ! if any of us *this night* dye in his sin, or in a state unregenerate, thus will it be with him whosoever he be ; to morrow may his body lye cold under earth, and his soul lodg in hell with this miserable rich man.*

But let me speake to you, of *Whom I hope better things* ; it is good counsell for you all to expect death every day, and by this means, death fore-seen cannot possibly be sudden ; no, it is he onely dyes suddenly, that dyes unpreparedly. *Watch therefore*, saith our Saviour, be ever in a readines : and finally, that this rich man may be your warning, you that tender your souls, learn that lesson of our Saviour ; *Lay not up for your selves treasure upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break thorow and steal : but lay up for your selves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break thorow, nor steal : Mat. 6. 19, 20.* You will say, What treasures are those ? I answer : These treasures are those stocks of grace that will last for ever, it is that *circum-*  
spect.

2. Use.

Mat. 6. 19, 20.

Ephes. 5. 15.  
Rom 12. 11.  
Tit. 2. 14.  
1 Joh. 3. 3.

*spekt walking*, Ephes. 5. 15. that *servency of spirit*, Rom. 12. 11. that *zeal of good works*, Tit. 2. 14. that *purity*, which St. *Iohn* makes a property of every true hearted professour, 1 Joh. 3. 3. In a word, it is the work, the life, the power of that prayer, that *the rest of our life hereafter may be pure and holy*; these are heavenly hoords indeed, O that we would treasure up such provision against the day of calamity! If while it is called *to day*, we would make our peace with his heavenly Highness, by an humble continued exercise of repentance, if in this time of grace we would purchase Gods favour, and those rarest jewells of faith and a good conscience, if now before we appear at the dreadfull Tribunall, we would make God and his Angels our friends in the Court of Heaven, O then how blessed would our deaths be to us? came it never so suddenly, still should death find us ready, and if ready, no matter how suddenly, yea though it were *this] this night*.

I have broke ope the writ, and you see when it must be served *this] night*; but in this *Quando* there is both *suddenness*, and *sadness*, it is not *this day*, but *this night]* Let *this]* end this dayes discourse, and the next day we will lay open the *nights* dark sadness: it is a dismall time, and God give us grace so to provide, that we may be ready with oyle in our lamps, and enter with our Saviour into his blessed Kingdome.

### Night.]

**H**E sins all day, and dyes at *night*, and why at *night*? This you know is frequent, and there is reason, *most are begot, and born*, and therefore dye at *night*: but we must further then the lists of nature, *this night* was more then ordinary, as being the fittest time to aggravate his griefe: weigh but the circumstances.

1.

Wisd. 17. 5.

Exod. 10. 23.

First, It was a night of *darkness*, and this may encrease the horrour of his judgment: think but what a fear seized on the Egyptians, when no power of the fire must give them light, nor might the clear flames of the stars lighten the horrible night that fell upon them. The Husband-men, the Shepherds, the workmen, all were bound with one chain of darkness, *No man saw another,*



another, neither rose up from the place where he was for three days. Exod. 10. 23. Was not this fearfull darknesse; you may guesse it by the effects, they were troubled, and terrified, and swooned, as though their own souls should betray them. *Whether it were an hissing wind, or a sweet noyse of birds, among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of waters running violently, or a terrible sound of stones, or the running of skipping beasts, or the noyse of cruell beasts, or the echo that answereth again in the hollow mountains, these fearfull things made them to swoon for fear:* And if thus the Egyptians, how was it with this Worldling? a darknesse seized on him that engendred a thousand times more intolerable torments. This was the image of that darknesse *Which should afterward receive him, and yet was he unto himselfe more grievous then the darknesse.* It was not an outward, but an utter darknesse, not onely to be not seen, but to be felt and feared. Imagine then what visions, what sounds, what sights, what sudden fires appeared unto him? Unhappy Worldling, look round about thee; although it be dark, here is something to be seen; above is the angry Judge, beneath is the burning lake, before is gloomy darknesse, behind is infallible death, on thy right and left hand a legion of evil angels, expecting every moment to receive the prey. Here is a sight indeed, able to break the very heart-strings of each sinner. If some have lost their wits, by means of some dreadfull sight; yea, if the very suspicion of Devils have caused many men to tremble, and the hairs of their heads to stand staring upright; what then was the fear and terrour of this man, when so many dreadfull, horrible hellish monsters stood round about him, now readie to receive him? *O ye sonnes of men, stand in awe and sinne not, communicate with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still;* Will not this fear you from your sinnes? Suppose then you lay on your beds of death, were the Judge in his throne, your souls at the Barre, this accuser at your elbows, and hell ready open to shut her mouth upon you: O then, how would you curse your selves, and bewail your sins? What horrible visions would appear to you in the dark? horrible indeed? *In so much (saith \* one) that were there no other punishment then the appearing of Devils, you would rather burn to ashes, then endure their sights.* Good God, that any Christian should live in this

Wisd. 17. 18, 19.

Wisd. 17. 21.

Psal. 4. 4.

\* Cyril. de vita beati Hieron. ad fin. Epist.



Gen. 4. 14.

danger, and yet never heed it till he sees its terror! How many have gone thus fearfully out of this miserable world? I know not what you have seen, but there is very few which have not heard of many, too many, in this case: What were Judas thoughts, when he strangled himself that his bowels gushed out again? What were Cains visions, when he ran like a vagabond roaring and crying, *Whosoever findeth me shall slay me?* What are all their affrights that cry when they are a dying, *they see spirits and Devils flying about them, coming for them, roaring against them*, as if an hell entered into them, before themselves could enter it? I dare instance in no other but this wretched miser: What a night was that to him, when on a sudden a darknesse seized on him, that never after left him? Thus many go to bed, that never rise again, till they be wakened by the fearfull sound of the last Trumpet: and was not this a terror? whose heart doth not quake? whose flesh doth not tremble? whose senses are not astonished whilest we do but think on it? And then what were the sufferings of himself in his person? He might cry, and roar, and vvaile, and weep, yet there is none to help him; his heart strings break, the blessed Angels leave him, Devils still expect him, and now the Judge hath pronounced his sentence, *This night, in the dark*, they must seiz upon him.

2.

Yet this was not all the horror, it was a night both of *darkness and drawiness, or security in sinne*. He that reads the life of this man, may well wonder at the fearfull end of so fair beginnings: walk into his fields, and there his cattel prosper; come nearer to his house, and there his barns swell with corn; enter into his gates, and there every table stands richly furnished; step yet into his chambers, and you may imagine down-beds curtained with gold hangings: nay, yet come nearer, we will draw the curtains, and you shall view the person; he had toiled all day, and now see how securely he takes his rest, *this night*, he dreams golden dreams, of ease, of mirth, of pastime, (as all our worldly pleasures are but waking dreams) but stay a while and see the issue: just like a man who starting out of sleep, sees his house on fire, his goods ransacked, his family murdered, himself near lost, and not one to pitie him, when the very thrusting in of an arm might deliver him: this, and

no other, was the case of this dying miser: at that night while his senses were most drowfie, most secure, death comes in the dark, and arrests him on his bed: *Awake, rich Cormorant! what charms have lulled thee thus asleep? Canst thou slumber whilest death breaks down this house thy bodie, to rob thee of that jewell thy soul? What a deep, dull, drowfie, dead sleep is this? O fool! this night is thy soul assaulted, see death approaching, Devils hovering, Gods justice threatening, canst thou yet sleep? and are thine eyes yet heavie? Behold, the hour is at hand, and thy soul must be delivered into the hands of thine enemies: heavie eies! he sleeps still, his care all day had cast him into so dead a sleep this night, that nothing can warn him untill death awake him, That thief is most dangerous that comes at night, such a thief is death, a thief that steals men, which then is most busie whilest we are most drowfie, most secure in sinne; Hearke the slug-gard that lulls himself in his sinnes, Tet a little more sleep, a little more slumber, is not his destruction sudden, and poverty coming on him like an armed man? Prov. 6. 11. Watch (saith our Saviour) for you know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, at the cock-crow, or in the morning, lest coming suddenly he should find you sleeping Mark 13. 35. Was not this the wretchednesse of the foolish virgins? how sweetly could they slumber? how soundly could they sleep untill mid-night? they never wake, nor so much as dream to buy oyl for their lamps: imagine then how fearfull were those summons to these souls, Behold the Bridegroom, go ye out to meet him. Sudden fears of all others are most dangerous: was it not a fearfull waking to this rich man, when no sooner that he opened his eyes, but he saw deaths ugliness afore his face? what a sight was this? at his door enters the King of fear, accompanied with all his abhorred horrors, and stinging dread: on his curtains he may read his sinns, arrayed and armed in their grisliest forms, and with their fieriest stings; about his bed are the powers of darknesse, now presenting to his view his damnable state, his deplorable miserie: what can he do that is thus beset with such a world of wofull work, and hellish rage? his tongue falters, his breath shortens, his throat rattles, he would not watch, and now cannot resist; the crie is made, the mid-night come, God sounds destruction, and thus runs*

Latro hominis.

Prov. 6. 11.

Mark 13. 35,  
36.

Matth. 25. 26.

the proclamation, *This night so drowfie, thy soul must be taken from thee.*

3.

And yet more horroir; it was a night of *drowfinesse and sadnessesse*. How is he but *sad*, when he sees the night coming, and his last day decaying? Read but the copy of this rich mans Will, and see how he deals all he hath about him; he bequeaths his garments to the moth, his gold to rust, his body to the grave, his soul to hell, his goods and lands he knows not to whom, *Whose shall these things be?* Here is the man that made such mirth all day; and now is he forced to leave all he hath *this night*. It is the fruit of merry lives to give sad farwells. You that sport your selves, and spoyl others, that rob God in his members, and treasure up your own damnations, will not death make *forrie hearts for your merry nights?* a night wil come *as sad as sadnessesse* in her sternest looks, and then what a lot will befall you? O that men are such cruell Caitiffs to their own souls! Is this a life (think ye) fit for the servants of our God, revelling, swearing, drinking, railing? what other did this miser? he would eat, and drink, and revell, and sing, and then came fear as desolation; and his destruction on a sudden as a whirl-wind: If this be our life, how should we escape his death? Alas for the silly mirth that now we pleasure in! you may be sure a *night* will come that must pay for all, and then shall your pleasures vanish, your griefs begin; and your numberlesse sins (like so many envenomed stings) run into your damned souls, and pierce them through with everlasting sorrow: away with this fond, foolish, sottish vanitie, *The end of mirth is heavinessse* saith Solomon, Prov. 14. 13. What will the sonnes and daughters of pleasure do then? all those sweet delights shall be as scourges and Scorpions for your naked souls, Then (though too late) will you lamentably cry out, *What hath pride profited us? or what profit hath the pomp of riches brought us?* all those things are passed away as a shadow, or as a Poste that passeth by: Look on this man as he lies on his bed of death, here is neither smile nor dimple, *All the daughters of musick are brought low*. His voice is hoarse, his lips pale, his cheeks wan, his nostrills run out, his eyes sink into his head, and all the parts and members of his body now lose their office to assist him: Is this the merrie man that made such pastime?

Prov. 14. 13.

Wisd. 5. 8. 9.

Eccles. 12. 4.

Sweet



Sweet God! what a change is this? *In stead of sweet smell* Esa. 3. 24.  
*there is a stench, in stead of a girdle a rent, in stead of well-set*  
*hair baldness, in stead of beauty burning; in stead of mirth*  
*mourning and lamentation, Weeping, and Wailing, and gnashing*  
*of teeth.* Must not *sadnesse* seize on that soul which incurs this  
doom? Here is a malefactor stands at bar, indited by the name  
of *Fool*, charged with the guilt of treason, condemned by the  
Judge of heaven, and this *night* (*the saddest that ever he saw*) is  
that fearfull execution, that *his soul is taken*.

And yet more horreur: It was a *night of sinne*, and this doth  
encrease the sorrow. *How dear in the sight of the Lord is the* 4.  
Psal. 116. 13.  
*death of his Saints?* and we may say on the contrary, How  
abominable in the sight of the Lord is the death of the wicked?  
Was not this a grief to be took thus tripping in his wickedness?  
even now whilest he was busily plotting his ease and pastime,  
death stands at his door, and over-hears all his plots and pro-  
jects. It was a death to his soul to be took in *his sinne*: hear  
how he roars and cries, *O that I had lived so virtuously as I*  
*should; had I embraced the often inspirations of Gods blessed Spi-*  
*rit; had I followed his Laws, obeyed his Commands, attended to*  
*his will how sweet and pleasant would they now be unto me? We*  
*and alas that I had not fore-seen this day, what have I done, but*  
*for a little pleasure, a fleeting vanity, lost a Kingdome, purchased*  
*damnation?* O beloved! what think ye of your selves, whilest  
you hear this voice? you sit here as senseless of this judgement,  
as the seats, the pillars, the walls, the dust. nay, as the dead bo-  
dies themselves on which you tread: but suppose (and it were a  
blessed meditation) you that are so fresh and frolick at this day,  
that spend it merrily, use it profanely. swearing, revelling, sing-  
ing, dancing; what if this *night*, while you are in your *sin*, the  
hand of death should arrest you? Could I speak with you on your  
death-beds, I am sure I should find you in another case: how? but  
sorrowing, grieving, roaring, that your time were lost; and these  
words not heeded, while the time well served? how would  
you tear your hair, gnash your teeth, bite your nails, seek all  
means possibly to annihilate your selves? and can nothing warn  
you before death seize on you? take heed, if you go on in *sinne*,  
the next step is damnation. It was the Apostles advice, *Now is* Rom. 13. 11.  
*is high time to wake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer,*



then when we believed, Rom. 13. 11. If this wretched man had observed the present time, how happy had he been this hour of his departure? But as Officers take malefactours, drinking or drabbing; so is he nearest danger, when deepest in the mire of pleasure. Look at all those that are gone before us, and which of them thought their end so near, while they lived so merrie? I must needs tell you, there is a fire, a worm, a sting, a darkness, an hell provided for all wicked wretches, and there most certainly must you be *this night*, if you die *this day* in your naturall state of sinne. Lord! that men should be so strangely bewitched by the Prince of the air, as for the momentarie enjoyment of some glorious miseries, bitter-sweet pleasures, heart-vexing riches, desperately and wilfully to abandon God, and to cast themselves headlong into the jaws of Satan. Such a prodigious madnesse seized on this Worldling, he sings, he revels, he dallies, then dies. Thus greatest evils arise out of greatest joyes, as the ears vvith vehement sounds, and the eyes vvith brighter objects, so many by felicity have lost both their sense and being. Gallus dies in the act of pleasure, *Isbosheth* dies in the midst of sleep, the Israelites die in their day of lust, this Worldling dies in that *night of sinne*, even then on a sudden his soul is taken.

5. And yet more horroure, it vvvas a *night of death*, and this vvvas the vvorst of all: *the darkness, drowiness, sadness, sin*, all vvvere nothing to this, all nothing in themselves, if *death* had not followed: this is that *most terrible of all terribles*, all fears, griefs, suspicions, pains, as so many small brooks, are svvalloved up, and drovvned in this Ocean of misery. Novv rich man! vvhat saiest thou to thy *barns, buildings, riches, lands*? Do these pleasure thee in this thy extreme and dying agonie? Thou liest *this night* on thy departing bed, burthened vvith the heavie load of thy former trespasses, the pangs come fore and sharp upon thee, thy brest pants, thy pulse beats short, thy breath it self smells of earth and rottennesse: vvither vvilt thou go for a little ease or succour? vvhat help canst thou have in thy heaps of gold, or hoord of vvealth? should vve bring them to thy bed, (as vve read of one dying, commanded that his golden vessels and silver plate should be set before him, which looking on, he promised to his soul, it should have them all, on condition of his stay with him, but

Plin. l. 7. c. 23.

2 Sam. 4. 7.  
Num. 11. 33.

Aristot. lib. 3.  
mor. cap. 6.

Discip. de temp  
serm. 118. ex  
Hum. in tract.  
de septuplici  
timore.

the

the remedie being filly, at last most desperately he commends it to the Devil, seeing it would not stay in his body, and so gave up the ghost.) Alas, these trifling treasures can no more deliver thee from the arrest of that inexorable Serjeant, then can an hand full of dust. Wretched men! what shall be your thoughts, when you come to this miserable case? full sad and heave thoughts (Lord thou knowest): you may lie upon your beds, like vild buls in a net, full of the furie of the Lord: *In the morning thou shalt say, would God it were evening; and at even thou shalt say, would God it were morning: for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine eyes which thou shalt see,* Deut. 28. 67. Here is the terrour of that night of death, when you may wish with all your hearts, that you had never been born; if the Lord once let loose the cords of your conscience, what account will you make of crowns, of possessions? all these will be so far from healing the wound, that they will turn rather into fiery Scorpions, for your further torments. Now, now, now is the dismall time of death, what will you do? whither will you go? to whom will you pray? the Angels are offended, and they will not guard you; God is dishonoured, and he will not hear you; onely the Devil had your service, and onely hell must be your wages. *Consider this, ye that forget God, lest ye be torn in pieces, and there be none to deliver you:* It is cruel for your souls thus to suffer, to be torn, and torn in pieces, and so torn in pieces that none may deliver you. Better this Worldling had been a worm, a toad, an adder, any venomous creature, then so to live, and thus to have died; yet hither it is come, his sickness is remediless, his riches comfortless, his torments easeless, still he must suffer, and there is none to deliver, he is torn, torn in pieces, and none may deliver him. What need you more, now we are come to this period? his glasse is run, his Sunne is set, his day is finished, and now this night, the verie night of Death, his soul is required, and received of him.

Deut. 28. 67.

Psal. 50. 22.

Lo here the dismall, dreadfull, terrible time of this mans departure, it was in the night, a night of darkness, drowiness, sadness, sinne, death, and destruction.

Who will not provide each day against this fearfull night? howsoever we passe away our time in sinne, we must of necessity, ere it be long, lie gasping for breath upon our dying

1. Use.

Joh.9.4.

Joh.9.4.

Joh.11.9.

2. Use.

Joh.12.35.

ing beds, there shall we grapple hand to hand with the utmost powers of death and darknesse: what should we do then, but sow our seed while the seed-time lasteth? we have yet a day, and how short this day is, God onely knows: be sure *the night cometh wherein none can work*, and then what a fearfull time will come upon us? I know there be some that dream of doing good in another world, or at least will deferre it longer, till some time hereafter, such vain hopes of future performances hath undone many a soul: *I must work the work of him that sent me, while it is day*, saith our Saviour. The way-faring man travels not in darknesse, but while the day shines on him, then he knows he is under the protection of the Laws, the light of the Sunne, the blessing of heaven; *Are there not twelve hours in the day? if any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world; but if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.*] Do good then, and lay hold of every season which may get you to heaven. Let the whole course of your life be a conscionable preparative against death. Suppose every day your last, as if at night you should be called to account before that high and great tribunall: in a word, whatsoever you think, or speak, or do, say thus with your self, *Would I do thus and thus, if I knew this night to be my last?* Who is it would sinne, if he thought at that instant he must go to judgement?

But if we neglect the day, be sure the night will come to our condemnation: where be those wonders that so dazled our eyes, while the day shone on them? Where is *Absaloms* beutie, *Jezebels* paint, *Sauls* personage; nay, where is this wretched Worldling? he had a day to work out his own salvation, and that being lost, at last came night, before he had gone two steps toward heaven. O beloved! *walk while yee have light, that ye may be children of the light*. You may be sure the meanest soul that hath the work of grace upon it, death is to him no night, but the day-break of eternall brightnesse. This may make us in love with the sincerity of religion, this may make us to labour, and never cease labouring till we have gotten out of the state of nature, into the state of grace. O that I could say of every one of you, as *Paul* of the *Ephesians*, *Ye were once darknes, but now*



now are ye light in the Lord. Ye were once carnall. but now are ye spirituall: ye were once unregenerate, but now are ye a first-fruits dedicated to God. If it were thus with you, then (to your comfort) upon your dying beds you should meet with a glorious troop of blessed Angels, you should feel the glorious presence of the sweetest comforter, you should see the glorious light of Gods shining countenance, you should have a night (if it were night) turn'd all into a mid-day. Now the Lord give you such a day, whensoever you dye, through Christ our Lord.

You have heard the time of Deaths arrest, ] *This night.* ]  
Now for the party wee'll make a privy search, and if we stir one word, we shall finde him at next doore, it is thy soul.]

*Thy Soul.* ]

**T**He party under arrest is the rich mans Soul, ] no warranty could prevail, no riches satisfie, no strength rescue, death now demands it, and there's none can redeem it, therefore *This night they will have his soul.* ]

*Every man hath a jewell better worth then a world, and the loss of this is so much more dear, by how much it is more precious. What profits it a man to gain a world, and to lose his soul?* (said our Lord and Saviour) *Mat. 16.26.* Nay, what are a thousand worlds when the soul is valued? Give me leave to ope the cabinet, and you shall see the jewell that is arrested; it is the Soul ]

The Soul; what's that? it is (saith Austin) a substance that is created, invisible, incorporeall, immortall, most like to God, as bearing the image of its Creator. Please you that we illustrate this description, and you shall see how every word shews forth some excellencies (as the glorious lustres) of this glorious pearle the Soul.]

First, if you ask what is the Soul, 'tis a substance. ] How fond were the opinions of some Philosophers? one would have it to be nothing, [*vox, & praeerea nihil,*] and how many of us are of this opinion? Doe not we live as if we had no souls at all? The epicure is for his belly, the ambitious for his body, but who is

*Observ.*

*Mat. 16.26.*

*Substantia creata, invisibilis, incorporea, immortalis, Deo similima, imaginem habens creatoris sui.*

*Aug. in lib. de definitione anime.*

*Dicerearchus.*

Galen.

1 Cor. 15. 19.

Eccles. 3. 19.

Eccles. 11. 3.

Mat. 27. 51.

Mat. 16. 26.

*Antiqui Philosophi.*

Luk. 24. 39.

*Anima pessima  
melior optimo  
corpore. Aug.  
de verb. Dom.**Quid tibi cum  
carne? Bern. in  
meditat.**Plurimi Patres*

is he that provides for his soul? Sure we imagine it to be nothing valuable, or how should our estimation of it be so grosse and vile, to prefer the *body*, to neglect the *soul*?] There were other Philosophers vvent a pace yet further, and they gave it a being, but vvhhat? no better then an accident, that might live or dye vvithout death of the subject; this they call *κράσις humo- rum*, a certain temper composed of the elements, or nothing but the harmony of those humours in the body. Is this the *soul*? then of all creatures are men (say vve), of all men are we (saith the Apostle) *most miserable*, most unhappy. Look at beasts, and in this respect we and they *are even as one condition*, Eccles. 3. 19. Look at trees, and in their corruption you may see, the like constitution both of us and them. Look at stones, and by their dissolution we may argue this temper of composition in them also: if then our soul were nothing but this *κράσις*, not onely men, but beasts, and plants, and stones, and metalls have a *soul*: far be this from your thoughts, whose *souls* are prized to be of more worth then a world, there being nothing in the world that may give a recompence for our *souls*, Mat. 16. 26. Others have gone a little further, and they suppose it to be a *substance*: but how? onely bodily, and not spirituall; such grosse conceits have many idolaters of the Deity, as if this our image were of Gods own *substance*, and this *substance* nothing else but a bodily being. A *spirit* (saith our Saviour) *hath not flesh and bones, as you see me have*. It is the body is the flesh, but the *soul* is the spirit: the body you may see and handle, but the *soul* is not seen, not handled: as the Disciples then did erre in supposing a spirit when they saw his body, no lesse is their error, in supposing a body where is onely a spirit. The worst *soul* is better then the best of bodies. O *precious soul* (saith Bernard) *espoused to thy God, indowed with his spirit, redeemed by his Son, what art thou to the flesh, whose being is from heaven*. Others again have passed this opinion, and they call it a *form*: but what? onely materiall, not *substantiall*, and such as are the *souls* of beasts that dye with their bodies, as being deduced from the matter of some bodies pre-existent. It is not so with the *souls* of men, which though for a while they are knit and united to this house of clay, yet may they be separated from it, and subsist without it: this is that goodness of God, that as

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our *souls* are intellectuall, so their being is perpetuall, not but that our *souls* might dye (seeing every thing that is of nothing may return into the same nothing whence it sprung) but that God so sustains them by his glorious goodness, that as he gave the first being, so he would continue that he gave. *What have we, that we have not received?* Or to speake of the *soul*, what are we that God, and God onely hath not bestowed upon us? our parents begot our bodies, God onely gave our *souls*: our bodies are buried again in the wombe of our common mother, but our *souls* return to God, as to their chiefest good. So immateriall is the *soul*, that neither will nor understanding depends on the dying organ. What then is the *soul*? *a nothing, an accident, a body, a form onely materiall*: no, but on the contrary, *an ens, a substance, a spirit, a form, a substantiall being of it self subsisting.*

But wee'll ascend a little higher, it is a *substance created*, ] not traduced, (as some would have it.) I must confesse the opinion was not a little strong, that as our bodies, so our *souls* were both propagated from our parents. *Tertullian*, and the Fathers of the West (as *Ierome* witnesseth) were most on that side: the reason of this opinion was because of *originall sin*, which defileth the *soul*, as well as the body of each man sprung from *Adam*, they could see no means how both were corrupted, except withall the *soul* were propagated. But are not our *souls* as the *Angells*? and therefore if our *souls*, then may the *Angells* beget one another; nay if this were true, what *soul* were generated, but another were corrupted: for the rule is infallible, *There can be no generation without a transmutation*, and so would every *soul* be subject to corruption. Concerning that objection of *originall sin* (if the *soul* were not traduced from the loyns of *Adam*, how then should that *sin* be imputed to our *souls*?) I must confesse the question is intricate, we should rather believe it, then enquire of it, and we may better enquire of it then understand it, and yet more easily understand it, then expresse it. But so well as we can, we shall untie the knot. First then, we say 'tis a fallacy to divide *soul and body*, for not the *soul* without the *body*, nor the *body* without the *soul*, but the whole man sinn'd in *Adam*, as the whole man is begot of *Adam*; so soon therefore as the *soul* is conjoyn'd to the *body*, and

*Dionys. c.4. de  
divin. nom.  
aliquantulum  
à principio.  
1 Cor.4.7.*

*Inepist. ad  
Marcellin.*

*Magis credi-  
debet quam  
queri, & que-  
ri facilius  
quam intelligi,  
& melius in-  
telligitur quam  
explicatur. Whi-  
tak. l.1. de pec-  
cat origin. c.8.  
Fallacia divi-  
sionis.*



Arist. de ani-  
ma 2.1.c.1.

Gen.1.31.  
Sedibus aethe-  
reus spiritus ille  
venit.

3.

Gen.4.19.

Eccles.12.7.

and of the *soul* and *body* is constituted whole man, that man being now made a member of *Adam*, is said to sin with him, and to derive that sin from him. But for a further satisfaction, although the *soul* depend on God according to its substance, yet is it created in that *body* which is produced of the parents : thus in some sort we may say that the *soul* is begotten, (*non quoad essentiam, sed quoad eivar.*) God onely gives the essence, but to exist comes from the parents. What is the *soul* but a form of the *body* ? and of what *body*, but of that which is organically, as being apt for the *soul* ? This aptness then whereby it is prepared for the form, being received from the parents, we may say of the *soul*, that thus it is generated, as not beginning to subsist before the *body* is prepared. This is true in some sort, though not properly. Consider then the excellency of mans *soul*, which is not born, but *created*,] and howsoever now it is bespotted with sin, yet was it then pure and undefiled, as the untouched virgin : how is it but pure, which the hands of God hath made? it was the devill that caused sin, but all that God made was good, and *very good*, Gen.1.31. and such a *soul* hath every man. It is created by God, infused by his Spirit, of nothing made something, and what something, but an excellent work, befitting such an excellent workman?

And yet there be more staires to ascend : it is thirdly *invisible*.] Hath any man seen God ? or hath any man seen Gods image (which is the *soul*) and lived ? Substances that are more pure are less visible. We see but darkly through a glasse, nay, the best eye upon earth looks but through a lattice, a window, an obscuring impediment, mortall eyes cannot behold immortall things ; how then should this corruptible sight, see a *spirituall soul* ? the object is too clear for our weak eyes, our eyes are but earthly, the *soul* of an heavenly nature. O divine being ! not onely heavenly, but heaven it self : as God and man met both in Christ, so heaven and earth met both in man : would you see this earth ? that is the *body*, *Out of it wast thou taken, and into it must thou return*, Gen.4.19. would you see this heaven ? that is the *soul*, *the God of heaven gave it, and to the God of heaven returns it*, Eccles.12.7. The *body* is but a lump, but the *soul* is that breath of life : of earth came the *body*, of God was the *soul* : thus earth and heaven met in the creation, and

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the man was made a living soul, Gen. 2. 7. the sanctified soul is an heaven upon earth, where the sun is understanding, the moon Gen. 2. 7. is faith, and the stars gracious affections: what heaven is in that body, which lives and moves by such a soul? yet so wonderfull is Gods mercy to mankinde, that as reason doth possesse the soul, so the soul must possesse this body. Here is that union of things visible, and invisible: as the light is spirituall, incorruptible, indivisible, and so united to the air, that of these two is made one, without confusion of either; in like manner is the soul united to this body, one together, distinguished asunder: onely here's the difference, the light is most visible, the soul is invisible, she is the breath of God, the beauty of man, the wonder of Angels, the envie of devils, that immortall splendor which never eye hath seen, never eye must see.

*Est celum  
sancta anima,  
habens solem  
intellectum, lu-  
nam fidem,  
astra virtutes.  
Bern super  
Cantic.*

And yet we must up another step, it is fourthly *incorporeall*.] as not seen with a mortall eye so neither clogg'd with a bodily shape: I say not but the soul hath a body for his organ, to which it is so knit and tyed, that they cannot be severed without much sorrow or struggling: yet is it not a body, but a spirit dwelling in it: the body is an house, and the soul the inhabitant: every one knows the house is not the inhabitant, and yet (O wonder!) there is no roome in the house where the inhabitant lives not: would you please to see the roomes? the eye is her window, the head is her tower, the heart is her closet, the mouth is her hall, the lungs her presence chamber, the senses her cinque-ports, the common-sense her custome-house, the phantasie her mint, the memory her treasury, the lips are her two leav'd doores, that shut and open, and all these, and all the rest, (as the motions in a Watch,) are acted and moved by this spring, the Soul. See here a composition without confusion, the soul is in the body, yet it is not bodily: as in the greatest world the earth is more solid, the water less, the ay yet lesser, the fire least of all; so in this little world of man, the meaner parts are of grosser substance, and the soul by how much more excellent, by so much more spirituall, and wholly with-drawn from all bodily being.

And yet a little higher, it is fifthly *immortall*.] It was the error of many Fathers; That bodies and souls must both die till doomes-day, and then the bodies being raised, the souls must be revived. Were that true, why then cryes Stephen, Lord Jesus

*Scaliger, nota  
in nov. Test.*

Act. 7. 59.  
Philip. 1. 23.

Wisd. 2. 2, 3.

Matth. 22. 32.

John 11. 26.

*Nullus erit defectus, nullus terminus.*

*Iesu receive my spirit? or why should Paul be dissolved, that he might be with Christ? Blessed men are but men, and therefore no wonder if subject to some error. Others more absolutely deny the souls immortality, We are born (say they) as all adventures, and we shall be hereafter, as though we had never been; (Why so?) for the breath is a smoke in our nostrils, and the words as a spark raised out of our hearts, which being extinguished, the body is turned into ashes, and the spirit vanisheth as soft ayre. What, is the soul a smoak? and the spirit no better then the soft vanishing ayre; wretched men! Have you not read what is spoken of God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? now God (saith Christ) is not the God of the dead, but of the living. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, they are not dead then in (the better part) their souls, but passed indeed from the valley of death, unto the land of the living. Whosoever liveth and believeth in mee (saith our Saviour) shall never die, John 11. 26. Not die,] against some, never die] against others: what can we more? onely live and believe in him that redeemed us, and be sure his promises shall never fail us; our souls must live, live for ever. Sweet soul, blessed with the felicity of eternall life! here's a joy unspeakable, that this soul now clogged with cares, vexations, griefs, passions, shall one day enjoy those joyes immortall, not for a day, or two, (though this were more then we can imagine) but through all eternity; There shall be no defect, nor end: after millions of ages the soul must still live in her happiness, it is not of a perishing, but an everlasting substance.*

6. And yet the perfection of the soul goes higher; it is *most like to God,*] so far it transcends all earthly happiness: I cannot say, but in some sort all creatures have this likeness; every effect hath at least some similitude with its cause, but with a difference; some onely have a being, as stones; others, being and life, as plants; but man above all hath a being, life, and reason, and therefore of all other the most like unto his Creatour.

7. Can we any more? yes, one step higher, and we are at the top of *Jacobs ladder: The soul is not onely like God, but the image of God.* I cannot denie, but there is some apparance of it in the outward man, and therefore the bodie in some measure partakes of this image of the Deity, it was man, and whole man that

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was corrupted by sin, and (by the law of contraries) it was man, and whole man, that was beautified with this image. Please you to look at the body, is it not a little world, wherein every thing that God made was good? as therefore all goodness comes from him, so was he the pattern of all goodness; that being in him perfectly, which onely is in us partly. This is that *Iden*, whereby God is said to be the exemplar of the world: man then in his body being as the worlds map, what is he but that image, in which the builder of the world is manifest? but if you look at the parts of his body, how often are they attributed (though in a metaphor, yet in resemblance) to his Maker? our eyes are the image of his wisdom, our hands are the image of his power, our heart is the image of his knowledge, and our tongue the lively image of his revealed will: God therefore, before he made the body, said, *Let us make man in our own image:* Gen. 1. 26. and what was the meaning, but that *soul and body* should both bear the image of his Majestie? Be astonished then, ye men of the earth! If this dust, this clay, this bodie of ours be so glorious, what think ye of the *soul*, whose *substance, faculties, qualities, dignities, every way* represents Gods omnipotent Essence? Look on this glass, and first for *substance*, is the soul invisible? why so is God: *No man hath seen him at any time,* Joh. 1. 18. John 1. 18. Is the *soul* incorporeall? why so is God: *We ought not to think him like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven with art,* Acts 17. 29. Is the *soul* immortall? why so is God: *He is King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who onely hath immortality,* 1. Tim. 6. 16. Is the *soul* spirituall? why so is God: *God is a spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit,* John 4. 24. John 4. 24. Is the *soul* one essence? why so is God: *There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all,* Ephes. 4. 6. Ephes. 4. 6. See here the lively image of God in every *soul* of man. But there is another character imprinted in every faculty, so that not onely the *substance*, but the *powers of the soul* bear this image in them: As there is one God and three persons, so there is one *soul* and three *faculties*: the *Father, Son, and holy Ghost* are but one God; the *Understanding, Will, and Memory* are but one *soul*: the *Father* is not the *Son*, nor the *Son* the *holy Ghost*; so the *Understanding* is not the *Will*, nor the *Will* the *Memory*: and yet the *Father* is God, the *Son* is God, and the *holy Ghost*

*Trinitatem in nobis videmus potius quam credimus, Deum vero esse Trinitatem credimus potius quam videmus.* Aug. de Trin. l. 15. c. 6. Psal. 45. 13. Eccclus 17. 6.

Ephes. 4. 24.

1. Pet. 1. 15.

Cant. 6. 3.

Jam. 3. 7.

Psal. 8. 6.

is God ; so the *Understanding* is the *soul*, the *Will* is the *soul*, and the *Memory* is the *soul*. I dare not say, but there is some difference. *This trinity in us we rather see it then believe it; but that Trinity of Persons, we more believe it then see it* : Howsoever then our *soul* is no proof of the *Godhead*, yet is it a true sign of that *image of God in the soul*. Nay, yet (as if this stamp were of a deeper impression) see the dowie of Gods Spouse, and who wonders not at the qualities & conditions with which the *soul* is arrayed ? *The Kings daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of broidered gold.* What say you to that heavenly knowledge inspired into us ? God that created man, filled him with knowledge of understanding, and shewed them good and evil, Eccclus 17. 6. What say you to those heavenly impressions that are stampt upon us ? such are the *new mans marks*, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness, Ephes. 4. 24. These make the *soul* like God, and God loving to the *soul* ; is it not clad with righteousness, as with a garment, witness the integrity of *Adam*, in that sweet subjection, his *soul* to the *Lord*, his affections to the *soul*, his *body* to the affections, the whole man to God, as to the chiefest good : and as truth and mercy meet together, so righteousness and holiness kisse each other : this righteousness to God is it that makes us righteous afore God, and this is that holiness wherein we are created. O blessed image ! how nearly dost thou resemble thy Creatour ? he is the pattern of perfection, and we bear the image of that pattern, *Be ye holy, for I am holy*, 1. Pet. 1. 15. And yet again, as if this picture were of deeper die, how like is the *soul* to its Creatour in her full dominion over all the creatures ? *Thou art become full, O my soul, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.* What is it will not stoop to this Gods Vice-gerent ? *Beasts, and birds, and serpents, and things of the sea are tamed, and have been tamed of the nature of man*, Jam. 3. 7. What a thing is this *soul* ? she can tame the wild, command the proud, pull down the loftie, do what she will. by compounding, comparing, contemplating, commanding. O excellent nature ! that fittest on earth. canst reach to heaven, mayest dive to hell, nothing being able to resist thy power, so long as thou art subject to that power of God. Is this the *soul* ? Lo, what is man that thou art mindfull of him ? thou hast made him to have dominion in the

*the works of thy hands, thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet, Psal. 8. 6.*

*O my soul, my soul ! what can we say of such a creature ? to summe up all, she is in nature a substance, created by God, invisible of men, incorporeall with Angels, immortall through grace, most like to God in a way of nearness, and bearing his image in the glorious stamp of her created likeness.*

Is this the darling of our Lord ? where then is the rich man that hath lost this pearl ? he that could tell his soul, *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, live at ease, eat, drink and take thy pastime.* Now on a sudden his soul is taken, and whose shall those things be which he hath provided ? The loss of all losses is the loss of a soul, without which, had we never so much, we could truly enjoy nothing ; what trust then in your earthly treasures ? what stay in such broken staves of reed ? one day you shall finde them most deceitfull, leaving your naked souls to the open rage of wind and weather, to the scourges and scorpions of guiltiness and fear : Could you purchase a monopoly of all the world, had you the gold of the West, the treasures of the East, the spices of the South, the pearles of the North, all is nothing to (this incarnate Angell) this invaluable soul. O wretched worldling ! what hast thou done then to undoe thy soul ? was it a wedge of gold, an heap of silver, an hoord of pearl, to which thou trustest ; see, they are gone, and thy soul is required. ] Alas, poor soul ! whither must it go ? to heaven ? to its Creator ? to God that gave it ? no, there is another way for wandring sinners ; Go yee into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels : thither must it go with heaviness of heart, into a kingdom of darkness, a lake of burning, a prison of horrible confusion of terrible tortures : O poor soul ! what a misery is this ? darkness, burning, confusion, torments ; are these the welcomes of his soul to hell ? what meant the rich man in his unhappy fore-cast ? he propounded to his soul a world of ease, of pleasure, of pastime ; it proves far otherwise : this other world is a world of torments, which (like infinite rivers of Brimstone) feed upon his soul without ease or end. What avails now his pompous pride at his dolefull funerals ? the news is sounded [hee is dead] friends must lament him, passing peales ring for

Verf. 19.

Mat. 25. 41.



Bernard.in  
Medit.

him, an hearse-cloth wrap him, a tombe-stone lye over him, all must have mourning suites, and (may be) rejoycing hearts; but all this while his *soul* his going to judgment, without one friend, or the least acquaintance to speak in his cause: O that his *soul* were mortall, and *body* and *soul* to be buried both together in one grave! must his *body* die, and his *soul* live? in what world, or nation? in what place or region? it is another world, another nation, where Devils are companions, brimstone the fire, horrour the language, and eternall death the souls eternall life; never to be cured, and never must be ended. O my *soul* (saith Bernard) what a terrible day shall that be, when thou shalt leave this Mansion, and enter into an unknown region? who will deliver thee from these ramping Lyons? who can defend thee from those hellish monsters? God is incensed, hell prepared, justice threatened, onely mercy must prevent, or the *soul* is damned. View this rich man on his deaths-bed, the pain shouts through his head, and at last comes to his heart, anon death appears in his face, and suddenly falls on to arrest his *soul*; Is it death? what is it he demands? can his goods satisfie? no, the world claims them: must his body goe? no, the worms claim that: what debt is this, which neither goods, nor body can discharge? [*Habeas animam ejus coram nobis*] Gods warrant bids fetch the *soul*; O miserable news! the *soul* committed sin, sin morgaged it to death, death now demands it; and what if he gain the world, he must lose his *soul*: This night [*thy soul*] shall be required of thee.

Use. I.  
Adrian.

*Animula vagula, blandula*, said the heathen Emperour; Pretty, little, Wandring *soul*, whither goest thou from me? wilt thou leave me alone, that cannot live without thee? O what conflicts suffers the poor *soul*, when this time is come, must the *soul* be gone? help friends, physick, pleasure, riches, nay, take a world to reprove a *soul*; So different are the thoughts of men dying, from them living: now, are they for their pleasure, or profit, the body, or the world; but then, nothing is esteemed but the *soul*. what can we say? but if you mean your *souls* must be saved, O then let these precious, dear, everlasting things breathed into your bodies for a short abode, scorn to feed on earth, or any earthly things: it is matter of a more heavenly metall, treasures of an higher temper, riches of a nobler

bler nature, that must help your *souls*. Do you think that ever any glorified *soul*, that now looks God Almighty in the face, and tramples under foot the Sun and Moon, is so bewitcht as was *Achan* with a wedge of gold? no, it is onely the Communion of Saints, the society of Angels, the fruition of the Deity, Ioh. 7. 21. the depth of eternity, which can onely feed and fill the *soul*. So live then, as that when you die, your *souls* may receive this blisse, and the Lord *Iesus our Saviour* receive all your *souls*.

I must end, but gladly would I win a *soul*: If the reward be 2. Use. so great (as you know it) to recover a sick body, which for all that must die, of what reward is that cure to save a *soul*, which must ever, ever live? O sweet *Jesu*! why sheddest thou the most precious and warmest blood of thy heart, but onely to save *souls*? thou wast scourged, buffeted, judged, condemned, hanged; was all this for us? and shall we do nothing for our selves? What is it thou wouldest have had, if thou couldest wish it good? not thy house, nor thy wife, nor thy children, nor thy good, nor thy cloaths, but no matter for thy *soul*; I beseech you, value not you *souls* at a less price then your *shoes*; you can please the flesh with delicacies, which is naught but worms meat; but the *soul* pines for want, which is a creature invisible, incorporeall, immortal, most like to God: are we thus carefull of pelf, and so careless of this pearl? certainly, I cannot choose but wonder, when seeing the streets peopled with men that follow suits, run to Courts, attend and wait on their Councillors for this case, and that case, this house, or that land, that not one of these, no nor one of all us will ride, or run or creep, or go to have counsell for his *soul*: I must confesse, I have sometimes dwelt on this meditation: and (Beloved, let me speak homely to you) be our Counsellors in this Town, every week solicited by their Clients? and have we no Clients in soul-cases? not one that will come to us with their cases of conscience? sure you are either careless of your *souls*, or belike you have no need of particular instructions: O let us not be so forward for the world, and so backward for the *soul*! yet I pray mistake not; I invite you not for fees, as noble *Terentius*, when he had petitioned for the Christians, and saw it torn in pieces before his face, gathered up the pieces, and said, I have my reward; I have not sued for gold, silver, honour, or pleasure,

but a Church : so say I , in middest of your neglect ; I have not sued for your good, or silver, for your houses, or lands, but for your *souls*, your *precious souls* : and if I cannot, or shall not woe them to come to Christ, God raise up some child of the Bride-chamber which may do it better ; if neither I, nor any other can prevail, O then fear that speech of *Elies sons*, they hearkened not unto the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay them : 1 Sam. 2. 25.

In such a case, O that my head were full of water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for your sins ! O that I could wash your souls with my tears from that filth of sin, wherewith they are besmeared and defiled ! O that for the salvation of your souls, I might be made a sacrifice unto death ! But the Lord be praised, for your *souls* and my *soul* Christ Jesus hath died ; and if now we but repent us of our sins, and believe in our Saviour, if now we will but deny our selves, and take up his cross and follow him ; if now we will but turn unto him, that he may turn his loving countenance unto us, if now we will but become new creatures, and ever-hereafter walk in the holy path, the narrow way which leads unto heaven, why then may our souls be saved. This is that we had need to care for, not so much for the body, as for the souls good : to this purpose saith Hugo, why cloath we the body in silks, which must rot in the grave, and adorn not the soul with faith and good works, which one day must appear before God and his Angels. O think of this day, this night, this hour of death, for then must your Souls be taken from you.

*Cur carnem  
adornas, &  
animam, non  
adornas.  
Hugo de clau-  
stro anime.*

Thus far you see the rich mans arrest : God injoyns it, death serves it, the time was *this night*, and the party is, *his Soul*.] God give us grace to provide our souls, that when death arrests we may be ready, and then, O God, have thou mercy on our Souls.



*Shall be required]*

**T**He originall is *anastasis*, *They shall require it* : wherein you have,

the { Sergeants,  
Arrest.

The Sergeants, *They,*] and the arrest it self, *They require]* his soul.

Wee'll first take a view of the *Sergeants*.

*They* : who ? not *God*, he *knows* not sinners, what should he do with a drunken, profane, covetous, sensuall soul, he that never so much as thought on *God* in this life, will *God* accept of the commending of his soul to him at his death ? no, the Lord of heaven will none of it : he that forsook *God*, is justly forsaken of *God* : See the true weight of this balance, he would not receive *Gods* grace into his soul, and *God* will not receive his graceless soul into heaven. But who then ? will the *Angels* take it ? no, they have nothing to do with the soul of a dying sinner, the *Angels* are onely porters for the souls of the just : Poor *Lazarus* that could neither go, nor sit, nor stand for sores, it is he must be carried on the wings of *Angels*, but for this rich man, not the lowest *Angell* will do him poorest service. Who then ? will the *Saints* receive it ? no, they have no such commission to receive a soul : that blind opinion (which every one may blush at) that *Saint Peter* should be heavens porter, and that none may go in, but to whom he will open : if it be true, why may not a *Saint* help a departing soul ? Away with this dreaming folly ! not *Peter*, nor *Paul*, nor all the *Saints* of heaven have any such priviledg ; if *God* will not hear us, what will our prayers do to *Saints* ? Heaven is too far off, they cannot hear, or were it nearer they will not, cannot help : it is *God* must save us, or we perish ever. Who then are the *Sergeants* ? not *God*, nor *Saints*, nor *Angels* : no, there is another crew, *Death* and *Devils* stand in a readiness, and they are the parties that arrest this prisoner.

Stay, what would *death* have ? the soul cannot die, and for the body, no matter who receives it. O yes ! there is a death of the soul, as well as of the body : I mean not such a death where-

by it may be annihilated, but a *second death* that shall ever accompany it : this is a *death of the soul*, that will always keep it in deaths pangs. But not to speak of this *death*, there is another *death temporall*, that shall sever the *soul and body* each from other : these two twins that have lived together since their first espousall, these two lovely ones that were made, and met, and married by the hands of God, these two made one, till death them depart, and make them two again, now is their rufull time of divorce : when *death* comes he gives over the body to the grave, and arrests the *soul*, to appear in presence before Gods high Tribanall. Such a Bayliffe hath now laid hands on this rich mans *soul*, when he least thought on't, *death* comes on a sudden, and arrests his person. O wretched worldling ! who is this behinde thee ? call we this Gods *Sergeant* ? What grim, ugly, monstrous visage is this we see ? have ever any of you seen the grisly picture of death before you ? how was it but with *hollow eyes*, *open skull*, *grinning teeth*, *naked ribs*, a few bones knit together with dry strings, as presenting to your eyes the most deformed image of a man in moldes ? But what's that in his hands ? an *hour-glass*, and a *dart* : the one expressing the decreasings of our life, and the other deaths stroke, that he gives us in our *death*. Such emblemes are most fit to expresse mortality : and imagine such a thing to *arrest* this rich man, would it not terrifie him, whilst looking back, *death* suddenly claps him on his shoulder, away he must with this messenger, all the gold and pearl of East and West cannot stay him one hour : now rich man, what avails all thy worldly pleasure ? Hadst thou in thy hands the reigns of all earthly kingdomes, wert thou exalted as the *Eagle*, and thy nest set among the starrs, yet all this, and whatsoever else thou canst imagine, is not worth a button : where did that man dwell, or of what cloth was his garment, that was ever comforted by his goods, or greatness, in this last and forest conflict ? See worldling, *death* requires thy *soul*, no bribe will be taken, no entreatie will prevail, no riches rescue, nothing at all redeem, *death*, *death* is impartiall.

Obad. 1. 4.

But (O horror ! ) *death* is not all, see yet more *Sergeants*, *Devils*, and *Dragons* are about thy bed, and these are they that will hurrie away thy *soul* to hell. How ? *Devils* ; O worldling, stay thy *soul*, and never yield it ! better to die a thousand deaths,

deaths, then to leave it in their hands ; but alas, thou canst not choose, thy last hour is come, and here is neither hope, nor help, nor place of any longer tarrying. See but the misery of a miserable *soul* ! what shall it do ? whither shall it fly from these damned Furies ? would they take it, and teare it into nothing, it were somewhat tollerable : but to teare it in pieces, and never to make end of tearing, to give it torments without all patience or resistance, this is that load which it cannot bear. and yet (O extremity !) it ever, ever must be born. Think on this, O my *soul* ! and whilest thou hast a minutes stay in this body, call upon God to prevent this arrest of Devils : was it not (think yee) a terrour to this rich man, when so many hell hounds waited for his *soul* ? we read of one man, who being took away *Hartmundus* with a Devill through the air, was said so to roar and yell, that *Schedel. in* many miles distant his noise was heard, to many a mans trembling. *vit. Pap.* And if a *soul* had but the organs of a sound, what a shriek would it make, being seized on by a Devil ? witness the cries of many desperate *souls*, when as yet they are safe in their beds, how do they roar and rage ? how do they call and cry, *Help, help us, save us, deliver us from these fiends about us* ! these are those evening wolves enraged with hellish hunger, these are those ramping Lyons ever ready to devour our *souls*, these are those walkers up and down the earth, which are now come and entred into this rich mans lodging. *Wheresoever the dead carcasse is, thither* (saith our Saviour) *will the Eagles resort* : and wheresoever a damned *soul* is, thither with a lacrity will these spirits come : O how they fly and flutter round about him, what fires do they breathe to enkindle them on his *soul* ? what clawes do they open, to receive her at the parting ? and what astonishment is that poor *soul* in, that perceives these *Sergeants* even ready to clasp their in her burning armes ? See (O Cosmopolite) what thy sin hath caused ! lust hath transported thine eyes, blasphemy thy tongue, pride thy foot, oppression thy hand, covetousness thy heart, and now *Death and Devils*, they are the *Sergeants* that require thy *soul*.

*Matth. 24. 28.*

Reflect these thoughts on your own *souls*, and consider with your selves, what may be your cases ; it may be as yet thou standest upright without any changes, hitherto thou hast seen no days of sorrow, but even *washed thy steps with butter*, and the

*Use.*



Deut. 32, 13,  
14.

Casaub.  
Dies, hora, mo-  
mentum, &c.

*rock hath poured thee out rivers of oyle.* Alas! was not this the case of this wretched worldling? yet for all this, you see a night came that paid for all: and so may it be with thee; a day, an hour, a moment, is enough to overturn the things that seem to have been founded, and rooted in Adamant; who can tell whether *this night*, this storm may fall upon thee? art thou not strangely nailed and glued unto sence? art thou not stupidly senceless in spirituall things, that for pelf, vanity, dung, nothing, wilt run headlong and willfully into easelesse, endlesse, and remediles torments? Yet such is thy doing, (if thou beest a worldling) to get riches to thy body, and let *death and devils* have thy *soul*. O beloved, consider in time, and seeing you have such a terrible example set before you, let this worldling be your warning.

We have done with the Sergeants, but what's their office? to beg? to sue? No, but to force, to require, *thy soul's required*.

How? *requir'd*? is any so bold to approach his gates, and make a forcible entry? Yes, God hath his speciall Bailiffs that will fear no colours, riches cannot ransom, castles cannot keep, hollows cannot hide, hills nor their forts protect: Sits *Herod* on his Throne? there's a Writ of *Remove*, and the worms are his Bayliffs: is *Dives* at his Table? Death brings the *Misimus*, and Devils are his Jaylours: sits *Lazarus* at his gates? the King greets him well, (we may say) and Angels are his keepers: poor, rich, good, bad, all must be served at the Kings suit, no place can privilegedge, no power secure, no valour rescue, no libertie exempt: with a *non omittas propter aliquam libertatem*, runs this Warrant: O rich man? what wilt thou now do? *The sorrows of death compass thee, and the floods of Belial make thee afraid*. What? no friends to help? no power to rescue, is there no other way but yield and die for it? O miserie! enough to break an heart of brasse again: Imagine that a Prince a while possessed some royall City, where (if you walk the streets) you may see peace flourishing, wealth abounding, pleasure waiting, all his neighbours offering their service, and promising to assist him in all his needs and affairs: if on a sudden this city were besieged by some deadly enemy, who coming (like a violent stream) takes one hold after another, one wall after another, one castle after another, and at last drives this Prince onely to a little

2. Sam. 22. 5.

little Tower, and there sets on him; what fear, anguish, and misery would this Prince be in? If he looks about, his holds are taken, his men are slain, his friends and neighbours now stand aloof off, and they begin to abandon him; were not this a wofull plight trow you? even so it fares with a poor *soul* at the hour of her departure: the *body* wherein she reigned like a jolly Princeesse, then droops and languishes; *the keepers tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease, and they wax dark that look out at the windows.* no wonder, if fear be in the way, when *the arms the legs, the teeth, the eyes* (as so many walls wherein the *soul* was invironed) are now surprized and beaten to the ground: her last refuge is the *heart*, and this is the little Tower whither at last she is driven: But what, is she there secure? no, but most fiercely assailed with a thousand enemies, her dearest friends (*youth, and Physick, and other helps*) which soothed her in prosperity do now abandon her, what will she do? the enemy will grant no truce, will make no league, but night and day assails the *heart*, which now (like a Turret struck with thunder) begins all to shiver: here is the wofull state of a wicked *soul*, God is her enemy, the Devil her foe, Angels hate her, the earth groans under her, hel gapes for her: the reason of all, sin struck the alarm, and death gives the battel: it is but *this night* (a minute longer) and then will the raging enemy enter on her. Death is no beggar to entreat, no suiter to wo, no petitioner to ask, no soliciter to crouch and crave a favour: *she runs raging, ruling, charging, requiring*: hark this rich mans arrest, *thy soul* *Quaque ruit* *shall be required*] It shall? yes, the word is peremptory; what? *be required*? yes, it comes with authority. Here's a fatall requiring, when the *soul* shall be forced by an unwilling necessitie, and devils by force hurrie her to her endless furie. Adieu poor *soul*! the Writ is served, the Goal prepared, the judgement past, and Death (the Executioner) will delay no longer; *This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*

But to whom speak I? Think of it you miserably covetous, *I. Use.*  
*that joyn house to house, and call the lands after your own names:* Psal. 49. 6-7.  
*You may trust in your wealth, and boast your selves in the multitude of your riches, but none of you can by any means redeem his brother, no nor himself,* Psal. 49. 6. When Death comes, (I pray) what composition with the Lord of heaven? could ever any buy out

out his damnation with his coyn? howsoever you live, merrily, deliciously, go richly, yet *Death* will at last knock at your doors, and (notwithstanding all your wealth, honours, tears, and groans of your dearest friends) will take you away as his prisoners, to his darkeſt dungeon. Your caſe is as with a man who lying faſt aſleep upon the edge of ſome ſteep high rock, dreams merrily of Crowns, Kingdoms, Poſſeſſions; but upon the ſudden, ſtarting for joy, he breaks his neck, and tumbles into the bottome of ſome violent ſea: Thus is your danger every hour, Sathan makes you a bed, lulls you aſleep, charms you into golden dreams, and you conceive you are wallowing in the Sea of all wordly happineſs; at laſt *death* comes, (againſt which there is no reſiſtance) and then are you ſuddenly ſwallowed up of deſpair, and drowned in that pit of eternall death and perdition.

I have read of ſome, whom (in ſome ſort) we might parallel with this rich man concerning their fearful horrid departure out of this miſerable world: yea, I ſuppoſe the Books are ſo working, that any man whoſoever he is, that would but read them, and ponder them in a ſerious way, they would certainly work in him much matter of humiliation, and make him to flie ſin, as the very ſting of a ſcorpion.

*William Rogers. The Young mans warning-piece, by Rob. Abbot.*

One of them I mean to ſpeak of was an *Engliſhman*: *Abbot* that relates the ſtory, tells indeed of two in one year that died thus uncomfortably; the one ſo many wayes looking home-wards, that he died miſerably rich: the other ſo laſhing outward that he died miſerably poor, both of different wayes of life, yet both of uncomfortable paſſages out of the world. The one coming to his deaths-bed, the Authour reports of him, that *fiſt the Devil preſented himſelf unto him to be his Phyſician, and after Chriſt appeared to him ſitting on the Throne, condemning his unprofitable life, and bidding him ſhift for himſelf, for he would have nothing to do with him*: The other (of whom I mean to ſpeak) as if he would prevent Chriſt, condemned himſelf to hell for ever and ever: *O (ſaid he) that I might burn along time in that fire, ſo I might not burn in hell. — I have had (ſaid he) a little pleaſure, and now I muſt go to the torments of hell for ever. Then praying to God (as he was preſſed by others) to forgive him his ſins, and to have mercy upon him, he would adde, but I know God will not do it, I muſt go to hell for evermore. Whatſoever came between*



between whiles, this was the case, *I must be burned in Hel, I must to the furnace of Hel, millions and millions of ages.* The Author of this story ( who was Minister of the place where he lived ) went to him, offered him the comforts of the Gospel, opened to him the promises of the largest size, shewed him that God was delighted to save souls, and not to destroy them, and that his sweet promises were without exception of time, place, person, or sinne, except that against the holy Ghost, which he assured him too, was not committed by him: and what was the issue? all this could not fasten on him, but still he would answer, *Alas, it is too late, I must be burned in hell.* That man of God ( the Shepheard of his soul ) seeing his soul in this danger, came to him again and again, and at last secluding the company, he presses him with tears in his eyes, not to cast away that soul for which Christ died; he told him, that Christ rejected none that did not reject him: but for all this he could have no other answer, but *that he had cast off Christ, and therefore must go to hell.* The Minister replies, Yet pray with me ( saith he ) that Christ would come again; there is yet an hour in the day, and if Christ come, he can and will assist you, to do a great deal of work on a sudden: no, he would not hear of that: *former counsels and prayers might have done me good, said he, but now it is too late.*

O horror, that ever any soul should suffer these conflicts for sinne! But what sinnes were they? He was (saith the Author) *no Swearer, no VVhoormonger, no Thief, no scoffer at Religion, no perjured wretch, no wilfull liar at all, onely Drunkenesse and neglect of mens bodies* (for he was an Apothecarie) *neglect of Prayer, Gods Word, and his Sacraments*, so awakt his trembling Conscience, that he was forced to passe this fearfull doom upon his soul, *I must be burned in the furnace of hell, millions of millions of ages:* and at last (the Lord knows) in idleness of thoughts, and talk, he ended his miserable-miserable life.

The other I mean to speak of was an Italian, under the Jurisdiction of Venice, called Francis Spira, who being excessively covetous of money, and for fear of the world having renounced the truth, which before he professed, he thought at last he heard a direfull voice speaking to him; *Thou wicked wretch, thou*  
hast

A relation of  
the fearfull  
estate of Fr.  
Spira. 1548.

hast denied me, thou hast broken thy vow; hence Apostate, and bear with thee the sentence of thy eternall damnation: at this voice he trembling and quaking fell down in a swoon; and after recovering himself, he professed that he was captivated under the revenging hand of the great God of heaven, and that he heard continually that fearfull sentence of Christ, now past on his own soul: his friends to comfort him propounded many of Gods promises, recorded in Scripture; *Oh but my sinne* (said he) *is greater then the mercy of God*: nay, answered they, the mercy of God is above all sinne; God would have all men to be saved: it is true (said he) *he would have all men that he hath elected to be saved; but he would not have Reprobates to be saved;* and I am one of that number: after this roaring out in the bitterness of his spirit, he said, *It is a fearfull thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* These troubles of mind brought him to a distemper of body, which the Physicians perceiving, they wisht him to seek some spirituall comfort: those comforters come, and observing the distemper to arise from the sence and horror of hell pains; they ask him, Whether he thought there were any worse pains then what he endured? he said, *He knew there were farre worse pains; yet do I desire nothing more,* said he, *then that I may come to that place, where I may be sure to feel the worst, and to be freed from fear of worse to come.*

As on this manner he was speaking he observed (saith my Authour) divers flies that came about him, and some lighted on him; whereat, presently remembring how *Belzeebub* signifies the God of Flies; *Behold,* said he, *now also Belzeebub comes to his Banquet, you shall shortly see my end, and in me an example to many of the justice and judgement of God.* Then he began to reckon up what fearfull dreams and visions he was continually troubled withall, *That he saw the Devils come flocking into his chamber, and about his bed terrifying him with strange noises; and that these were not fancies, but that he saw them as really as the standers by: and that besides these outward terrours, he felt continually a rack-ing torture of his mind, and a continuall butchery of his conscience, being the very proper pangs of the damned wights in hel.*

But of all the rest, most desperate was that last speech of his, when snatching a knife (as intending to mischief himself, but stopped by his friends) he roared with indignation, *I would I were*

were above God, for I know he will have no mercy on me; and thus living a while, he appeared at length a very perfect anatomie, expressing to the view nothing but sinews; and bones, vehemently raging for drink; ever pining, yet fearfull to live long; dreadfull of hel, yet coveting death; in a continuall torment, yet his own tormentour; consuming himself with grief and horror, impatience and despair, till at last he ended his miserable-miserable life.

And now (beloved) if such be the departure of a sinfull soul, O who would live in sinne to come to such a departure! For my part, I dare not say these parties, thus miserable in their own apprehensions, are now among Devils in hell: I find the Authours themselves to incline to the right hand; besides, what am I, that I should sit in Gods Chair? onely this I say, that their miserable deaths may verie well give warning to us all; nor need you think much at me for uttering these (*terribilia*) terrible stories: for if sometimes you did not hear of Gods judgments against sinne; a day might come, that you would most of all crie out on the Preacher: To this purpose, we have a story of a certain rich man, who lying on his death-bed, *My soul* (said he) *I bequeath to the Devil, who owns it; my wife to the Devil, who drew me to my ungodly life, and my Chaplain to the Devil who flattered me in it.* I pray God I never hear of such a Legacy from any of you: sure I had better to tell you afore-hand to prevent it, then not telling you to feel it. And let this be for my Apologie in relating these stories.

But for a second Use, give me leave, I pray you, to separate 2. Use. *the precious from the vile.* Now then to sweeten the thoughts of all true penitents; the souls of Saints are not required, but received. Rejoyce then ye righteous that mourn in Sion; what though a while ye suffer? death is a Goal-delivery to your souls, not bringing in, but freeing out of thraldome. Here the good man finds sharpest misery, the evil man sweetest felicity; therefore it is just, that there should be a time of changing turnes; The rich mans Table stood full of delicates, *Lazarus* lacks crums, but now he is comforted; and thou art tormented. *Wo* Luke 16.25. *unto you that laugh, for you shall mourn,* Luke 6.25. *Blessed are* Luke 6.25. *you that mourn, for you shall rejoyce,* Matth. 5.4. *Happy Laz-* Matth. 5.4. *arus!* who from thy beggary and loathsome sores were carried by Angels



Angels into *Abrahams* bosome: happy Thief, who upon thy true repentance, and unfeigned prayer, wert received from the Crosse to the Paradise of thy Saviour : happy are all they that suffer tribulation, *Death* shall lose their *souls* from bonds and fetters, and in stead of a *Bayliff* to arrest them, shall be a *Porter* to conduct them to the gates of heaven : There shalt thou tread on Serpents, trample on thine enemies, sing sweet Trophies: were not this enough? thy Conquests shall be crowned by the hands of Seraphims, triumphed with the sound of Angels, warbled by the Quire of Spirits, confirmed by the King of Kings, and Lord of Hosts. Happy *Soul*! that art not required by Devils, but received by Angels : and when we die, Lord Jesus send thine Angels to receive our *Souls*.

You see now *Deaths Arrest*, and what remains further, save to accept of some *Bail*? But what *Bail*, where you have the Kings Commandment from his own mouth? this requiring is not of any other, but himself ; of no suretie, but of thee (saith God) must thy *Soul* be required.

### Of thee]

ONce more (you see) I have brought this rich man on the stage, his doom is now at hand, and *Death* (Gods messenger) summons him to appear by *Requiring of his soul* ] but of whom is it *Required*? had he any Sureties to put in? or was any *Bail* sufficient to be taken for him? no, he must go himself, without all help or remedie, it was he that sinned, and it is he must pay for it ; *Of thee*] it is required.

How? of thee? Sure *Death* mistakes; we can find thousands more fit, none more fearfull; there stands a *Saul*, near him his armour-bearer; behold a *Judas*, such will outface *Deaths* fury; nay, rather then it fail in its office, they will not much question to be their own *Deaths*-men: but this *Of thee* (who art at league with hell, in love with earth, at peace with all) is most terribly fearfull.

Stay *Death*! there stands a poor *Lazarus* at the gates, like *Job* on his dung-hil, his eyes blind, his ears deaf, his feet lame, his bodie struck with Boyls, and his *Soul* choosing rather to be strangled and die, then to be in his bones: were not this a fit-object

ject for *death* cruelty? would he spare the rich, he should be welcome to the poor: but *Death* is inexorable, he must not live, nor shall the Beggar beg his own *death* for another: *Of thee* ] *it is required.*

But (*Death*!) yet stay thy hand, here's a better surety; what needs *death* a preſſe, when he may have volunteers? there stands an *old man* as ready for the grave, as the grave for him; his face is furrowed, his hairs hoary, his back bowing, his hammes bending, and therefore no song is fitter then old *Simeons*, *Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace*: Youth is loath, but Age is merry to depart from misery; let *Death* then take him that standeth nearest *death*-door: No, the old must die, but the young may; he must die soon, yet be sure thou shalt not live long, *Of thee* ] *it is required.*

Luke 2.29.

Cannot this serve? let *death* yet stay his hand, there stands a *servant* waiting at this rich mans beck, as if he would spend his own life to save his Masters; he can make a Pageant of Cringes, act a whole speech of flatteries, every part owes him service, feet to run, hands to work, head to crouch, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of a *Mistress*, so the eyes of his servants look unto the hands of their Master: but where be these attendants when *death* comes? was ever any Master better then Christ? were ever any servants truer then his Apostles? yet see their fidelity, must their Saviour die? one betrayes him another forswears him, all run from him, and leave him alone in midst of all his enemies: what then is the trust of servants? the rich man may command and go without, if *death* should require them, they would not, or if they should desire *death*, hee will not; his *arrest* concerns not the servants, it is for the Master himself he that command others, now *death* commands him: *Of thee* ] *it is required.*

Will not all do? Let *death* but stay this once: there stands a friend, that will loose his own, to save his life: *Greater love then this hath no man* (saith our Saviour) *when any man bestoweth his life for his friends*, John 15.13. Riches may perhaps procure such love, and get some friend to answer *death*s quarrel which he owes this man: *Jonathan* loves *David*, *David Absolon*; and sure it was a love indeed, when *Jonathan* preserves the life of *David*, and *David* wisheth a death to himself in the stead of *Absolon*:

John 15.13.

2. Sam. 18. 33. *O my sonne Absolon, would God I had died for thee: O Absolon, my sonne, my sonne.* But where be any friends so respective of this Worldling? He wants a *Jonathan*, a *David*; upon a strict enquirie we find *no friend, no father, no sonne, neither heirs nor assignes to whom he may bestow his lands.* But what if he had friends as near to himself as himself; no man can die or another: or as the Psalmist, *No man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him: for it cost more to redeem their souls, so that he must let that alone for ever.* Should the poor man beg, the old man pray, his servants kneel, his friends lie at deaths feet, and all these offer up all their lives for this rich mans recovery, all were but vain, it is thy Soul is arrested, and it is thy self that must yield it: *Of thee it is required.*

Psal. 49. 7, 8.

You see there is no way but one with him: to conclude then, wee'l bid him his farewel (this is the last friendship we can do this rich man) and so wee'l leave him.

The hour is come, and the dawning of that dreadfull day appeareth; now he begins to wish that he had some space, some piece of time to repent him; and if he might obtain it, O what would he do! or what would he not do? *Relieve the weak, visit the sick, feed the hungry, lodge the stranger, cloath the naked, give half his goods to the poor, and if he had done any wrong restore it him again seven-fold;* but alas! all is too late, the candle that but follows him cannot light him to heaven; a sudden death denies his suit, and the increasing of his sickness will give him no leasure to fulfill those duties: what cold sweats are those that seiz upon him? his senses fail, his speech falters, his eyes sink, his breast swels, his feet die, his heart faints such are the outward pangs: what then are the inward griefs? if the body thus suffers, what cares and conflicts endures the soul? had he the riches of *Cræsus*, the Empires of *Alexander*, the robes of *Solomon*, the fare of that rich man who lived deliciously every day, what could they do in the extremity of these pangs. *O rich man, thou couldst tell us of pulling down barns, and building greater; but now imagine the vast cope of heaven thy Barn, (and that were large enough) and all the riches of the world thy grain (and that were crop enough) yet all these cannot buy a minute of ease, now that death will have thy body, hell thy soul.* O dark dungeon of imprisoned men! whose help wilt thou crave? whose aid wilt thou



thou ask? what release canst thou expect from such a prison? the disease is past cure, the sickness wants remedie: alas! what may recover now the heart strings break asunder & thy date expires, thy last breath goes, and now is thy *Soul and Body* required of thee.

I have hitherto with *Nathan* beat sinfull *David* on a strangers coat. You must give me leave to take off the mask, and shew you your own faces in this glass.

Believe thou (O man) who readest this, that shortly there will be two holes where thine eyes now stand, and then others may take up thy skull, and speak of thee dead, as I have done to thee living: how soon I know not, but this I am sure of, *Thy time is appointed thy moneths are determined, thy dayes are num-* Job 14.14.  
*bred, thy very last hour is limited.* And what follows, but that *thy bodie lie cold at the root of the rock,* at the foot of the moun- Job 14.5.  
 tains? Go then to the graves of those that are gone before us, *Psal. 90.12,*  
*John 11.9.* and there see; are not their eyes wasted, their mouths corrupted, their bones scattered? where be those ruddy lips, lovely cheeks, sparkling eyes, comely nose, hairy locks? are not all gone as a dream in the night, or as a shadow in the morning? alas! that we neglect these thoughts and set our minds wholly upon the world and its vanity! we are carefull, fearfull, and immoderately painfull to get transitorie riches, like children following Butter-flies; we run, and toyl, and perhaps misse our purpose: but if we catch them, what is it but a flie to besmeare our hands? Riches are but empty, and yet be they what they will be, all at last will be nothing. *Saladine* that great Turk, after all his conquests, gets his shirt fastened to his spear in manner of an Ensigne, this done, a Priest makes Proclamation, *This is all* Knolls Tur-  
*that Saladine carries away with him, of all the riches he hath got-* kish History,  
*ten.* Shall a Turk say thus, and do Christians forget their duties? pag. 73.  
 Remember your selves, ye sons of earth, of *Adam*; what is this earth you dote on? be sure you shall have enough of it, when your mouths must be filled and crammed with it, and (as your souls desire it, so) at that day shall your bodies turn to it. O that men are thus given to gasping greediness! there is a generation, and they are too common amongst us, that we may preach and preach (as they say) our hearts out, yet will not they stirre a foot further from the world, or an inch nearer un-

Wild. 5. 8.

to God, but could we speak with them on their death-bed, when their consciences are awaked, then should we hear them yell out those complaints, *What hath pride profited us? or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us?* Assure your selves this day, or this night will come, and imagine (I pray) that the ten, twentie, thirty, forty years, or months, or dayes, or hours, which you have yet to live, were at an end; were you at this present stretched on your beds, wearied with struggling against your wearied pangs, were your friends weeping your Physicians parting, your children crying, your wives howling, and your selves lying mute and dumb in a most pitifull agony.

I.

Beloved Christian! (who soeyer thou art) stay a while (I pray thee) and practise this meditation: *Suppose thou now feelest the cramp of death wresting thy heart-strings, and ready to make that rusfull divorce betwixt thy body and thy soul; suppose thou lyeest now panting for breath, swimming in a cold fatall sweat; suppose thy words were fled, thy tongue struck dumb, thy soul amazed, thy senses frighted; suppose thy feet beginning even to die, thy knees to wax cold and stiff, thy nostrils to run out, thine eyes to sink into thy head, and all the parts of thy body to lose their office to assist thee; upon this supposall lift up thy soul, and look about thee, (O I can tell thee, if thou livest and diest in sinne) there would be no where any comfort, but a world of terror and perplexity: look upwards, there shouldst thou see the terrible (word of Gods justice threatening; look downwards, there shouldst thou see the grave in expectation ready gaping; look within thee, there shouldst thou feel the worm of conscience bitter gnawing; look without thee, there shouldst thou see good and evill Angels on both sides, waiting whether of them should have the prey: now alas! (then wouldst thou say) The soul to depart from the body were a thing intollerable, to continue still therein were a thing impossible, and to deferre this departure any longer (supposing this hour thy last hour) no Physick could prevail. it were a thing unavoidable: what then would thy poor soul do, thus invironed with so many straights? O fond fools of Adams sinne, that neglect the time till this terrible passage! how much wouldst thou give (if thus it were) for an hours repentance? at what rate wouldst thou value a dayes contrition? worlds are worthless in respect of a little respite, a short truce would seem more pre-*

precious then the Treasures of Empires, nothing would then be so much esteemed as a trice of time, which before by moneths and years thou lavishly mis-spent, Think on thy sinns, nay, thou couldst not choose but think, Satan would write them on the curtains of thy bed, and thy agashed eyes would be forced to look upon them, there wouldst thou see thousands committed, not one confessed, or thoroughly repented, then too late thou wouldst begin to wish, *O had I lead a better life, and were it to begin again, O then how would I fast and pray, how repent, how live!* Certainly, certainly, if thou goest on in sinne, thus would be thy departure, thy carcase lying cold among the stones of the pit, and thy soul, by the weight of sinne, irrecoverably sinking into the bottome of that bottomless burning lake.

But to prevent this evil, take this use of advice for thy farwell: whilest yet thy life lasteth, whilest yet the Lord gives thee a gracious day of visitation, ply, ply all those blessed means of salvation, as prayer, and conference, and meditation, and Sermons, and Sacraments, and fastings, and watchings, and patience, and faith, and a good conscience; in a word, so live, that when this *day or night of death* comes, thou mayest then stand firm and sure: as yet thou art in the way of a transitory life, as yet thou art not entred into the confines of Eternitie: if now therefore thou wilt walk in the holy path, if now thou wilt stand out against any sin whatsoever, if now thou wilt take on thee the yoke of our Saviour Christ, if now thou wilt associate thy self to that sect and brotherhood, that is *every where spoken against*; if now thou wilt direct thy words to the glorifying of God, and to give grace unto the hearers; if now thou wilt delight in the word, the wayes, the Saints, the services of God; if now thou wilt never turn again unto folly, or to thy trade of sin, though Satan set upon thee with his baits and allurements, to detain thee in his bondage, but by one darling delight, one minion-sin, then I dare assure thee, *dear, right dear would be thy death in the sight of the Lord*: with joy and triumph wouldst thou passe through all the terrours of death, with singing and rejoycing would thy soul be received into those sacred mansions above. O happy soul, if this be thy case! O happy *night or day*, vvhensoever the nevvs comes, that then must *thy soul be taken from thee!*

Use 2.

Psal. 116. 15.

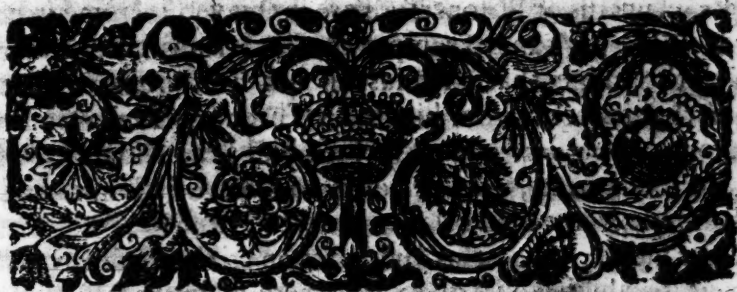


1. Theſſ. 5. 6.

You may think it now high time, that we bid this far-wel-  
 funerall Text adieu. then for conſolation let every word be thy  
 warning. Left *this* ] be thy time! provide for *this* and everie  
 time; left *the night* ] be dreadfull, Do not ſleep as do others; but  
 Watch and be ſober; left *thy ſoul* ] ſhould ſuffer, deſire the ſuffer-  
 ings of thy God to ſatiſfie; left death *require* ] it of thee by  
 force, offer it up to God with a cheerefull devotion; and left *this*  
 of *thee* ] be fearfull, who haſt lived in ſin, correct theſe courſes,  
 amend your wayes, and the bleſſing of God be with thee all thy  
 life, at the hour of death, now, henceforth, and for ever.

A M E N.

FINIS.



# Doomes-day

MATTH. 16. 27.

*Then shall he reward every man according to his works.*



He dependance of this Text is limited in few lines, and that your eyes wander no further then this verse, therein is kept a generall Affize ; the Judge, Officers, Prisoners stand in array, the Judge is God, and *the Son of man* ; the Officers Angels, and they are *his Angels* ; the Prisoners men, and because of the Gaol-delivery, *every man*.

If you will have all together, you have a Iudge. his circuit, his habit, his attendants, his judgments : a Iudge, *the Son of man* ; his circuit, *he shall come* ; his habit, *in the glory of his Father* ; his attendants, *with his Angels* : what now remains, but the execution of justice ? then without more adoe see the Text, and you see all ; the scales in his hande, our *works* in the scales, the *reward* for our *works*, of just weight each to other ; *Then hee shall reward every man according to his Works.*

This Text gives us the proceeding of *Doomes-day*, which is the last day, the last Sessions, the last Affize that must be kept on earth, or is decreed in heaven ; if you expect Sheriffs, or

Judges, Plaintiffs or Prisoners, all are in this verse, some in each word. *Then*] is times Trumpet that proclaims their coming. *Hee*] is the Judge that examines all our lives. *Reward*] is the doom, that proceeds from him in his Throne. *Man*] is the malefactor, *every man*] stands before him as a prisoner, *Works* are the indictments, and *according to our Works*] must go the trial howsoever we have done, good or evil.

Give me yet leave, this Judge sits on trials as well as prisoners; it is an high Court of appeal, where Plaintiffs, Counsellors, Judges all must appear and answer: would you learn the proceedings? there is the Term, *Then*] the Judge, *hee*] the sentence, *shall reward*] the parties, *very man*] the trial it self, which you may finde in all to be just and legall, *every man* his rewards *according to his works.*]

We have opened the Text, and now you shall have the hearing.

*Then.*]

**T**hen: when? the { Negative,  
answer is { Positive.

First, *Negative, Then*] not on a sudden, or (at least) not at this present. This life is no time to receive rewards, *the rain and Sun* pleasure both the good and bad, nay, oftentimes the bad fare best, and Gods own children are most fiercely fined in the furnace of affliction, *The earth is given into the hands of the wicked,* Job 9.24. *faith Job:* but, *if any man will follow mee, he must take up his cross,* Mat. 16.24. *faith our Saviour.* Joy, and pleasure, and happiness attend the ungodly, while Gods poor servants run thorow the thicket of briars and brambles to the kingdome of heaven: but *shall not the Judge of all the world do right?* a time shall come when both these must have their change; *Mark the upright and behold the just, for the end of that man is peace, but the transgressors shall be destroyed together, and the end of the wicked shall be cut off:* Gen. 18.25. *Psal. 37.37, 38.* The effect of things is best known to us in some issue of time, and *then* shall we have our rewards, when *the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father.* Let this admonish us to have patience in all our expectations: what is it to suffer a while, an inch of time, considering the reward is great



great indeed, everlasting in durance: *Rest in the Lord* (saith David) *and wait patiently for him, fret not thy self for him which prospereth in his way:* and will you know the reason? for yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be: but the meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace: Psal. 37. 7, 10, 11. So they shall indeed, if onely they will expect a little time; not now, but *Then* ] stay yet a while, and be sure anon the reward shall be given.

2. But to answer positively, this *Then* is no other then *Dooms-day*, and when that shall be, will be known best by

Conjectures,

Signes.

We will begin with the former.

Some would have it in the year 6000. from the beginning of the world: this was the sentence of *Elias* (say the Jewes) whose prophesie thus runs, *two thousand years before the Law, two thousand under the Law, and two thousand under the Gospell:* how untrue this sounds, any one may guesse that considers: in the first number he fails, because it was too little; in the second number he erres, because it was too much: and if *Elias* say amiss for the time now past, how should we believe him for that yet to come? Others, besides testimony produce reason, that as God was creating the world six days, so he must be a governing it six thousand years, heres a seeming proportion, but upon what reason? Every day, (say they) must be a thousand years with man, because *a thousand years, are but as one day with God.* It were too frivolous a pains to repeat any more, or to answer these: *Is not this sacriledge, to break into Gods place and pry into his Sanctuary?* Why should we presume to know more then God would have us? Look at the Apostles, were they not Gods Secretaries? Look at the Angels, are they not Gods Heralds? Look at Christ himself, is he not the Son of God? and yet as he is the Son of man, he speaks of all, *Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no Angell, neither the Son, but the Father onely:* Mark. 13. 32. *It is not for us to seek where the Lord hath not a tongue to speak.* Why should we know more then other men, then all men, then Angels, then Christ himself, who (as man) was either ignorant of it, or (at least) had no commission to reveal it. *It is not for you to know the times and seasons,*

Psal. 90. 4.

Salviarus de  
guber. Dei, l. 3.

Mar. 13. 32.

Ne nos addamus  
inquire, quod ille non  
addidit dicere.  
Aug. epist. 146.  
Acts 1. 7.

Mar. 13. 33.  
1 Thel. 5. 2.

Which the Father hath put in his own power, Act. 1. 7. It is a better use which our Saviour makes, Take heed, watch, and pray, for yee know not when the time is, Mark 13. 33. As a thiefe in the night, so is Doomes-day, it come suddainly, it will come shortly: would you needs know when? why then when you least imagine such a matter, then when worldly honours profit nothing, then when kindred & acquaintance fail, then when the world shal be set on fire, then ] then ] he shall reward every man according to his works.

2.  
Teste Tho. Aquin.  
Supplem.  
ad 3. part. 9.  
73. ar. 1. 1.

But secondly, if conjectures fail, the signes are certain: Jerome reports of fifteen miracles for fifteen days, which he writes to have found in the Hebrews Annals, and immediately must precede the Judges coming. The first day (saith he) the sea shall swell, and lift up her waves at least fifteen cubits, above the height of the highest hills. The second day unlike to the former, the sea shall ebbe again, and the waves be fallen till they scarce be seen. The third day the sea must return to its ancient course, and so abide that day as it was before. The fourth day, sea monsters shall appear above the sea, whose bellowing rores shall fill the air with cries, which God alone understands, and men shall tremble at. The fifth day, all the fowles of the air shall flock together, and meeting in the fields shall there charter, and starve for fear of the approaching times. The sixth day, floods of fire shall rise up against the firmament, which kindling at the falling Sun, shall run like a lightning to the rising morn. The seventh day, all stars and planets shall shoot out fiery comets. The eighth day, there shall be a generall earth-quake, and the motion so violent, that the ground shall hop, and the living creatures not stand on their feet, that walk on the tottering floores. The ninth day, trees shall sweat blond. The tenth day, all the stones of the earth shall war together, and with a thundring noise break one upon another. The eleventh day, all buildings shall be ruined, and all the hills and mountains melt into dust and powder. The twelfth day, all beasts of the field shall come from their woods and dens, and so abstaining from their food, shall rore and bellow up and down the plains. The thirteenth day, all graves shall be open, from the rising up of the Sun, unto the going down of the same. The fourteenth day, all men shall come abroad, and such a distraction seize on their heavy hearts, that they shall lose the speech and volubility of their tongues. And the fifteenth (which is the last day) the living men shall die, and the dead

dead shall live again, all above earth be changed, and those in their graves be raised and recovered.

I will not say these things are certain, (I leave you to the author that recites them) but if any whit true, why (blessed Lord!) what a day of appearance shall this be? I know not (saith one) what others may think of it, but *for my self, it makes me tremble to consider it. It is a day of anger and wrath, a day of trouble and heaviness, a day of obscurity and darkness, a day of clouds and blackness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the strong cities, and against the high towers: Zeph. 1. 15.* I will but run thorow the signes, as we find them in Gods writ, and then see if your hearts will not fail for fear.

*Chrysost. Hom. 77. in Matth. Zeph. 1. 15.*

*Then* ] *shall the Sun be darkned*: can Nature stand and suffer a generall Eclipse? when God died, the Sun could discolour its beauty, and suit it self in black to its makers condition; and now man dies, the Sun is clad again in mourning robes. Alas! what can it do but mourn? God lives, but man-kinde dies: though he was the Creator, yet we are the Creatures for whom it was created: *when the householder dies, the family grieves*: were all eyes dry, here is the eye of the world weeps it self blind to see this dissolution: Is man bereft of compassion, for whom the Sun it self undergoes this passion? think on those times, when darkness that may be felt, shall spread over all the earth; how should plants but wither? or beasts of the field but waste? how should men but die, when they stumble at noon-day? their eyes shall fail them, the light forsake them: miserable men! the Sun shall not shine on them, because God will judg them. But this not all.

*Matth. 24. 29*

*Patresfamilias moriente turbatur domus. Chrysost. in Matth. 44.*

*Then* ] *shall the moon not give her light*: as the day and night are both alike with God, so the day and night shall be alike with man: the Sun will not lend his lustre, nor can the Moon borrow any more light: but what strange warr makes this confusion of nature? the Sun shall look black, and the Moon be turned into blond. Here is a new Moon, and such a change as before was never seen: there is no encrease, no full, no wane, but all the light is at once extinguished: unhappy creatures that depend upon her influence! how should they live, when she her self wades in blond? God made these Lights for signes, and for seasons, for daies, and for years: but now signs are out, seasons past, daies

*Matth. 24. 29.*

*Isa. 2. 31.*

*Gen. 1. 14.*



daies are done, years abolished : *The Angels bath sworn by him that lives for ever, that time shall be no longer*, Rev. 10. 6. Who will not believe that hears this sacred oath ? was it a man ? no, an *Angel* : ] did he say it ? no, he *swore it* : ] how ? by himself ? no, it was *by him that lives for ever* : ] and what ? that time must be little ? nay it must be *no longer, time shall be no more* ] How shall it be any more ? the *Sun* is disfigured, the *Moon* disrobed, both eclipsed. But this not all.

*Then* ] *shall the stars be shaken* ; the powers of Heaven shall move, and the Lamps of Heaven shall tremble : these were Gods threats against the *Babylonians*, Esay 13. 10. *For the stars of Heaven, and the Planets thereof shall not give their light*. Against the *Egyptians*, Ezek. 32. 7. *I will cover the heaven, and make the stars dark over thee* : Against all his enemies, Joel 3. 15. *The Sun and Moon shall be darkned*, (but not they alone, for) *and the stars themselves shall withdraw their shining* : But what speak we of darkness, or the stars not shining ? they shall not onely dimme, but down. *In those days* (saith our Saviour) *after that tribulation, the Sun and Moon shall darken, and the stars of heaven shall fall* : how fall ? so thick (say Expositors) *that the Firmament shall seem to be without all light*. I cannot say these signs shall be reall ; whether it is by subtraction of their light, or the conceit of brain-troubled sinners, or the fall of some inflamed vapours, or the Apostacy of some enlightened persons : for certain (to speak literally) there shall be some change in the whole order of Nature : *Sun and Moon, Stars and Planets*, all must lose their lights, and by all likely-hood, it is the glory of the Judge that will dazel those Candles. Neither is this all.

*Then* ] *shall the Elements melt*, the fire shall fall down from heaven, the air turn it self into vapours, the Sea swell above all Clouds, the earth be full of yawning Clifffes, and violent tremblings. A fire shall first usher the Judge, and such a fire as shall have the property of all fires ; that fire in its sphear, this fire on earth, the fearfull fire which torments in hell, all shall meet in one, and according to their severall qualities, produce their severall effects : *the just shall be refined by one, the wicked shall be tormented by another, the earth be consumed by a third* : There is no creature but it must be fuell for this fire ; as the first world

was

2 Pet. 3. 18.  
Elementaris  
subiliando,  
terrestriis con-  
sumendo, infer-  
nalis puniendo.  
Ioh. de Combis.

was destroyed with water, to quench the heate of their lust, so must this be destroyed with fire to warm the cold of our charity. But not the fire alone.

*Then* ~~shall the~~ *air* breed wonders : what shall be seen but lightnings, whirle-winds, conuulsions, blazing starrs, flashing thunders ? here a *Comet* runs round in a circuit, there a Crown compasseth that *Comet* ; near them a fiery *Dragon* fumes in flames every where appears a shooting fire, as if all above us were nothing but *inflamed ayre*. Yet not the *air* alone.

*Then* ~~shall the~~ *waters* roare, Rivers shall wax dry, the Sea Luke 21.25. froth, and foame, and fume : those that dwell near shall wonder at the swelling tides, others a far off shall tremble at the roaring noise : what threats are those which the Surges murmur ? war is proclaimed by noise, set on by blasts, continued by storms, the floods and tides shall run over all the plaines, the the Sea and waves shall mount up to the very skyes; now would they warr with Heaven, then overwhelme the earth, anone will they sinke to hell : and thus shall they rove and rage, as if they would threat all the world with a second inundation. Nay yet again.

*Then* ~~shall the~~ *earth be shaken in divers places* (saith *Matthew*) Matth. 24.7. *In all places* (saith *Joel*) ~~for~~ *all the earth shall tremble before* Joel. 1.10. *him* : here is an Earth-quake indeed ; not some part of the land, by reason of some cloystered wind, but the Rocks, Mountains, Castles, Cities, Countreys, some shall remove, others be ruined ; thus all the earth shall be as a swallowing gulf, that all things here situated, may be then devoured. What can I more ?

*Then* ~~shall~~ *Plants* cease their growth, Beasts want their sence, men loose their reason : were this but little ? you may wonder more. The Sibylls could affirm, that *Nature* should both cease, and change her being, the Trees in stead of growth should sweat out blood, the Beasts should bellow up & down the fields, then want their sence. Men should have disfigured faces, astonished hearts, affrighted looks, then lose their reason : nay, what marvail then, if at the worlds end, they be at their wits end ? O fearful signes, enough to move flintie stones ! if this be the *Term*, what is the *Suit*, the *Bill*, the *Doom*, the *Execution* ? a Trump shall summon, Death will arrest, God must have appearance,

appearance, and *Then*] is the day : *Then*] he shall reward every man according to his works.

What a Chaos is here, when the world must be thus turned topsie turvie ? *the Sun the Moon, the Starrs* ; come yet lower, *the Fire, the Air, the Sea, the Earth* ; nay *Trees, and Beasts, and Men*, all must be out of order in the whole course of Nature.

1. Use.

Joel 1. 5, 13  
15.

Who can read or hear this Prognostication of *Dooms-day*, and not wonder at the signes which shall hang over our heads ? we see by experience when any out-ragious storm happens on Sea or Land, how wonderfully men are dismayed, how strangely astonished : now then, when the Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, the Ayr shall be wholly distempered and disordered ; when the *Sun* shall threaten with mourning, the *Moon* with blood, the *Stars* with their falling : yea when all the heavens shall shrink and pass away as a paper scroule, who then dares eat or drink, or sleep, or take a minutes rest ? Be sure these dayes shall come, and the signes shall pass : *Awake yee Drunkards, and weep all ye drinkers of Wine, because of the new wine ; for it shall be pulled from your mouthes. Gird your selves, and lament ye Priests, howle ye Ministers of the Altar : alas ! for the day, for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come.* What are ye insensible of these signes ? the imprisoned thicke fears at the news of the assize : and is the sinner so impudent, that he fears nothing ? The day shall come when the men of earth shall fear, and be full of fear ; every sign shall breed a wonder, and ever sight shall breed a wondrous terrour, men shall hide themselves in the caves of beasts, and the beasts seek shall to save themselves in the houses of men : where then shall the wicked stand, when all the world shall be thus in uprore.

2. Use.

Hos. 6. 4.

2 Cor. 5. 20.

Yet a word for usall, we have all warning, and we had best to provide ; yet the weather is fair, we may frame an Ark to save us from the flood ; yet are the Angels at the gates of *Sodom* ; yet is *Jonas* in the streets of *Nineveh* : yet the Prophet woos, *O Judah, how should I entreat thee ?* yet the Apostle prays, nay, we pray you in *Christs* stead, that yee will be reconciled unto God : to conclude, yet the Bride-groom stayes the Virgins leisure ; Lord that they would make speed, seeing the joyes of heaven tarry for them. This *Term* is at hand, and is



it not time to petition to the Judge of heaven? what a dangerous course is it, never to call to minde that *Time of Times*, until we see the Earth flaming, the Heavens melting, the Indgement hastning, the Judge with all his Angels comming in the Clouds, to denounce the last doom upon all flesh, which shall be unto some *Woe, woe*, when they shall call to the mountains to cover them, and for shame of their sins, hide themselves (if it were possible) in hell fire: if we have any fear this should move fear, if we have any care this should move us all to be carefull indeed. We have not two souls that we may hazard one, neither have we two lives, that we may trust to another, but as thy last day leaves thee, so will this *Doomes-day* finde thee. Who would not but axcept the fatherly fore-warning of Christ our Saviour? See you not how many signes, as the Heralds and fore-runners of his glorious comming? *The abounding of iniquity the waxing cold of charity, the rising up of Nation against Nation.* Was there ever lesse love? was there ever more hatred? Where is that *Jonathan* that loves *David* as his own soul? nay, where is not that *Joab*, that can imbrace friendly, but carryes a malicious heart towards *Abner*? sure we are near the end indeed, when *charity is grown thus cold.* You then that would have the comfort of the day, take these signes for warnings, provide for him who hath thus long waited for you; and seeing you look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless. Who would indanger their souls for a little sin? busie Clients heere nothing but their cause, and if you would recover heaven, be sure that ye mark this *Term*. The time draws on, now the Writs are out, anon comes the Judge, and *Then* is the day. *Then* he shall reward every man according to his work.

Marth. 24. 7,  
12.

2 Pet. 3. 14.

You see the *Term*, and now you may expect to view the Judge: the *Term* is *Then* the Judge is *He*. Stay a while and the next time you shall see him in his judgment seat.

*He*.

He.]

**H**E? who? if you look at the fore-going words you may see who he is: *The son of man shall come in the glory of his father, and it is he that shall reward us according to our works.*

*hoc facit ut ad infirmam se sortem hominum abiciat.*

*Musculus in Matth. cap. 8. Psal. 8. 4.*

This title of the Son of man, denotes unto us the humility of the Son of God; what is the Son of man, but man? and this tells us how humble he was for us, that being God, was made man, or the Son of Man, which is as all one, according to that, Psal. 8. 4. *What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the Son of man that visitest him?*

*Heb. 12. 23. Acts 17. 31.*

It is true, God is the Judge of all: Heb. 12. 23. and yet it is as true, this God is man, Acts 17. 31. God (saith Paul) will judge the world, but it is by that man whom he hath ordained. God hath the power, but God as man hath only the Commission. He (who is God) hath given him Authority to execute judgment. And would you know the reason? it is onely because he is the Son of man, Joh. 5. 27. In a word, God shall judge, the whole Trinity by prescription, Christ onely in execution: the Father judgeth but by the Son; or as the Evangelist John, the Father judgeth no man but hath committed all judgment to the Son: John 5. 22.

*John 5. 27.*

*John 5. 22.*

But because as man, there appears in him a double form, as humbled, as glorified; wee'l discusse these questions, which resolve all doubts.

1. Whether Christ, as man, shall appear unto us, when he will reward us.
2. Whether man, as glorified

*Tunc manus  
festus veniet  
inter justos ju-  
dicaturus, qui  
occulte venerat  
judicandus ab  
injustis.  
August de ci-  
vit. dei.*

To the first we say, that onely as man he will appear our judge, who as man appeared when himself was judged; what better reason to expresse the benefit of our redemption, then so to judge us as he did redeem us? was he not man that suffered, died, and was buried? and is he not man that one day shall come to judge both the quick and dead? he that came obscurely to be judged by the unjust, shall then appear openly to judge all the just: the same man, who is God and man, shall be our judge in his humane nature, by his divine power. Thus we say, God, (who is the ancient of daies) hath the power originall; but man (who is the Son of God) hath the power traduced, and therefore saith Daniel, One like

like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the ancient of days, and they brought him here before him, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom. Dan. 7. 13, 14.

Consider this, yee that are going to the Bar; what a fight will this be to the faithless Jewes, stubborn Gentiles, wicked Christians, when every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him: This is the man (shall they say) that was crucified for us, and again crucified by us: why alas! every sin is a Cross, every oath is a Spear, and when that day is come, you must behold the man, whom thus you do crucifie by your daily sins: Sure this will be a fearfull fight; where is the bloody swearer, that can tear his wounds, and heart, and blood and all? at this day of Doom \* those wounds shall appear, that heart be visible, that body and blood be seen both of good and bad, and then shall that fearfull voice proceed from his Throne, this was the heart thou piercedst, these are the wounds thou rasedst, and this is the blood thou spilledst: Here is the fearfull judgment, when thou that art the murtherer shall see the slain man sit thy Judge, what favour canst thou expect at his hands, whom thou hast so vitely abused by thy daily sins? be sure the Son of man will come, as it is written of him, but woe be unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed, it had been good for that man if he had not been born, Matth. 26. 24.

To the second question we answer; that as Christ shall appear in the form of man, so this man shall appear in a glorious form: he that is a Mediatour betwixt God and man, must both intercede for man to God, and communicate those things which are of God to man, to this purpose both these offices are agreeable to him, in that he participates of both extreames; he is man to abide the judgments due from God; hee is God to convey all his benefits unto man: as then, in his first coming, he pleased God by taking the infirmities of man upon him, so in his second coming will he judg us men, by appearing in that glory which he derives from God. But look about you! who is this Judg arrayed in such a majesty? A fire devoures before him, and behind him a flame burns up, on every side the people tremble, and all faces shall gather blackness: here is a change indeed, he that was in a cratch, now sits on a Throne; then Christ stood like a Lamb before Pilate, now Pilate stands like

Use.

Apoc. 1. 7.

\* Sic Aug. habet suum (for- tasse) de Christ; & marty- rum vulnere- bus, et quod non sit deformitas, sed dignitas. novi quod quaeritur an cicatrices remaneant in corpore perfecto et glorificato? attamen Christus apparuit Thomae cum cicatricibus ad fidem ejus confirmandam. Ioh. 20. 27. Matth. 26. 24.

Isa. 2. 36.



Psal. 110. 1.

Revel. 11. 17.

Greg. in Mor.

1 Pct. 4. 18.

like a malefactor before Christ, he that was once made the foot-stool of his enemies, must now judge, *till he hath made all his enemies his foot-stool*. Where shall they run? and how shall they seek the clefts of the rocks, and hollow places? the glory of his Majesty kindles a flame, while *the heaven and earth shall fly from the presence of this Judge*. O ye heavens! why do ye fly away? What have ye done? why are ye afraid? it is the Majesty of the Judge that will amaze the innocent, the greatness of whose indignation, will be able to strike all the heavens with terror and admiration; when the Sea is out-ragious, and tempestuous he that stands on the shoar will be struck into a kinde of fear: or when the Father goes like a Lyon about his house, in punishing his bond-slave, the innocent son stands in great fear and trouble: and how then shall the wicked tremble, when the very heavens shall be affraid? *If the goodly Cedars of Lebanon be shaken, what shall become of the tender twigs in the Desert? if the sturdy Rams stoop and tremble, how will the bleating Lambes cry and run away? and if the just and righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* The mountains and heavens shall melt before the Lord; and what stony hearts have we, that (for all this) are nothing at all yet moved?

But (may be) I prevent you expectation, if here be a Judge, where is the guard? behold him coming from above with great power and glory: would you know this habit? he is clothed with Majesty: seek you the colour; 'tis the brightness of his Father: would you view his attendants? they are an host of Angels: look you for the guard? they are a troope of shining Cherubims: nay, yet see a longer train, a further company; the souls of Saints descend from their imperiall seats, and attend the Lambe with great glory, and glorious majesty: never was any Judge Lord of such a circuit: his footstool are the Clouds, his seat the Rain-bow, his justices Saints, his officers Angels, and the Arch-Angels Trump proclaims a silence, whilest a just sentence comes from his mouth on all the world. Thus are the Assizes begun to be solemnized. *the thrones (as Daniel saw in his vision) were set up, and the ancient of days sat down, his garments white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool, his Throne like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire,*

Dan. 7. 9.

fire, Dan.7.9. This is the Iudge whose coming is so fear-  
 full, ushered by a fiery flood, apparelled in snowy white, car-  
 ried in his circuit on burning wheeles, and attended with the  
 number of thousand thousands. O yee Jewes, behold the man,  
 whom before you crucified like a Malefactor, behold him in his  
 Throne, whom you said, his Disciples had stollen by night out  
 of his grave: behold him in his Majesty, *whom you would not*  
*deigne to look upon in his humility; the baser you esteemed his*  
*weakness, the heavier must you find and feel his mightiness.* The  
 Son of man appears, and the kindred of the earth must mourn;  
 such a shout of fury followes the sight of his Majesty, that the  
 vaults shall echo, the hills resound, the earth shake, the heavens  
 change their situation, and all be turned to a confusion; then  
 shall the wicked weep and wail, and yet their tears not serve  
 their turn, their sins past betray them, their shame present con-  
 demns them, and their torment to come confounds them; thus  
 shall they bewail their miserable hap, their unfortunate birth,  
 and their cursed end: *O fearfull Iudge, terrible as an Army with*  
*Banners; turn away thine eyes from us,* which overcome the  
 proudest Potentates: the Kings of the earth shall be astonished,  
 and the Nations of the Isles shall fear from farr: Every eye  
 shall see him whom they have pierced, and tremble at the pre-  
 sence of his sight. Conceive the guilty prisoner coming to his  
 tryall, will not the red robes of his Judge, make his heart bleed  
 for his blood-shed? doth not that scarlet Cloath present a mon-  
 strous hew before his eyes? O then! what sight is this, when the  
 man slain, sits in the judgment seat, the rosie wounds of our  
 Saviour still bleeding (as it were) in the prisoners presence?  
 These are the wounds, *not as tokens of infirmity, but victory, and*  
*these now shall appear, not as if he must suffer, but to shew us he*  
*hath suffered.* See here an object full of glory, splendor, majesty,  
 excellency, and this is He] the man, the judg the rewarder of  
 every man according to his works.

Matth.28.13.  
 Greg. sup. ill.  
 Matth.24. in  
 nubibus cæli.

Cant.6.4,5.

Aquin. sup.  
 plem. 90.  
 A.2. ad secun-  
 dum.

The Judge we have set in his Throne, and before we appear,  
 let us practice our repentance, that we answer the bet-  
 ter.

Think but (O sinner) what shall be thy reward, when thou  
 shalt meet this Iudge; The adultery for a while may flatter  
 beauty, the Swearer grace his words with oathes, the Drun-

I. Use.

Ecclesi. 11. 9.

kard kifs his cups, and drink his bodys-health, till he bring his soul to ruine : *but remember for all these things God will bring thee to judgment.* Cold comfort in the end : the Adulterer shall satisfie his lust, when he lies on a bed of fire, all hugged and embraced with those flames ; the swearer shall have enough of wounds and blood, when Devils torture his body, and rack his soul in hell, the Drunkard shall have plenty of his Cups, when scalding lead shall be poured down his throat, and his breath draw flames of fire instead of air : as is thy sin, so is the nature of thy punishment, the just Iudge shall give just measure, and the ballance of his wrath poize in a just porportion.

2. Use.

Yet I will not discomfort you, who are these Iudges dearest favorites ; Now is the day (if you are Gods servants) that Satan shall be trod under your feet, and you with your Lord and Master Christ, shall be carried into the holiest of holies. You may remember how all the men of God in their greatest anguishes here below, have fetcht comfort by the eye of faith at this mountain : *Job rejoyced being cast on the Dung-hill, that his Redeemer lived ; and that he should see him at the last day stand on the earth : Iohn longed and cried ; Come Lord Iesus, come quickly ; and had we the same precious faith, we have the same precious promises : why then are we not ravished at the remembrance of these things ? certainly there is an happy faith (where soever it shall be found) that shall not be ashamed at that day.* Now therefore little children abide in him, that when he shall appear, we may have confidence : Confidence ; what else ? *I will see you again* (saith our Saviour-Iudge) *and your heart shall rejoyce, and your joy no man taketh from you.* O blessed mercy, that so triumphes against judgment ; our hearts must joy, our joyes endure and all this occasioned by the sight of our Saviour ; for Hee ] shall reward every man according to his works.

3 Joh. 2. 28.

Joh. 16. 22.

We have prepared the Iudge for sentence : he hath rid his circuit in the Clouds, and made the Rain-bow his chair of state, for his judgment seat ; his Sheriffes are the Saints, that now rise from the Dust to meet their Iudge, whom long they have expected : the summons is sent out by a shout from heaven ; the cry no sooner made, but the graves flie open, and the dead arise : stay a while till I ready them ; you have seen the Iudge, and now we pre-

pare.



pare the judged. He ] is the Judge ; every man ] the judged :  
and He shall reward every man according to his works.

*Every man.]*

**T**He persons to be judged are a world of men, all men of the world, good, and bad, elect and reprobates, but in a different manner : To give you a full view of them , I must lead your attentions orderly through these passages, there must be a *Citation, Resurrection, Collection, Separation* : follow me in these pathes, and you may see both the men and their difference, before they come to their judgments.

First, there is a *summons*. and *Every man* must hear it ; it is performed by a shout from heaven , and the voice of the last Trump ; the clangor of this Trump could ever sound in *Ieroms* *Surgite mortui, venite ad iudicium.*  
*carcs, Arise yee dead, and come to judgment* : the clangor of this Trump will sound in all mens eares , it shall wake the dead out of their drouzy sleep , and change the living from their mortall state , make devils tremble , and the whole world shake with terrour : *A terrible voice, a Trumpet shall sound, that shall shake the world, rend the rocks, break the mountains, dissolve the bonds of death, burst down the gates of hell, and unite all spirits to their own bodies.* *Feronymus super Mathæum. Verc vox tubæ terribilis, cui omnia obediunt elementa, petras scindit, inferos, &c.*  
What say you to this Trump, that can make the whole Universe to tremble ? no sooner shall it sound , but the *Chryso. i. ad Corin. 15.*  
*the earth shall shake, the mountains skip like Rams, and the little hills like young sheep* : it shall pierce the waters , and fetch from the bottome of the Sea the dust of *Adams* seed , it shall tear the rocky Tombes of earthly Princes , and make their haughty minds to stoop before the King of heaven ; it shall remove the center , and tear the bowels of the earth , open the graves of all the dead, and fetch their souls from heaven or hell, to reunite them to their bodies. A dreadfull summons of the wicked, whom this suddain noise will no less astonish, then confound ; the dark pitchy walls of that infernall pit of hell, shall be shaken with the shout, when the dreadfull soul shall leave its place of terrour, and once more re-enter into her stinking Car-  
rion, to receive a greater condemnation : what terrour will this be to the wicked wretch ? what wofull salutations will there be between that body and soul, which living together

Joh. 5. 28, 29.

in the height of iniquity, must now be re-united to enjoy the fulness of their misery ? The voice of Christ is powerfull, *the dead shall hear his voice, and they shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evill, unto the resurrection of condemnation.*

You hear the *summons*, and the next is your *appearance*; death the Goaler brings all his prisoners from the grave, and they must stand and *appear* before the Judge of heaven.

Ezek. 37. 6.

The *summons* is given, and every man must appear : Death must now give back all their spoils, and restore again all that she hath took from the world. What a gastly sight will this be, to see all the Sepulchers open, to see dead men rise out of their graves, and the scattered dust to flie on the wings of the wind, till it meet together in one compacted body ? *Ezekiels dry bones shall live : thus saith the Lord, I will lay sinewes upon you, and make flesh grow upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and you shall know that I am the Lord,* Ezek. 37. 6. This dust of ours shall be devoured of worms, consumed by Serpents, which craul and spring from the marrow of our bones: look in a dead mans grave, and see what you find; but dust, and worms, and bones, and skuls, putrified flesh, an house full of stench and vermine ; Behold then the power of God Almighty, out of this grave and dust of the earth ; from these chambers of death and darkness, shall arise the bodies of the buried, the graves will flie open, and the dead go out ; not an hair, not a dust, not a bone shall be denied, but whatsoever holds their dust shall yield their bodies : *I saw the dead* (saith John) *small and great stand before God ; and the Sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them, and they were judged every man according to their works,* Revel. 20. 13. what a wonderfull sight will this be, to see the sea and earth bring forth in al parts such variety of bodies: to see so many sorts of people & nations to come together? huge armies, innumerable, as the Caterpillars of Egypt, all shall arise, and every one appear before the Lords Tribunall : worms, and corruption, cannot hinder the resurrection, he that said to Corruption, *thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my sister and mother,* said also, *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and mine eyes*

Revel. 20. 12, 13.

Iob 17. 14.  
Iob 19. 25.

eyes shall behold him. O good God ! how wonderfull is thy power ? this flesh of ours shall turn to dust, be eate of worms, consume to nothing, if there be any reliques of our ashes, the wind may scatter them, the blasts divide them, our feet trample them, the beasts digest them, the vermine devour them ; if nothing, yet time will consume them. But for all this, God is as able to raise us from the dust, as to create us of the dust, not one dust of this clay shall perish, though scattered, divided trampled, devoured, consumed, it shall be gathered, recovered, revived, refined, and raised ; and as one dust shall not be lost of one man, so neither shall one man be lost of all the world : this is that generall day that shall congregare all, they shall come from the four winds and corners of the world, to make an universall appearance ; all the children of Adam shall then meet together ; yea, all the kindreds of the earth shall meet together, and mourn ; *Assemble your selves, and come all ye heathen to the valley of Jehoshaphat, for there will I sit to judg all the heathen,* Joel 3.12.

The summons are sounded, the dead raised, and yet to give you a fuller view of the parties, see how God the Iudg now sends his messengers, to fetch the living bodies to his Court.

He shall send his Angels (saith our Saviour) and they shall gather together his Elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to another, Matth. 24.31. True it is, all shall be gathered, yet with a difference, some with a swift pace flie to the Throne, where is the hope of their diliverance ; others draw and pull back, whiles the Angels hale them to the Iudgment seat ; the righteous have nimble swift bodies, that flie to the Iudg, as a Bird to her nest and young ones ; but the wicked have their bodies black and heavy, they cannot flie, but flagge in the air, and the Angels do not bear, but dragge them to the judgment seat : how can this chuse but fear the wicked, when like malefactours, they are brought before the wrathfull judg ? as they were born or buried, so must they rise again naked and miserable ; what a shame is this ? and yet the more horrible, in that their nakedness shall be covered with a filthy blackness ; needs must desperate fears sieze one the soul, when it is again united to her body, transformed to such an ugly form : is this the body fed with delights and delicates ? is this the flesh pampered



with ease and lust? is this the face masked from the winde and Sun? are these the hands decked with Rings and Diamonds? how become these so swarthy horrible, which before were so fair and amiable? this the change of the wicked, when through sorrow and confusion they shall cry to the Rocks, *cover our nakednesse*; and to the hills *hide our ugliness*; nay, rather than appear, *let the infernal Furies tear and torter us into a thousand pieces*. Look your beauties (Beloved) in this glasse: such is the end of this worlds glory, so vain the pleasure of this body. Now is the end of all things come and what remains, but a sea of fears and miseries rushing on them: before shall the Angels drag them, behinde shall the black Crew follow them, within shall their consciences torture them, and without shall hot flames of fire fume, and fry and furiously torment them; fear within, & fire without: but worse then all, a Iudge above all, thither must they go, Angels usher them, Devils attend them, the Cryer hath called them, the Angels trump hath summoned them, and now they must appear.

We have brought all together, now we must part them *asunder*: the sheep shall be put on the right hand, and the goates on the left, as every man hath deserved.

Matth. 13. 30.

Two travellers go together, feed together, lye together, sleep together, but in the morn their wayes part asunder: thus the sheep and goates eat together, drink together, sleep together, rot together: but at this day there shall be a separation, *let them grow together, corn and tares untill the harvest*: this world is the floor, fan while you will, there will be some chaff; love peace like lambs, their will be some goats to trouble; the sheep and goats live both together in one fold, the world; lye both together in one cote, the grave: the world is a common Inne, which entertains all manner of passengers: the rode way to death, is the Kings high-way free for all travellers: after the passage of this weary day, death hath provided a large bed to lay all in, the grave: all live together, and all lye together, all rest together, and all rot together: but when this night is past, and the last day is sprung, then is the wofull separation; some turn on the right, and those are the blessed; others on the left hand, and those are the cursed. Here is the beginning of woes, when the wicked shall curse, and howl, like the scendes of hell. O Lord, punish me here (saith one devoutly) rack me in pieces,

cut me in shreds, burn me in fire, so that I may be there placed at thy right hand: Blessed are they that have a place amongst those elect sheep; what now remains but their doom, which is a lot that must befall every man? for he shall reward (not one, or some, but every one) every man according to his works.

*Domine hic ure,  
hic seca, modo  
in eternum  
paveas. Aug.*

The Summons are given, the dead are raised, the prisoners conducted to the bar, and the sheep and goats severed asunder each from other.

And now see the parties thus summoned, raised, gathered, severed; is not here a world of men to be judged all in one day?

*I. Use.*

*Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision. Joel 3. 14.*

*Joel 3. 14.*

Blessed God! what a multitude shall stand before thee? all tongues, all nations, all people of the earth shall appear at once, all we shall then behold each son of Adam, and Adam our grand-father shall then see all his posterity. Consider this, *high and low, rich and poor, one with another, God is no acceptor of persons.*

Heark, O beggar, petitions are out of date, and yet thou needest not fear thou shalt have justice, this day all causes shall be heard, and thou (though a poor one) must appear with others to receive thy sentence. Heark, O Farmer, now are thy lives and leaves together finished, this day is the new harvest of thy Judge, who

*gathers his wheat into his garner, and burns up the chaffe in fire unquenchable, no boon, no bribe, no prayers, no tears can avail thy soul: but as thou hast done, so art thou sentenced at the first appearing.*

*Marth. 3. 12.*

Heark, O Land-lord, where is thy purchase to thee and thy heires for ever? this day makes an end of all, and happy were thy soul, if thou hadst no better land than a barren rock,

to cover and shelter thee from the Judges presence. Heark, O Captain, vain now is the hope of man to be saved by the multi-

*tude of an host: hadst thou command of all the armies on earth and hell, yet couldest thou not resist the power of Heaven: see,*

*the trump sounds, and the alarum summons thee, thou must appear.*

Heark, O Prince, what is the crown and scepter against thunder? the greatness of man, when it comes to encounter with God is weakness and vanity. Heark, all the world, *From*

*him that sitteth upon the glorious throne, unto him that is beneath in earth and ashes; from him that is clothed in blue silk, and wears a crown, even to him that is clothed in simple linnen: all must*

*Ecclus 40. 3, 4*

*appear*

appear before him, the Beggar, Farmer, Land-lord, Captain, King, and Prince, and every man, (when that day is come) shall receive his rewards according to his works.

2: Use.

But O here is the misery, Every man must appear, but Every man will not think on it: would you know the sign of that man which this day shall be blessed? it is he, and onely hee, that again and again thinks on this day, that *Ierome*-like meditates on this summons, and resurrection, and collection, and separation. Examine then your selves by this rule; is your mind often carried to these objects? soar you on high with the wings of faith; and a sound eye to this hill? why then, you are right birds, truly bred, and not of the bastard brood? I pray you mark it, every cross and disgrace, and slander, and discountenance, losse of goods, disease of body or whatsoever calamity if you are the children of God, and destined to sit at the right hand of our Saviour) they will ever and anon, be carrying your minds to those objects of *Doomes-day*. And if you can but say that experimentally you find this true in your selves, if ordinarily in your miseries; or other times, you think on this time of refreshing; then be of good comfort, for you are of the brides company, and shall enter into the marriage-chamber to abide there there for ever. But if you are destitute of these kinde of motions, O then strive for these properties, that are the inseparable breathings and movings of an holy heart, sound mind, and blessed person: every day meditate that every man shall appear one day, and receive his reward according to his works.

You see how we have followed the cause, and wel-neer brought it to finall sentence, the term is discovered, the Judge revealed, the prisoners prepared, and the next time we shall bring them to the bar, to receive their rewards. This time depart in peace, and the God of peace keep your souls spotless without sin, that you may be well prepared for this day of judgment.

*According to his works.]*

**V**We have brought the prisoners to their triall, and now to go on, how should this triall be? I answer: not by faith, but works; by faith we are justified, by works we are



are judged : faith onely causeth, but *works* onely manifest that we are just indeed. Here then is the triall, that every soul of man must undergo that day. *Works* are the matter that must be first enquired of : and is there any wicked man to receive his sentence ? let him never hope to be saved by anothers super-erogating, the matter of enquiring is not *aliena*, but *sua*, not anothers, but *his* ] *works*. Or is there any good man on whom the smiling Iudge is ready to pronounce a blessed doom ? Let him never boast of meriting heaven by his just deservings ; see the reward given, not *propter*, but *secundum*, (as Gregory tells us) not for *his works*, as if they were the cause, but according to *his works*] as being the best witnesses of his inward righteousness.

Greg. 1. in illa  
verba 7. Psal.  
pœnit. Audi-  
tam fac mihi  
mane miseri-  
cordiam.

But the better to acquaint you with this triall, there be two points, of which especially we are to make inquiry.

{ First, how all mens works shall be manifest to us ?  
Secondly, how all mens works shall be examined by God ?

1. Of the manifestation of every mans work, John speaketh, Revel. 20. 12. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God ; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works, Revel. 20. 12. God is said to have books, not properly, but figuratively : all things are as certain and manifest to him, as if he had registers in heaven to keep records of them. Remember this, O forgetfull ! you may commit, add multiply your sins, and yet run on score till they are grown so many, that they are out of memory ; but God keeps them in a register, and not one shall be forgotten, there is a book and books, and when all the dead shall stand before God to receive their sentence, then must these books be opened.

{ Gods memory,  
That is, the book of { Mans conscience,  
Eternall life.

There is a book of Gods memory, and herein are all the acts and monuments of all men whatsoever, enrolled and registred ; A book of remembrance was written before God, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name, Malac. 3. 16. This is that

Malach. 3. 16. 7

that which manifests all secrets, whether mentall or actually; this is that which reveales all doings, whether good or evill. In these Records are found at large *Abels* sacrifice, *Cains* murther, *Ab-solons* rebellion, *Dauids* devotion, the Jews cruelty, the Prophets innocency, good mens intentions, and the sinners actions; nothing shall be hid when this book is opened, for all may run and read it, stand and hear it. How fond are we that imagine heavens eye (such is *this book*) to be shut upon us? Do we not see many run to corners to commit their sins: there can they say, *Let us take our fill of love untill the morning*, for darkness hath covered us, and *who seeth us? who knoweth us?* *Esaie. 29. 15.* But are not the Angels of God about you? *We are a spectacle to the Angels* (saith the Apostle) I am sure we must be to both, *to Angels, and to men; and to all the world*: O do not that before the Angels of God, yea before the God of Angels, which you would shame to do in the sight and presence of an earthly man! Alas, must our thoughts be known, and shall not dark-corner sins be revealed? must every word and syllable we speak be writ and recorded in Gods memorable book: and must not ill deeds, ill demeanours, ill works of darkness be disclosed at that day? yes, *God shall bring every work unto judgment, with every secret thing, be it good or evill.* *Eccles. 12. 14.* Wail yee wicked, and tremble in astonishment. Now your closet-sins must be disclosed your private faults laid open, Gods keeps the account-book of every sin, every transgression: *Imprimis*, for adultery, *Item* for envie, blasphemy, oaths, drunkenness, violence, murther, and every sin, from the beginning to this time, from our birth to our buriall, the totall summe, eternall death and damnation: this is the note of accounts, wherein are all thy offences written, the debt is death, the pay perdition, which fury pays over to destruction.

But there is another *book*, that shall give (a more full, I cannot say, but) a more fearfull evidence then the former, which is *the book of every mans conscience*: Some call it the *book of testimony*, which every man still bears about him. There is within us a *Book* and Secretary, the *Book* is Conscience, and the Secretary is our soul: whatsoever we do is known to the soul, and writ in our *book* of conscience: there is no man can so much as commit one sin, but his soul, that is privy to the fact, will write

Prov. 7. 18.  
Esay 29. 15.

1 Cor. 4. 9.

Eccles. 12. 14.

it in this *book*. In what a wofull case will thy heart then be? in what strange terrour and trembling must it stand posselt, when this must be opened, and thy sinnes revealed? *It is now perhaps a book shut up and sealed, but in the day of judgement shall be opened*: and if once opened, what shall be the evidence that it will bring forth? there is a private Sessions to be held in the breast of every condemned sinner, the memorie is Recorder, grief an Accuser, truth is the Law, damnation the Judgement, hell the Prison, Devils the Jaylours, and Conscience both Witnesse and Judge to passe sentence on thee. What hopes he at the generall Assize, whose conscience hath condemned him before he appear? Look well to thy life, thou bearest about thee a book of testimonie, which though for a time it be shut, till it be full fraught with accusations, yet then (at the *Day of Doom*) it must be opened, when thou shalt read, and weep and read, every period stop with a sigh, every word be enough to break thy heart, and every syllable reveal some secret, thy own conscience (upon the matter) being both witnesse, Judge, accuser and condemner.

*Liber signatus  
& clausus, in  
die iudicii a-  
periendus.*

But yet there is another *book* we read of, and that is the *book of life*. Herein are written all the names of Gods elect, from the beginning of the world till the end thereof: these are the golden leaves; this is that precious *book* of heaven, wherein if we are registred, not all the powers of hell, or death, or devils shall blot us out again. Here is the glory of each devout souldier of our Saviour, how many have spent their lives, spilt their bloods, runne upon sudden deaths to gain a perpetuall name? and yet for all their doings, many of these are dead, and gone, and their memories perished with them; onely Christs souldier hath immortall fame, he, and onely he is writ in that *book* that must never perish. Come hither ye ambitious! your names may be writ in Chronicles, yet lost; writ in durable marble, yet perish; writ in a monument equall to a Colossus, yet be ignominious. O were you but writ in this *book of life*, your names should never die, never suffer any ignominy! It is an axiome most true, *they that are written in the eternall leaves of heaven shall never be wrapped in the cloudy sheets of darknesse*. Here then is the joy of Saints, at that *Day of Doom* this *book* shall be opened, and all the elect whom God hath ordained to salvati-



Luke 10.20.

on, shall see it, read it, hear it, and greatly rejoyce at it. The Disciples casting out devils, return with miracles in their mouths, *O Lord (say they) even devils are subject to us through thy name. True (saith Christ) I saw Sathan as lightning fall from heaven, notwithstanding in this rejoyce not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoyce because your names are written in heaven,* Luke 10.20. And well may the Saints rejoyce that have their names written in Gods *book*, they shall see them (to their comfort) writ in letters of gold, penned with the Almightyes finger, ingraven with a pen of a diamond: thus will this *book* give in the evidence, and accordingly will the Judge proceed to sentence.

I Use.

Consider (thou that readeſt) what *books* one day must be ſet before thee: a time will come when every thought of thy heart, every word of thy mouth, every glance of thy eye, every moment of thy time, every office thou haſt born, every companie thou haſt uſed, every ſermon thou haſt heard, every action thou haſt done, and every omiſſion of any duty or good deed thou haſt left undone, ſhall be ſeen in theſe *books* at the firſt opening of them: thy conſcience ſhall then be ſuddenly, clearly, and univerſally enlarged with extraordinary light to look upon all thy life at once; Gods memory ſhall then ſhine forth, and ſhew it ſelf, when all men looking on it as a reflecting glaſſe, they ſhall behold all the paſſages of their miſpent lives from their births to their burials. Where is the wicked and deceitfull man? wilt thou yet commit thy villanies, treacheries, robberies, murders, debates, and impieties? Let me tell thee (if ſo) to thy hearts-grief, all thy ſecret finnes, and cloſet villanies, that no eye ever lookt upon (but that which is a thouſand times brighter then the Sunne) ſhall then be diſcloſed and laid open before Angels, men, and devils, and thou ſhall then and there be horribly, univerſally, and everlaſtingly aſhamed: never therefore go about to commit any ſinne, becauſe it is midnight, or that the doors are lockt upon thee, ſuppoſe it be concealed, and lie hid (in as great darkneſſe as it was committed) till *Dooms-day* again, yet then ſhall it out with a witneſſe, and be as legible in thy forehead, as if it were writ with the brighteſt ſtars, or the moſt glistening Sun beam upon a wall of chryſtall.

2 Use.

As you mean the good of your ſouls amend your lives, call  
your

your selves to account while it is called *to day*, search and examine all your thoughts, words, and deeds, and prostrating your selves before God, with broken and bleeding affections, pray and sue that your names may be writ in heaven, in that *Book of life*. ] This will be the joy of your hearts, the peace of your souls, the rest of your minds: yea how glad will you then be to have *\* all these books* laid open? by this means ( I speak it to the comfort of all true hearted Christians ) shall your obedience, and repentance, and faith, and love, and zeal, and patience, &c. come to light and be known. God is not unrighteous to forget your works of labour and love. No, all must out, especially at that day, when the *books* shall be open, our *works* manifested, and as we have done, so must we be rewarded, for then he shall reward every man according to his works. ]

*\* It is a question, whether the finnes of Gods people shall be manifested at that day? some say, they shall be manifested, not for their ignominy or*

*confusion, but onely that the goodnesse and grace of God may be made the more illustrious; and for this they urge, Math. 12.36. 2 Cor. 5.10. Revel 20.12. Others say they shall not be manifested. 1. Because Christ in his sentence onely enumerates the good works they had done, but takes no notice of their sins. 2. Because this agrees best with those expressions, that God blot-tereth out our sins, and that they are thrown into the bottome of the sea. 3. Because Christ is their bridegroom, friend, advocate, and how ill would it become one in such relations to accuse or lay open their sins? which of these opinions is truest is hard to say. Heb. 6.10.*

The *books* are opened, and now are the matters to be examined: there is first a view, and then a tryall.

The *Law-book* whereby we are tryed contains three leaves, *Nature, the Law, and the Gospel*: the Gentiles must be tryed by the first the unbelieving Jews and Gentiles by the second, and the faithfull Jews and Gentiles by the last. Those that confesse no God but nature, must be judged by the law of nature: those that confesse a God, no Christ, must be judged by the Law of God without the merits of Christ: those that confesse God the Father, and believe in God the Sonne, shall be judged by the Gospel, which reconcileth us to God the Father by the merits of Christ. Atheists by the law of nature, infidels by the law of God, Christians by the Gospel of our Saviour Christ. To the statutes of the former who can answer? our hope is in the latter, we appeal to the Gospel, and by the Gospel we shall have our tryall: *They that have sinned without the law; shall perish without the law; and they that have sinned under the law, shall be judged by the law. But God shall judge the secrets of all hearts.*

Rom. 2.12.

Rom. 2.16.

hearts ( of all our hearts ) by *Jesus Christ according to my Gospel*,  
Rom. 2. 12. 16.

*Use.*

*Vel te totaliter  
absolvit, vel  
te capitaliter  
damnat.*

John 16. 9.

Mark 1. 15.

Rom. 6. 17.

*A justificando,  
non a justifi-  
cato.*

Matt. 10. 42.

Let this then forewarn us what we have to do : *It is the Gospel that will either thoroughly justify thee, or extremely condemn thee. The Spirit shall convince the world of sinne, (saith Christ) and why so? but because they believe not on me,* John 16. 9. There is no sinne but infidelitie, no righteousness but faith : not that adulterie, intemperance, malice, are no sinnes; but if unfaithfulness remain not all, these sinnes are pardoned, and so they are as if they were no sins indeed. How quick a rid-  
dance true repenting faith makes with our sinnes? they are too heaveie for our shoulders, and we cannot bear them; faith onely turns them over unto Christ, and we are disburthened of them: whereas there would go with us to judgement an huge kennell of lusts, an armie of vain words, a legion of evil deeds, faith instantly dischargeth them all, and kneeling down to Jesus Christ, beseecheth him to answer for them all, howsoever committed. O then make we much of faith! but not of such a faith neither, as goes alone without works: it is nothing at this judgement to say, *I have believed, and not well lived:* the Gospel requires both, faith to believe, and obedience to work: not onely to repent and believe the Gospel, Mark 1. 15. but to obey from the heart that form of doctrine, Rom. 6. 17. True indeed, thou shalt be saved for thy faith, not for thy works, but for such a faith as is without works thou shalt never be saved; we say therefore, works are disjoyned, from the act of justifying, not from the person justified: heaven is given to us for Christs merits, but we must shew him the fair copie of our lives. O then let this move us to abound in knowledge, and faith, and repen-  
tance, and love, and zeal, and clothing, and feeding, and lodging the poor members of Christ Jesus, and howsoever all these can merit nothing at Gods hands, yet will he crown his own gifts, and reward them in his mercy. Say then, dost thou re-  
lieve a poor member of Christ Jesus? dost thou give a cup of cold water to a Prophet in the name of Prophet? Christ doth promise thee of his truth he will not let thee lose thy reward: certainly he will not, so thy works be done in faith: why this is the covenant, the glad tidings, the Gospel, to live well and be-  
lieve well. O let not that which is a word of comfort to



us, be a bill of inditement against us ! albeit in our justification we may say, *Be it to us according to our faith*; yet in our retribution it is said : ( as you have it before you in this Text read unto you ) *Then he shall reward every man* ( for manifestation of his faith ) *according to his works.*

A little to recall our selves, *The Prisoners are tryed, the Verdict's brought in, the inditement is found* and the Judge now sits on life and death, even ready with sparkling eyes to pronounce his sentence. This we must deferre a while, and the next time you shall hear what you have long expected. The Lord grant us an happy issue, that when this day is come, the sentence may be for us, and we may be layed to our endless comfort.

*Then he shall reward every man according to his works.*

**W**Hat Affize is this that affords each circumstance of each prisoners trial : the time is *Then,* ] the Judge is *He,* ] the Prisoners *Men,* ] the evidence *Works,* ] which no sooner given in, but the sentence follows, which is, *to reward every man according to his works.*

This reward is nothing in effect but a retaliation, if we live well here, God will then crown his ant<sup>e</sup> gifts; but if we sinne without repentance, we may not escape without punishment. There is a God that sits and sees, and anon will reward us.

But to unfold this Reward, ] there lies in it a { *Doom,* and  
Execution.

God speaks it in the first : effects it in the second : he gives it in our doom, and we receive it in the execution.

The doom is of two sorts, according to the parties that receive it. One is an *absolution*, which is the doom of *Saints*; the other is a *condemnation*, which is the doom of *reprobates*: there is a reward on the right hand bestowed on the blessed, and an heavie judgement, which falls on the left hand upon the heads of the wicked.

To begin with that in our meditation, which our Saviour begins with in action: Imagine what a blessed day will this be to the godly, when standing on the right hand of the Judge, they shall hear the heavenly musick of their happy sentence. *Comme*

*Non coronat  
Deus merita  
tua tanquam  
merita tua, sed  
tanquam dona  
sua. Aug. lib.  
de grat. & lib.  
arbit. cap. 7.*

Matth. 25. 34. *ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you from the beginning of the world.*

In which gracious speech we may observe four gradations. First, a gentle invitation, *Come*. Secondly, a sweet benediction, *Ye blessed of my Father*. Thirdly, heavens possession, *inherit the Kingdome*. Fourthly, a glorious ordination to felicitie, *prepared for you from the beginning of the world*.

Matth. 11. 28.

Rev. 22. 17.

First, you have *Come*. ] It is the sweet voice of Christ inviting the Saints before, and now giving their welcome to his heavenly Canaan? he hath called often, *Come all that labour, Come all that travell: The Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that beareth, say, Come; and let him that is a thirst Come*. Thus he calls all men to his grace, but onely the elect to his glory: now he desires every man to *Come*, but the righteous alone shall have this *Wel-come*. O how leaps that soul with joy, that hears this voice of her sweet Saviour! all the musick of Angels cannot so ravish the mind, as this voice of our Saviour glads the soul, now are the gates of heaven open, and the Judge, who is Master of the feast, bids the guests *Come* and *Wel-come*.

Matth. 5.

But who are they? *Ye blessed of my Father*.] a word able to make them blessed, when pronounced. Down on your knees rebellious sonnes; and so long as you live on earth, beg, pray, sue for the blessing of your Father in heaven. They that are Gods servants, are no lesse his sonns, therefore every morn, night, and noon, ask blessing boldly, and God will bestow it liberally. The first Sermon that ever Christ preached, was full of blessings, Matth. 5. *Blessed are the poor in spirit. Blessed are they that mourn. Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the mercifull*. And as he begun, so he concludes, *Come ye blessed, ye blessed of my Father*.

Must they come? for what? to *inherit the kingdome*.] Of all tenures inheritance is best, of all inheritances a kingdome is most excellent, but that all shall inherit, and that there is no scantling, this is heavens wonder, and the Angels blisse. An heavenly inheritance sure, that is continued without succession, divided without diminution, common without envie, for ever happy, and without all misery. This is the inheritance of the just, the possession whereof makes every Saint no lesse glorious then a King. Kings are they indeed, whose dominions are not limited

nor

*Sic eterna sine  
successione, di-  
tributa sine  
diminutione.  
communis sine  
invidia, beata  
sine omni mi-  
seria.*

nor their borders bounded, nor their people numbered, nor the time of their reigne prescribed. *Such glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou City of God.*

Is this your inheritance? but upon what right? it is prepared for you from the beginning of the world. ] Had the Lord such care to provide for his children before they were? how may his sonnes triumph born to such dignitie? God will so certain their salvation, that he hath prepared it for them from before the foundation of the world. O blessed souls, if you be Gods servants! though a while you suffer sorrow and tribulation, yet here is the hope of Saints, *it is your Fathers good pleasure to give you the kingdome.* Heaven is prepared of old, there is the place of Gods majestie, and there the Saints of God shall receive the crown, the reward of victory. Luke 12.32.

I cannot expresse what this joy affords to the one half of it. Use. Come blessed souls, bathed in repenting tears, here is a sentence able to revive the dead much more the afflicted. Are you now sorrowing for your sinnes? leave it a while, and meditate with me on this ensuing melodie. *Hear yonder a quire of Angels, a song of Sion, an heavenly consort, sounding to the Judge whilst he is pronouncing of thy sentence.* Blessed souls! how pant you dances at the uttering of each syllable? *Come* ] saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Come*, joy, happinesse, glory, felicity, all come on heaps into the endeared soul. *Ye blessed* ] saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Blessed* the Angels, Archangels, Cherubims, Seraphims, all joy at the enjoying of this blessed company. *Inherit the kingdome* ] saith our Saviour, and if he but say *inherit*, crowns, scepters, garlands, diadems, all these are the inheritance of Gods adopted children. *Prepared for you* ] saith our Saviour, and if he but say *Prepared*, the love, mercy, election, compassion of our Lord will shine forth to the soul to her everlasting comfort. O ravishing voice! *I charge you O daughter of Jerusalem, if you find my welbeloved, then you tell him I am sick of love.* What else? you that are Gods servants are no less his spouse, your soul is the bride, and when the day is come (this day of doom) *God give you joy, the joy of heaven for ever and ever.* Cantic. 5.8.

But I must turn to the left hand, and shew you another crew, prepared for another sentence.



Esa. 30. 27.

Matt. 4. 25,  
41.

And what a terrible sentence will that be, which at first hearing will make all ears glow and tingle? *His lips* (saith the Prophet) *are full of indignation, and his tongue like a consuming fire*, Esa. 30. 27. What fire so hot as that fierie sentence, *Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels*. Here is every particular full of horreur, gradually enhancing their judgement. First, a grievous refusall, *Depart*. Secondly, the losse of salvation, *from me*. Thirdly, that deserved malediction, *ye cursed*. Fourthly, the horreur of pains, *into everlasting fire*. Fifthly, the preordinance of their torments, *prepared for the devil and his angels*.

First, they must *depart*. ] This seems nothing to the wicked now: *depart*? why they are contented to be gone, much more delight have they in sinne, then in Gods service. But as when a gracious Prince opening his long locked up treasury, bids in some to receive, but others to *depart*, this must needs be a disgracefull vexation: so when the glory of heaven, and those unvaluable treasures shall be opened, and dealt about to the faithfull, what horreur will it be to the reprobates to be cast off with a *depart*? no share accrues to them, no not so much as one glimpse of glory must chear their dejected countenances, but as ill-meriting followers they are thrust from the gates with this watch-word to be gone, *Depart*.

But whence? there is the losse, *from me*, ] and if from me, then from all that is mine, my mercy, my glory, my salvation. Here is an universall spoil of all things, of God in whom is all goodnesse, of the Saints in whom is all solace, of the Angels in whom is all happinesse, of heaven, wherein all pleasures live ever and ever. *Whither O Lord shall the cursed go that depart from thee? into what haven shall they arrive? what Master shall they serve?* is it thought so great a punishment to be banished from our native soile? what then is this to be banished from Almighty God? and whither, but into a place of horreur; to whom? but to a cursed crew of howling reprobates. *Depart from me*.

Psal. 109. 17.

Who are they? *Ye cursed* ] Christ hath before invited you with blessings, but these refused, now take you the curse to your despight: *the wicked man* (saith the Prophet) *as he hath loved cursing so let it come unto him*: hath he loved it? let him take his

his love: *as he hath clothed himself with cursing, as with a garment, so let it come into his bowels, like water, and like oyl into his bones,* Psal. 109. 18. No sooner our Saviour cursed the Fig-tree, but leaves and boughs, body and root, all wither away, and never any more fruit grows thereon; and thus shall the wicked have a curse, like the *axe which put to the root of the tree, shall hew it down, and cast it into the fire.* Go ye cursed. *Matth. 3. 10.*

But whither must they go? *into everlasting fire.* ] O what a bed is this for delicate and daintie persons? no feathers but fire, no friends but furies; no ease but fetters, no light but smoak, no Chimes nor Clock to passe away the night, but timelesse eternitie. A fire? intollerable, a fire burning, never dying? O immortal pains! *which of you (saith the Prophet) is able to dwell in the burning fire? who can endure the everlasting flames?* it shall not be quenched night nor day, the smoak thereof shall go up evermore; *the pile is fire, and much wood, and the breath of the Lord like a river of brimstone kindles it.* What torment, what calamitie can be compared with the shadow of this? the wicked must be crowded together like brick in a fiery Furnace: there is no servant to fanne cold air on their tormented parts, not so much as a chink, where the least puff of wind might enter in to cool them: it is a fire, *an everlasting fire.* *Esaï. 33. 14. Esaï. 30. 33.*

For whom? *prepared for the Devil and his Angels* ] heavy companie for distressed souls: the Serpents policie could not escape hell, nor can the craft of our age so deal with this Serpent, as thereby to prevent this fire: it was sure prepared for some, as some have prepared themselves for it; burning in lust, in malice, in revenge, untill themselves, their lust, malice, revenge, and all burn together in hell. *Tophet is prepared of old, whither that day-starre is fallen from heaven, and a black crew of Angels guard him round in that lake of hell: there must these howling reprobates keep their residence; the last sentence that never is recalled, is now pronounced: what! Go; Who? ye cursed. Whither? into everlasting fire: to what companie? to a crew of Devils and sheir Angels.* O take heed that ye live in Gods fear, least that leaving his service he give you this reward; *Depart ye cursed.* *Esaï. 30. 33.*

And is not this worthy your meditation? Consider, I pray *Use.* you,

you, what fearfull tromblings seiz on their souls that have their  
 sentence for eternall flames? If a *Lord have Mercy on thee*,  
*Take him away saylour*, will cause such shedding of tears,  
 folding of arms, and wringing of hands, what will this  
 sentence do, *Go ye cursed? &c.* O which way will they turn?  
 or how will they escape the Almightyes wrath? to go back-  
 ward is impossible, to go forwards intolerable; whose help  
 will they crave? God is their Judge, heaven their fo, the Saints  
 deride them, Angels hate them, all creatures cry for vengeance  
 on them. God Lord! what a world of misery hath seized on  
 these miserable souls? their Executioners are Devils, the Dun-  
 geon Hell, the earth stands open, and the cruell Furnace ready-  
 boyling to receive them: into what a shaking-fit of distracti-  
 ons will these terrors drive them? every part shall bear a part  
 in this dolefull ditie, *eyes weep, hands wring, breasts beat, hearts*  
*ake, voyces cry, horror, dread, terror, confusion are lively equi-*  
*pages of this tragick Scene.* Now (O man of earth) what  
 will all thy wealth avail thee? what can all thy pleasures profite  
 thee? one drop of water to cool thy fiery tongue in hell, is  
 more worth then a world of treasures: all the gold and pre-  
 cious stones the world affords, will not buy one bottle of wa-  
 ter: all thy golden gods, and silver plates cannot prevail one  
 dramme of comfort; but rather as they were thy bane on  
 Earth, so they will aggravate thy pain in Hel. Who pities not  
 the vilest creature, to see it suffer torments, and no way to re-  
 lease it? who then will not pitie this end of the wicked, when  
 they must suffer, and suffer, yet never feel ease of pain, nor end  
 of torments? A sentence not to be revoked, yet unsufferably  
 to be endured; torment on torment, anguish on anguish, fire  
 upon fire, and though a River (nay, a sea) of tears drop from  
 their eyes, yet cannot one spark be quenched, *the worm never*  
*dies, the fire never goes out. Go ye into everlasting fire,* not pi-  
 led of consuming wood, or the black moulds, turning to  
 white ashes, but kindled, by the Judges breath, of pitch  
 and sulphure; Rivers of boyling Brimstone runne from e-  
 verlasting springs: in these hot Batches was that *Dives* di-  
 ved, when those fierie words came flaming from his mouth as  
 spitting fire: *Let Lazarus dip the tip of his finger in water to cool*  
*my tongue:* Alas! what should a drop of water do on a finger,  
 when

Mark 9.44.

Luke 16.24.



when rivers cannot quench the tip of his tongue ? he lies on a bed of never-dying flames, where brimstone is the fuel, devills the kindlers, the breath of an offended God the bellows, and hell the furnace, where bodie and soul must ever lie and frie in scorching torments. O let the heat of these flames quench the heat of our sinne: if once the sentence passe, there is no re-prieve to be hoped for; this is the last *Day of Doome*, when our sinns must be revealed, our *Reward* proportioned, and as we have done, so we must be sentenced: for *then he shall reward every man according to his works.*

Thus you have heard the sentence of the just and wicked: and now is the Judge rising from his glorious seat; the Saints that were invited guard him along, and the sentenced prisoners are delivered to the Jaylers to be bound in burning Steel and Iron, *the reward of Execution.*

The *sentence* being past in all prescribed order, the *Execution* must needs follow: but as there is a double *sentence*, so a double *retribution*: first, for the wicked, who immediately after the sentence shall be chased into hell, the *Execution* being speedily and fearfully done upon them, with all horroure and haste by the Angels. O what a screech of horroure will be heard? what woes and lamentations will be uttered, when Devils, and Reprobates and all the damned crew of hell, shall be driven into hell, whereunto they shall be thrust with violence, never to return again? How desperate is their case, when none will comfort them? the Saints deride them, Angels mock them, their own friends scoffe them, devils hate them, the earth groans under them, and hell will swallow them. Down they go howling, and shrieking, and gnashing their teeth, the effect of a most impatient fury. The world leaveth them, the earth forsakes them, hell entertains them, there must they live and die, and yet not live nor die, but dying live, and living die; death in life, life in death, miserable ever. If the drowning of the old world, swallowing up of *Korah* and his complices, burning up of *Sodom* with brimstone, were attended with such terrors and hideous out-cries, how infinitely transcendent to all possibilitie of conceit, expression, or belief, will the confusions and tremblings of that red-dread-fiery day be? It is not a few but many; nor many onely, but all the wicked of the earth, being

Num. 16. 33.

many millions of men, shall be dragged down, with all the Devils of hell to torments without end, or ease, or past imagination; then to speak it again, that I may the deeper imprint it in your minds and memories: sure there was horrible shrieking, when those five filthy Cities first felt fire and brimstone drop down upon their heads; when those Rebels saw the ground cleave asunder, and themselves and all theirs, *Go down quick into the pit*: when all the sonnes and daughters of *Adam* found the flood rising, and ready to over-flow them all at once. But the most horrid cry that ever was heard, or ever shall be heard in Heaven, or in Earth, in this world, or in the world to come, will be then when all the forlorn condemned reprobates upon sentence given, shall be violently and irresistibly haled down to hel; neither shall any tears, or prayers, or promises, or suits, or cries, or yellings, or calling upon *Rocks and Mountains*, or wishes never to have been, or now to be made nothing, be then heard, or prevail in their behalf: nay, (yet more to encrease their torments) there is not one in Earth or Heaven that will speak one word in their behalf: but without mercy, without stay, without any farewell at all, they shall be immediately and irrecoverably cast down into the bottomless pit of caseless, endless, and remediless torments. Oh! what then will be the gnawings of the never-dying worm? what rage of guilty consciences? what furious despair? what horronour of mind? what distractions and fears? what tearing their hair, and gnashing of teeth? In a word, what wailing, weeping, roaring, yelling, filling heaven, and earth, and hell? O miserable Caitiffs, catcht and wrapt in the snares of Satan! What need we more? this is the Judges charge, the

March. 22. 13. Sheriffs Commission, the sinners execution, *Take them away, cast them into utter darknesse, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.* A darknesse indeed, that must ever be debarred from the sight of heaven: no sunne-shine ever peeps within those Walls, no light, no fire, no candle, alas! nothing is there but Clouds and darknesse, thick smoak, and fierie sulphure: and such is the portion of sinners, the *Reward* of the wicked.

256.

What faith or fear have the wicked that go dancing and leaping to this fire, as it were to a Banquet? or like *Solomons* fool,

fool, that runneth, and swiftly runneth to the stock? is this our pleasure, to sinne a while, and burn for ever? for one small spark of silly joy, to suffer universall and perpetuall pains? Who buyes at so dear a rate? *Fear, and the pit, and the snare are upon thee, O inhabitant of the Earth, and he that fleeth from the noyse of the fear, shall fall into the pit, and he that cometh up out of the pit, shall be taken in the snare: for the windows from an high are open, and the foundations of the earth do shake: the earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly, the earth shall reel to and fro, like a drunken man, and shall be removed like a Tent, and the iniquity thereof shall be heavy upon it, so that it shall fall, and rise no more.* *Esay 24.17.* Miserable fear to the wicked! If the Earth fall, how shall the sinners stand? Nay, They shall be gathered together as prisoners in the pit, and they shall be shut up in the prison, never more to be visited, released, or comforted. Be forewarn'd then (beloved!) lest you also come into this place of torment. It is a fearfull prison, and God give us grace so to arraigne, judge, cast, and condemne our selves here, that we may escape this execution of the damned hereafter.

I have no will to end with terrour: Then to sweeten your thoughts with the joy of Saints, look upwards and you may see a blessed company.

After the wicked are cast down into hell, Christ and the blessed Saints ascend into heaven. From the Tribunall Seat of Judgement Christ shall arise, and with all the glorious companie of Heaven, march towards the Heaven of Heavens. O what comely march is this? what songs of triumph are here sung and warbled? *The voice of thy Watchmen shall be heard, they shall lift up their voice and shout together, for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.* *Esay 52.8.* Here is a victorie indeed, the souldiers in arrayed order both Marching and Triumphant: Christ leads the way, the Cherubims attend, the Seraphims burn in love, Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Patriarchs, Prophets, Priests, Evangelists, Martyrs, Professours, and Confessours of Gods Law and Gospel, following, attend the Judge and King of glory, singing with melody,



as never ear hath heard, shining with Majestie as never eye hath seen, rejoycing without measure, as never heart conceived. O blessed train of souldiers, goodly troop of Captains! each one doth bear a palm of victory in his hands, each one must wear a Crown of glory on his head; the Church Militant is now Triumphant, with a finall overthrow have they conquered Devills, and now must they enjoy God, life, and heaven: And thus as they march along, heaven opens unto them; O infinite joy! *Tell mee, O my soul, what an happie hour will that be, when thou shalt first enter into the gates of heaven, when the Blessed Trinitie shall gladly entertain thee, and with a Well done good and faithfull servant, bid thee, Come, and enter into thy Masters joy: When all the Angels, and Archangels shall salute thee, when Cherubims and Seraphims shall come to meet thee, when all the powers of heaven shall congratulate thy coming, and joy for thy arrivall at the Port of peace? Here is the end of the Godly, the fruits of his end, the Reward it self. What can I say? but live in GODS fear, and the LORD reward you; nay, he will so, if you live so, for Then he shall reward every Man according to his works.*

Matth. 25. 21.

And now this Sermon done, you see the Court is dissolved: Stay but to receive *A Writ of review*, and you shall hear in a word all the news of this Assize, from the beginning to the ending.

2 Pet. 3. 11.

What a strange Assize was this, where every circumstance was to the wicked so terribly fearfull? the *Term* full of honour, the *Judge* full of Majestie, the *Prisoners* full of anguish, the *Triall* full of fear, the *Doom* full of grief to the wicked, as of comfort to the elect. *Seeing therefore that all these things are thus, what manner of Persons ought ye to be in bodily conversation and godlinesse? A word of judgement could make Jeremiah weep, just Job be afraid, Felix to tremble, and cannot this usuall sound of the hammers a little mollifie our stony hearts? how is the gold become drosse, and the silver iron? we run over reason, and tread upon conscience, and sling by counsel, and go by the word, and poste to death; but will you not remember, that for all these things you must come to judgement? Be sure there is a Term for our appearance,*

Esay 1. 22.

Eccles. 12. 9.

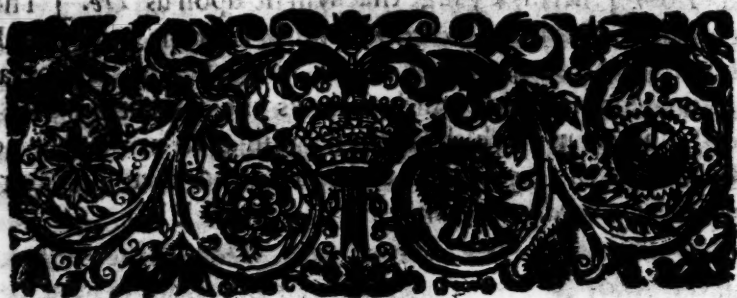
ance, *Then* ] there is a Judge that will sit upon us *He.* ] There is a band of Prisoners. *Every man.* ] There is a Bill of Indictment framed, *according to our works.* ] And last of all, there is a sentence after which follows the Execution, *the reward* ] due to us, which then he will give us: onely now bestow on us those graces of thy Spirit, and then (O Lord) *Reward us according to our works.* AMEN.

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FINIS.

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# Hels horroure.

MATTH. 13. 30.

*Bind them in bundles to burn them.*

Verf. 25.  
26.  
27.  
28.  
29.  
30.



His Text is the harvest of Tares, and that that you may know the husbandrie, here is first the *sowing*, verf. 25. Secondly, the *coming up*, verf. 26. Thirdly, the *overseers of it*, verf. 27. Fourthly, their intent to *weed it*, verf. 28. Fifthly the *sufferance of its growth till the harvest* verf. 29. Sixthly, *the harvest it self*, verf. 30. Or yet to give you the Parable in a more ample wise, here is *a man sowes good seed in his field, and the enemy whilest his servants sleep, sows tares amongst the wheat: the seeding done, and the fertill soyl made fruitful by heavens shewres the blade of the corn springs up, and the tares appear in their kind amongst them: those heavenly Angels, which are Gods stewards of this field pitching their watchfull eyes about, first see, then run to their Master with this message, Master, sowdest thou not good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? God, whose all-knowing wisdom can resolve all doubts, tels them expressely, an enemy had done this: an enemy sure, yea as Peter calls him, a devouring enemy: such is the fruit issuing from so bad an authour. Yet see the sedulous care of*  
Gods

1 Pet. 5. 8.



Gods holy servants, they will not spare to root up what chive sows, and with a willing obedience expect onely his command, *Wilt thou that we go and gather them up?* nay. See the Almighty disparkling a while his beams of mercie, all must stay till the harvest, and then goes forth his royall command to the reapers: *Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them.*

But, me thinks, I hear you say to me as the Disciples to our Saviour, *Declare unto us this Parable;* for the doing of which Verf. 36. I shall place before you a field, *the world*; the reapers, *Angels*; the householder, *God*; good men, *as corn*; the wicked, *as Tares*; the harvest that must gather all, is *the end of the world*, and then are the reapers enjoyned this heave task, *Separate the bad from the good, and cast them into hell fire to burn them.*

See here the miserable condition of impenitent souls, each circumstance aggravates their torment, and that you may in this text view a *Series* of the causes, here is first the efficient, *Bind* ] the materiall, *them* ] the formall, *in bundles* ] the finall, *to burn them*. ] Every word like so many links, makes up this fiery chain of torment. *Bind*: ] heave doom to be fettered in hell fire! *them*: ] miserable souls to be captived in those bands! *in bundles*: ] cruell anguish to be crowded in throng heaps! *to burn them*: ] intollerable heats to be scorched, blistered, burned. And yet see here at once, this heave, miserable, cruell, intollerable doom, fall on the wicked; the command is out, what? *Bind* ] whom? *them* ] how? *in bundles* ] for what? *to burn them*. ] Not a word, but it speaks horror to the damned, either *Binding*, or *bundling*, or *burning*: *Bind them in bundles to burn them.*

The work you see, is ordered *now we put in our sickle, onely God prosper our labour, till we have done the harvest.*

*Them* ] **W**E will begin first with the subject, that you may know of whom it is spoken, *Bind them* ] *Them*? whom? If you will view the precedent words, the text tels you they are *Tares*, *Gather ye first the Tares, and bind them.* In Gods field

field there is Corn and Cockle, and as for the one there is provided a barn, so for the other there is nothing better then *binding and burning*.

Heb. 6.8.

The Greek word calls them *ζιζάνια*, *tares*; the Hebrews call them *Hadal*, *thistles*, or *thorns*; and both are apt expressions of the matter in hand: what are *tares* for? but to be gathered, bound, and burned, saith our Saviour: and what are *thorns* for? but to be rejected, cursed, and burned, saith the Apostle, Heb. 6.8, Such is the penalty of this weed of the earth (for they are neither better) that as men deal with *thorns*, who first cut them up with bills, then lay them up to wither, and lastly, burn them in the furnace; so God deals with *Tares*, he weeds them, binds them, burns them, nor a *Tare* escapes the fire, but all come to combustion.

But onely to follow the Originall, they are called *ζιζάνια*, *Tares*; and that of a double derivation, the first is *ζιζάνιον*, quasi *αἰσάνιον*, *μακάριον* ὅτι ὁρίσθη διὰ τοῦτο because they hurt the corn wherewith they are joyned; the second is, *ζιζάνιον* quasi *ἰζάνιον*, because they imitate, associate, and so unite themselves with the corn, as if they were the very same. To begin with the last.

We all come together to the Church, and amongst us are *Tares* and *Wheat*, good and bad; in all companies there will be evil intruders, Satan among the Angels, *Saul* among the Prophets, *Judas* among the Apostles, *Demas* among the Professors, yet who can discern the *tares*, but God alone who knows our hearts? Hypocrites can work dissimulation in a web, and this so cunningly is plaeted, that no difference is discerned: such are hot meteors in the air, which shoot and shew like starrs, but are indeed nothing lesse: your eyes may be fixed on heaven, your ears all listening to this Sermon, yet (as I condemn none, so) I never knew, but Darnell hath ever been in Gods field. The Church Christ calls a net, an house, a floor, a field: a net that takes fish, good and bad; an house, that harbours vessels of wrath and honour; a floor, whercon is powred wheat and chaff; a field, wherein is sowed Corn and Cockle: thus good, and bad seed are a while as that treasure hid in the field, which cannot be discovered: but is there not a God that searcheth both the heart and reins? Be not deceived, ye deceivers of the world! God is

Marth. 13.44.

Gal. 6.7.

not

not mocked ; it is not a false heart with a fair look, it is not a mere shew of Religion which God accepts : Silly Tares, hide close your sin in the darkest sorrows, or mount up your heads amongst the flourishing wheat, yet know there is a *son that will purge the floor* ; you would grow, and you shall grow till the harvest, God suffers that seed till the fruit grows ripe, but then, *Gather the tares, and bind them* (wicked dissemblers) *bind them in bundles to burn them.*

Math. 13. 12.

Secondly, as the *Tares are hypocriticall*, so are they *barrenfull*, they seem at unity but are at enmity with the wheat about them: and these *Tares* are either *hereticks*, as most Fathers understood them ; or any *sinner* whatsoever, that is a *child of the wicked one*, as our Saviour did expound them.

Vers. 28.

John 8. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

First, they are *hereticks*, wicked *Tares* indeed : and that you may know who are these : *Accept* is a choice, or election, at first a good word in Philosophy taken for a right form of learning : but now in Divinity it is a word of disgrace, and intends a stubborn deviation from the deceived truth. This infection (like the Tares) first begins *while men sleep*, the Pastours negligence gives way unto it, and because of its little seed, or small beginning, it is never heeded, or regarded, till the whole house be infected : thus Popery crept up in the dark, like a thief, putting out the lights, that he might rob the house more secretly, and as it began with a little, so it went on by degrees, till an universall Apostasie was (as it were) over the face of the world. *Austin* faith of *Arrius* his heresie, *It was at first but a little spark, but it spread so at last, that the flame of it singed the whole world* : so the Pope rose by degrees, first above Bishops, then above Patriarchs, then above Councils, then above Kings, then above Scriptures, even so the Apostle speaks of Antichrist *He hath exalted himself above all that is called God*. 2 Thess. 2. 4. Heresie creeps in at a little hole, like a plague that comes in at the window, and then propagates itself beyond all measure : O that these Tares were weeded, that *Ismael* were cast out of doores, so that *Sara* and her son *Isaac* might live in quiet and peace ; or if they must grow until the harvest, what remains, but, *I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions, and offences, contrary to the doctrine that ye have learned, and avoid them.*

Vna scintilla fuit.  
Totum orbem ejus flamma populata est.

2 Thess. 2. 4.

Rom. 16. 17.

But



Ver. 38.

But as *hereticks*, so all *reprobates* whatsoever are the *Tares* here spoken of, they are offenders on all hands, both in doctrine and conversation : and thus our Saviour interprets, *The good seed are the children of the kingdome, but the Tares are the children of the wicked one, ver. 38.*

And most fitly are the *reprobates* called *Tares*, in respect of their

Intrusion here.

Separation hereafter.

*Fugio paleam  
ne hoc sim, non  
aream, ne nihil  
sim. Augustin.  
Psal. 120.4.*

*Num. 33. 55.  
Ezek. 2. 6.*

First, as the *Tares* grow amongst corn, so the wicked all their life associate themselves with the goodly ; the Church (saith *Augustin*) is full both of wheat and chaffe. *I avoid the chaffe lest I become chaffe, but I keep the floor lest I become nothing.* What else ? in this life the best company is not free from the intrusion of *Tares*, therefore cries *David*, *Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech, and to have my habitation among the tents of Kedar, Psal. 120.4.* No greater discomfort then to cohabit with the wicked : are they not pricks in our eyes, and thornes in our sides ? yea, they are thorns indeed, saith the Lord to *Ezekiel*, *Lo the thrones and bryers are with thee, and thou dost dwell among Scorpions, Ezek. 2. 6.* Sure we had no need of security, that are thus compact with enemies, the bryers may scratch us, the thorns prick us, the Scorpions sting us, we can hardly so escape, but some of these will hurt us. A good man with ill company, is like a living man bound to a dead corps, and (may I appeal to your selves) is the living likely to receive the dead ? or the dead more likely to suffocate the living ? O yee children of the kingdome, bless you whiles you live, loe the *Tares* are among you like wolves amongst lambs ; be wise then in your carriage, and save your selves, your own souls.

*March. 25. 32.*

Secondly, as the *Tares*, so *reprobates* shall one day be separated from the Wheat, the good : *In the time of harvest* (saith our Saviour) *I will say to the reapers Gather ye first the Tares ;* here is that wofull separation between true Christians, and the profane wretches of this world. It is begun at death, and then must they part till the day of doom, but when that comes, there must be a finall separation, *He shall sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepheard divideth his sheep from*

from the goates. Matth. 23. 32. Here is a separation indeed, not for a day, or a year, but for timeles eternity. Lo a vast and immeasurable gulfe betwixt heaven and hell, so that as *Abraham* tels the rich man, *They that would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence;* Luk. 16. 26. This is that endless divorce of the *Wheat and Tares*, this is that unpassable distance twixt heaven and hell, through all eternity. O miserable *Tares* ! what a loss hath befalln you ? now you live with the *Wheat*, and you o'retop them, trouble them, vex them with your society, but hereafter you must shake hands for ever ; for *the wheat must be gathered into Gods barn*, his kingdome, whilst the miserable *Tares* are gathered by Angels, and bound up in bundles for the burning.

Lo here a world of *Tares*, and that I may give you them in a map, what are they but *hypocrites, hereticks, reprobates*; all children whosoever, that hath *Sathan* to their father, for of *them* ] is this spoken.

The proverb is, *All weeds grow apace*, nay they are so common, that it is hard to set the foot besides them. Look into your hearts, you sons and daughters of *Adam*, what of your furrowes full of cockle and darnell the earth (saith the Philosopher) is now an own mother to weeds, but a stepmother to good hearbs; man by a proclivity to his own inclination, is apt to produce weeds and *tares*, but ere he can bring forth hearbs and graces, God must take pains with him indeed: no husbandman so labours his grounds, as God doth our hearts: happy earth that yields him an expected harvest; and that our parts may be herein, what shall we say unto thee, O thou preserver of men? *Awake O north wind, and come thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out, yea let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits,* Cantic. 4. 16.

And yet again, that I may weed the *Tares* amongst us, consider with your selves, you that go on in your sins, will you run upon ruine, and can we say nothing to keep you out of the fire? O sweet Saviour! what didst thou indure for us, that we might escape this durance: and yet we are secure, and care not, vilifying that blood that was of more value then a world. Think of it, you that are in the blade ere the harvest come: No man desires

fires to purchase land, that will bring forth nothing but weed; and shall God buy so base a ground, that will be no better, at so inestimable a price, as the incorruptible blood of his onely Son? O yee weed of the earth, turn your selves, or be ye turned into wheat; call, and sue, and cry for the mercy of God in Christ our Saviour: yea again, and again, beg of your Iesus that he may root up your weed, and plant in you his graces, that like good corn you may fructifie here, and when the harvest comes, you may be gathered into his barn, and remain in his kingdom.

Thus far you see the prisoners, the next point is the chains wherewith these prisoners are bound: but of that hereafter. Remember in the mean time the Tares, and as good seed bring ye forth good fruit, *some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold*, that when the reaping comes, we may be ready for the barn, and then Lord Iesu, *come when thou wilt, even Lord Iesu come quickly.* Amen.

Bind. ]

THE man, for, whose hands are pinion'd, legs chained, feet corraled, may lie restless in his thoughts, caseless in all parts: the wicked are cast into a prison under lock and bolts, where the devill is jaylor, hell the prison, and the bolts such other as burning steel and iron. See here a jaylor, jayle, and manacles, all which are provided for the damned: and because of their relation each to other, give me leave to produce them in their order.

The Tares must be bound, and for the executing of this doom, the Judge here delivers them over to the jaylor. Jaylor? whom? good and bad Angels: for both these are the executioners of Gods direfull sentence.

First the good Angels, so saith our Saviour, *The reapers are the Angels*, ver. 39. and he will say unto the reapers, ver. 30. *Gather ye first the Tares, and bind them up in bundles.* They which are all mercy to the good, are here the executioners of Gods judgments on the wicked. Thus was Sodom destroyed by an Angell, Gen. 19. The army of Sennacherib was overthrown by an Angell, 2 King. 19. Seventy thousand men of Israel were struck with pestilence by an Angell, 2 Sam. 24.

Blasph-

Verf. 39.

Verf. 30.

Gen. 19.

2 King. 19.

2 Sam. 24.



Blasphemous *Herod* was smitten by an Angell, *Act. 12. 23.*  
 Yea the *Tares* themselves must be gathered by *Angles*, who will *Act. 12. 23.*  
 bind them in heaps like faggots, and then cast them into hell  
 fire to burn them.

How fearfull is it, to fall into the hands of Gods hoast ? no  
 power can resist, no policy prevail, all the stratagems of war  
 are but folly to Gods wisdom ; then into what moats and  
 atoms shall the proud dust of sinfull man be torn ? what ? dares  
 he struggle against heaven ? See God and Angles are become  
 his enemies, and whose help should he have, when heaven it self  
 makes war ? Mountains and rocks are no defence against God :  
 shields and spears cannot keep safe the *Tares* : no, God hath  
 his warriours that will pluck, and tear, and torture reprobates :  
 the *Angles* are his reapers, that must *Gather the Tares, and*  
*binde them in bundles to burn them.*

But secondly, good and bad *Angles* both joyn in this office  
 to binde the *Tares* : if there be any difference, it is in this, the  
 good *Angles* begin, and the bad continue, to make the binding  
 everlasting. Here is a jaylor indeed, and if you would see him  
 in his form, you may take the description from that great Levia-  
 than, *Job 41. 18.* By his neefings a light doth shine, and his eyes  
 are like the eye lids of the morning, out of his mouth go burning  
 lamps, and sparks of fire leap out ; out of his nostrils goeth smoke  
 as out of a seething pot or cauldron ; his breath kindlerh coales, and  
 a flame goeth out of his mouth, *Job 41. 18, 19, 20, 21.* What an  
 ugly devill is this, whom God onely mystically describes with  
 such terrible shapes ? his neefing flames, his eyes stare, his mouth  
 shoots fire, his nostrils smoke, his very breath sets all a burning  
 round about him. Such a jaylor hath God prepared for hell-  
 prisoners. As God hath fettered him, so he lays fetters on them,  
 revenging his own malice on his fellow-sufferers. The devill  
 first tempts, and then he fetters *Tares* : whiles men live on  
 earth, he lays snares for souls : thus he prepared flatterers for  
*Rehoboam*, liers for *Ahad*, concubins for *Solomon*, sorcerers for  
*Pharaoh*, witches for *Saul*, wine for *Benhadad*, gold for *Achan*,  
 a ship for *Jonas*, and a rope for *Haman* : but he that makes  
 gins, and nets, and snares on earth, makes boks, and hammers,  
 and whips in hell ; thus he hath prepared darkness for *Herod*, a  
 fire for *Dives*, plagues for *Pilate*, brimstone for *Judas*, snares for

*Demas*, and fiery fetters for all Reprobate *Tares*: what need poor souls any further fetters, whom the Devill once shuts within his Den? Dare you live in such a nest amongst speckled poysons? there Serpents girdle the loyns, and Cockatrices kill with their eyes, and Dragons spit fire from their mouthes, and Wolves all devour mens souls, and Lions roar for the prey, and Vipers sting and strike with their Tayls: O fearfull *Sailers*! what strange kind of furies live in hell.

You see the *Sailer*, now turn your eyes from so bad a spectacle, and let us view the *Den* where this *Monster* lies.

The Hebrews call it *Sheol*, a great Ditch or Dungeon; the Greeks *Zoo*, even darkness it self; the Latins *Infernus*, a place under ground: all agree, it is a Dungeon under earth, containing these two properties.

{ Deepness.

{ Darkness.

Revel. 9. 1.

Kecker. Syst.  
Theo. de inferno.

1. *It is deep*: as heaven is high, so (most probable it is) that hell is deep. *John* calls it a *bottomless pit*, *Revel. 9. 1.* as if Reprobates were alwaies falling, yet never could find bottome, where to rest; or howsoever this be a Metaphor, yet without question, heaven and hell are as opposite as may be: and whether the Center be the place of torment, or (as others think) all the gulfs of the Sea, and hollows of the earth, as being more capable to contain the damned, I leave it to the Schools; as for the Pulpit, I think this prayer more fit, *Lord shew us what it is, but never where.*

Secondly, the *deepness* is yoked with *darkness*; such a dungeon fits the *Tares*, they committed works of *darkness*, and are cast into utter *darkness*; a *darkness* that may be felt, thick Clouds that may be handled, dampes and mists that strike at their hearts with sensible griefs. This is that *bottomless pit* in the heart of the earth: there shines no Sun, no Moon, nor Stars; there is no light of Candle, Torch, or Taper; shine the Sun never so fair, it is still night there; the Dungeon is dark, and this makes the place more sad, more uncomfortable. Let Poets feign of *Tantalus* tortures, *Promethews* Vultures, *Ixions* Wheel, and *Charons* rowing, these come far short to expresse the pains of those that rage in hell: there plagues have no ease, cries have

have no help, time has no end, place no redemption : it is the dark prison where the *Tares* are chained, and the wicked bound in fetters of fire and darkness. Could men have a sight of hell while they live on earth, I doubt not their hearts would tremble in their bosomes : yet view it in a way of meditation, and see what you find ? are there not wonderfull engines, sharpe and sore instruments of revenge, *fiery Brimstone, pitchy Sulphur, red hot chains, flaming whips, scorching darkness* ? will you any more ? *the worm is immortall, cold intolerable, stench indurable, fire unquenchable, darkness palpable* : This is that prison of the damned, then whose eyes dare behold such amazing objects ? but if not see, yet listen with your eares, is there any charm in hell to conjure away Devils, or to ravish souls ? what musick affords the place, but roaring, and crying, and howling ? *cursing their Hymnes, wailing their tunes, blasphemies their ditties, lachryma their notes, lamentations their songs, screeching their streins*, these are their evening and their morning songs ; *Moab shall cry against Moab, one against another, all against God*. O fearfull Prison ! what torments have the *Tares* that lye here fettered ? their feet are chained in the stocks, and the Iron pierceth their souls ; it is a Dungeon where the light never shined, but the walls are as black as pitch, the vaults are smoaked as Chimneys, the roof as dark as hell, nay the *Dungeon is hell*, where the *Tares* lie bound and fettered. Think of this *Layle*, yee offenders of Gods Law, and Majesty ; the Angels see our doings, the Judge now expects our returning, the *Tares* grow till the harvest, and if still they offend, death apprehends them, God will judge them, the *Layler* take them, *Hell* imprison them, there are they bound : You hear the Evidence brought in, and the sentence gone out, *Take them, Binde them. binde them in bundles to burn them.*

And if this be the *Laylers Goal*, what then be the *Bonds or Chains* ?

The *Angles* which kept not their first estate (saith *Iude*) God hath reserved in everlasting Chains, and God spared not the *Angels* that sinned (saith *Peter*) but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into Chains of darknes. Thus Christ doomed him that had not on his wedding garment, *Binde him hand and foot* : *Matth. 13. 22*



and what may these *Chains and Bonds* insinuate, but that the *Tares* are tyed to their torments ? might they but remove from place to place, this would afford some ease ; might they but stir a foot , or but turn about, or have any little motion to refresh their tormented parts, this would yield some comfort ; but here is an universall binding, *hand and foot* body and soul, all must be bound with *everlasting Chains*. The Reprobates are packt and crowded together, like Bricks in a fiery furnace, having not so much as a Chink where any winde may enter in to cool them. O yee that live in the sinfull wealth of this world , consider but this one punishment of hell, and be afraid ! if a man injoying quietment of mind, and health of body , should lie chained on a soft Down-bed for a month, or a year, how would he abide it ? but this is nothing : If a man should lye sick of a Fever, swoln in a Dropsie, pained with the Gout , and (though it were for the recovery of his health) without any turning, tossing, stirring, this were a great torture sure, and a question it were, whether the disease or the physick were more intollerable ? witnesse poor Patients , who change their sides, with other beds, seek other rooms, and all these shifts but to mitigate their pains : how wretched then are the *Tares* bound in *Chains* ? they are not in health , nor bound for a month, nor sick of a Fever, nor lye for a year, their pain is grievous, their bonds heavy, their torments durable, their restless rest eternall. The worm shall gnaw their spirit , the fire torture their flesh ; were these nothing , yet small sorrows grow great with continuance ; the fire shall torture, yet never cease ; worms gnaw the heart, yet never gnaw in sunder the strings : wretched souls are *bound* indeed, whose *bonds* are never out of date : A seven years prentiship would ere long expire, but what are seven years to a world of ages ? the reprobates must serve years, ages, even to a million of millions, and yet are never free : O bondage not to be uttered, yet must be endured ! Is it not a Bedlam fury, that must have such bonds ? a little to expresse their torments by our sufferings, which yet are nothing, nothing in comparison : what means these *Chains*, and *whips*, and *links*, and *scourges* ? *Iron Chains*, *whips of steel*, *fiery links* ; *knatty scourges* ? furies shake their bolts to afrighten souls, the Irons strike

*Vermis conscientiam, ignis comburet carnem.*

Strike through their eares, and the hooked Engines tear their Bowels, as if the torment of *Tares* were the delight of Devils. Here is a *profaned* deed, where is nothing heard but yell and grones, and the flames of the fire shake not, the world does not, the *stones* loose not, the links wear not, revenge is not, but for ever are the torments fresh, and the fetters on fire, as they come forth from their Forge.

What a strange kind of torture falls upon the wicked? they are bound to fiery pillars, and Devils beat them with their fiery whips: Is there any part of man leaped free in such a way? the flesh shall feel the blood boil, the veins be scorched, the sinews racked. So pain shall eat the body, sorrow tear the soul; this is that wofull plight of *Tares*, which is bound in Hell. The fish when an Sea may go from his ship to his boat, and from his boat to his ship again: the sick man in his bed, may tumble from his right side to his left, and from his left to his right again; only the *Tares* are tied hand and foot, bound limbe and joynt, their feet walk not, their fingers move not, their eyes must no more wander wherefore, for all are bound. O these manacles that rot the flesh, and pierce the inward parts! O these terrible tormenters, yet most fit for *Tares*! sinners made blasphemous, shall must come their Phrensie, the Judge thus commands, and the Executioners must dispatch; fetter them, fire them, bind them in bundles as burn them.

I have lead you through the Dungeon, let this sight serve for a terror, that you never come nearer: To that purpose (for exhortation) consider.

Alas! all images on life, there's but a twine thread betwixt the soul of a sinner, and the scorching flames, who then would so live, as to run his soul into hazard? the Judge threatens us, Devils hate us, the bonds expect us, it is onely our conscience must clear us, or condemn us. Search then thy wits, and stir up thy remembrance to her *sin*: hast thou dishonoured God, blasphemed his name, decayed his image, subduing thy soul to sin, that was created for heaven? repent these crimes, ask God forgiveness, and he will turn away thy punishments. I know your sins are grievous, and my soul grieves at the knowledge: many evils have possessed too many, drunkenness, and oaths, and malice, and revenge, are not these guests entertained into all houses?

Ezek. 33. 11.

houses : banish them your hearts, that the King of glory may come in : *As I live* (saith the Lord) *I desire not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live.* Would God bestow mercy ? and should we refuse his bounty ? as you love heaven, your souls, your selves, leave your sins.

2. Use.

Ephes. 5. 2.

And then (here is a word of consolation) the penitent needs not fear hell, Gods servant is freed from bonds : yes, if we love him who hath first loved us, all the chains, and pains of hell can neither hold, nor hurt us.

3. Use.

O then ye Sons of Adam (suffer a reproof) what do ye, that ye do not repent you of your sins ? is it not a madnes above admiration, that men (who are reasonable creatures) having eyes in their heads, hearts in their bodies, understanding like the Angels, and consciences capable of unspeakable horrors, never will be warned, untill the fire of that infernall Lake, flash and flame about their eares ? Let the Angels blush, heaven and earth be amazed, & all the Creatures stand astonished at it. I am sure a time wil come, when the *Tares* shall feel, what now they may justly fear; you hear enough, such weed must be bound, thus straight is the Lords command : *Binde* ] *them in bundles to burn them.*

But all is not done. *Chains have their links*, and we must bring all together. Sinners are coupled in hell as *Tares* in *Bundles* : But of these when we next meet, in the meane while let this we have heard, *Binde* us all to our duties, that we hear attentively, remember carefully, practice conscientiously, that so God may reward accordingly, and at last crown us with his glory. *The tares must be bound up in bundles;* but Lord make us free in Heaven, to sit with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in thy blessed kingdome.

In bundles. ]

**T**He command is out : what ? *Binde* ] *whom ? them* ] *how ? in bundles.* ] The tares must on heaps, which gives us a double observation.

{ Generall,

{ Speciall.

In the generall it intimates these two points ; the gathering of the weed, and its severing from the wheat : both are bound in bundles,



*bundles, but the wheat by itself, and the tares by themselves! as at that doom (when all the world must be gathered, and severed) some stand at the right hand, others at the left; so at this execution, some are for the fire, and others for the burn; they are bundled together, yet according to the difference of the severall parties, each from the other.*

*First, the tares must together: I pray thee, father Abraham, that thou wouldst send Lazarus to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Why, it may be God will hear him for them, especially making such a reasonable request as this was, that Lazarus might onely warn his brethren of future judgement: no, but to teach you, if you sell your souls to sin, to leave a rich posterity on earth, you shall not onely your selves (without all remorse and pity) be damned in hell; but your posterity shall be a torment to you whilst they live, and a greater torment if they come to you when they are dead. To converse with Devils is fearfull, but altogether to accompany each other, is a plague fit for tares: In this life they flourish amongst the wheat, Let them grow both together, corn and tares until the harvest. But the harvest come, God will now separate them both asunder, and as in heaven there are none but Saints, so in hell there are none but reprobates: to encrease this torment, as they grow together so all their conference is to curse each other: *Abel* shall cry against *Abel*, father against son, son against father: what comfort in this company? The Devil that was author of*

*1. Obsv.*  
*Psal. 120. 4.*

*Luk. 16. 27, 28.*

such mischiefs) appears in most grisly forms, his angels (the black guard of hell) torture poor souls in flames: there live swearers with their flaming tongues, murderers with talent hands, drunkards with scorched throats, all these tares like fiery faggots burning together in hell flames: this is the first punishment, *all the tares must meet, they are bundled together.*

Observ. 2.

Secondly, *as the tares must together, so they must together by themselves: thus are they bundled, and severed, bundled all together, but from the wheat all asunder.*

*Quia damni  
penam inferi,  
Basil. Asecr.  
in c. 2. p. 255.  
Chrysost. in  
Matth. Hom.  
24.  
Bern. de inter.  
domo. cap. 38.*

Hell is called damnation, *because it brings Heavens losse,* and this by consent of most Divines is the more horrible part of hell: so Basil; *To be alienated or separated from the presence of God, his Saints, and Angels, is farre more grievous, than the pains of hell.* So Chrysostome, *The pain of hell is intolerable indeed, yet a thousand hells are nothing to the losse of that most glorious kingdom.* So Bernard, *It is a pain far surpassing all the tortures in hell, not to see God, and those joys immortall, which are prepared for his children.* O then what hells are in hell, when besides the pains of sense, there is a pain of losse, the losse of God, losse of Saints, losse of Angels, losse of Heaven, losse of that beatificall vision of the most Sovereigne Good: our ever-blessed Maker. Consider with your selves, if at the parting of the soul and body there be such pangs, and gripes, and stings, and sorrows: what grief then will it be, to be severed forever from the Highest and supremest Good: Suppose your bodies (as some Martyrs have been used) should be torn in sunder, and that wild horses, driven contrary wayes, should rack and pul your arms and legs and heart, and bowels, one piece from another, what an horrible kind of death would this be, think you? and yet a thousand rentings of this member from that, or of the soul from the body, are infinitely lesse then this one separation of the soul from God. When Jacob got the blessing from his brother Esau, it is said in the Text, *that he roared with a great cry and bitter,* saying to his father, *Wast thou not reserved one blessing for me also?* Imagine then, when the wheat must have the blessing, how will the tares (figured in Esau) roar and cry, and yell, and howl again: and yet notwithstanding this unspeakable rage, all the tears of hell shall never be sufficient to bewail the losse of heaven. Hence breeds that worm that is al-

Gen. 27. 31.

wayes

wayes gnawing at the conscience, when I think of our Saviour, that dies not, Mark 9.44. It shall lie day and night, biting and gnawing, and feeding upon the bowels of the damned person. O the stings of this worm! no sooner shall the damned consider the cause of their misery, to wit, the mis-spending of their time, the greatnesse of their sinne, the many opportunities lost, when they might have gotten Heaven for a year, or a sigh, or groan from a penitent heart; but this worm (yea, more) shall at every consideration give them a deadly bite, and then shall they roar it out, *How miserable was mine estate, I had a time to have wrought out the salvation of my soul; many a powerfull searching Sermon have I heard, any one passage whereof (had I not wickedly and wilfully forsook mine own mercie) might have been unto me the beginning of the new birth; but those golden dayes are gone, and for want of a little sorrow, a little compunction, a little faith, now am I burning in hell fire: O precious time! O dayes, months, years, how are ye vanished, that you will never come again? And have I thus miserably undone my self? Come Furies, tear me into as many pieces as there are moats in the Sun, rip up my breast, dig into my bowels, pull out my heart, leave me not an hair on my head, but let all burn in these flames, till I moulder into nothing.* O madness of men, that never think on this all the dayes of your visitation, and then when the bottomlesse pit hath shut her self upon you, thus will this worm gnaw your hearts with unconceivable griefs. Be amazed, O ye Heavens! tremble thou Earth! let all creatures stand astonished; whilst the Tares are thus sentenced, *Bundle them up and burn them.*

Thus saith of the word in generall: but if we look on it with a more narrow eye, it gives to our hands this speciall observation.

*The tares must have chains proportionable to their sinne: Blind Observ.*  
*them in bundles.* saith my Text, not in one, but in many fagots, an Adulterer with an Adulteresse, a Drunkard with a Drunkard, a Traynor with a Traynor, as there be severall sinners, severall Bundles, all are punished in the same fire, but all are not punished in the same degree; some have heavier chains, and some have lighter, but all in just weight and measure. The Proud shall be trod under foot, the Glutton suffer insupportable hunger,



hunger, the Drunkard feel a burning thirst, the Covetous pine in wants, the Adulterer lie with Serpents, Dragons, Scorpions, Give me leave to bind these in bundles, and to leave them for the fire; they are first *bound*, then *burned*.

1.  
Esay 3.

Job 20.26.

Where is Lady Pride and her followers? see them piled for the furnace: you that jet it with your hats and bracelets, ryres and tablers, rings and jewels, and changeable fairs, think but what a change will come, when all you (like birds of a feather) must together, to be *bound in bundles*. What then will your pride avail, or your riches profit, or your gold do good, or your treasures help, when you must be constrained to *come up again your riches, the increase of your house departing away, and a fire not blown utterly consuming you and them*. The rich man in the Gospel could for a time go richly, fare sumptuously, and that not only on Sabbath or Holy-days, but (as the text) *every day*; yet no sooner had death seized on his body, but he was fain to alter both his suit and diet; hear him how he begs for water, that had plenty of wines, and see him that was *clowned in purple*, now appparelled in another suit, (yet of the same colour too) even in *purple flannel*: O that his delicate morsels must want a drop of water, and that his fine appparell must cost him so dear, as the high price of his soul! why rich man is it come to this? the time was that *purple and fine linen* was thy usuall appparell, that banquets of *sumptuous* dishes were thy ordinarie fare, but now not the poorest beggar (even *Lazarus* himself) that would change estate with thee: Change, said I? warric no: Remember (saith old *Abraham*) *that thou in thy life time receivdest thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented*: Luke 16.25.

Luke 16.25.

2.

But there are other *Bundles*, where is Gluttonie and her surfeetens? Do we not see how the earth is plowed, the sea furrowed, and all to furnish one Epicures table? *Spain* sends fruit, *Canary* sugars, *Molagues* spices, *Egypt* balsamum, *Candy* oyls, *Spain* sweet meats, *France* wines, our own land cannot suffice, but forreim kingdomes and countreys must needs be sacrificed to our belly-gods: but what daunties have such *Nabals* when they come to hell? there is a black banquet prepared for devils and reprobates; the first dish is *weeping*, the second *gnashing of teeth*,

comb, and what mischief shall these wine-drinkers must last all the feast? The Jews thus sweating at his long meats and meals, *How quietest persons cryes not, who will mind do we suffer which our Friends?* but also how much must you suffer at this supper, where the meat is poison, the servants fierce, the musick graven, and time without end the furies of every dish? See here the provision for the damned, then damn loose not, their fire cool not, their worm dies not, their woes end not, such gall and vinegar bitters every morsell. God hath preordained this punishment for these sinners, they are sent from markets to an empiric dungeon, that feast-wine-beggars empty from their doors.

But more *Baudier* yet, where is *Drunkewesse* with her rioters? *Lo they are stricken with fast*, saith the Prophet: they *whose tables were full of wine and full himselfe*, are now driven to that scarcitie and want, that not a cup of wine, nor a draught of beer, nor a drop of water can be got in all hell for them. *Some must have it in punishment in a just proportion*: the tongue of that rich man, that had turned down so many murther wine, cannot procure in hell one pot of water to cool it: in his tongue he sinned, in his tongue he is tormented till fiery heats breed a consuming thirst, yet because he denied *Lazarus* a crum of bread, *Lazarus* must not bring him a drop of water: how? *a drop of water?* alas, what can be the end of rivers, or the whole sea of water more than infinite world of fire? here is a pool but indeed, what begs he, but a cup of water, or handfull of water, a drop of water, may were it but a wet finger, to cool the tip of his scorched tongue? Hearken ye drunkards, and fear these flames that one day must parch your tongues. Here you may recreate your selves by sleep when you have too much, or by idle company when you would have more, but hereafter you shall find no means to qualifie these pains: sleep there is none, though it be nothing but an everlasting night: friends there be none, though all could profess their everlasting loves; you may indeed converse with some company, but who are they save devils and reprobates, (miserable comforters) in the same condemnation. Who is not sober, that knows what portion must befall these reprobates? their mouths drie as dust, their tongues red as fire, their throats parch as coals, all their bowels clung together as the

the burning parchment. *Hebrew* for inquiry shall reap daily; the drunkard that saileth so much wine, shall there want a little water, his tongue shall cleave to the roof of his mouth, and goblets of boiling lead shall descend in his throat as the pleasure, so the pain, he will be comforted, and be tormented.

4.

And yet more *Bundles*, where is *Covetousness* and her griper. O the language we live in! was there ever less love, ever more dissimulation? the covetous hoardeth, holdeth, beppeth, or it may be put out to usury, he lives without farcties, pledges, mortgages, bills, or bonds. Think of those bonds ye covetous, that must bind you in *bundles*, and you then ten thousand worlds, and were they all composed of pure gold, and brim full with richest jewels, yet would you cast them all at the foot of some *Lucifer*, for one drop of water, or one puff of wind, to cool any part or piece of your tormented members. See the cruell effect of sinne, he that hath no pity, shall not be pitied; no, he shall live in torment without mercy, that hath shewed no mercy, *James 2. 13.* Thus to pay the covetous in his own coin, to him and shall be brought before him, there shall he see his ban a peal of this damned coin, of pounds, of shillings, of pence, these accounts shall sound through his ears; and to satiate his heart, melted gold shall be poured down his throat, yet he shall be starved too, with his maw in pain, and phlegm and muck all boil together to his leached suppers, this shall not satisfy him, that could never satiate himself, his gold now wants no weight, his silver is not scarce, mountains and founts are prepared for him to his greater torments.

5.

Yet again more *Bundles*, where is *Adultery* with her minions. Lo ugly hands do embrace them, and the furies of hell be as their bosome concubines. I have read somewhere (but I will not deliver it as a truth) that a voluptuous man dying, and going to this place of torment, he was there saluted in this fearefull manner: First, *Lucifer* commands to fetch him a chair; and forthwith an *iron chair* red-hot with sparkling fire was brought, and he set therein: this done, *Lucifer* commands again to fetch him drink, and a drink of melted lead was brought in a cup, which they straightway pouring into his open mouth, anon it came running out of all his members: this done, *Lucifer* commands



mands again, that according to his use they should fetch him mus-  
sicians to make him merry, and a sort of musicians came with hot  
glowing trumpets, and sounding them at his ears (where to they laid  
them) anon there come sparks of fire leaping out of his mouth,  
his eyes, and nostrils, all about him; this done, Lucifer commands  
again, that according to his wonted manner he should have his  
Concubines, and upon this they bring him to a bed of fire, where  
Furies give him kisses, fiery Serpents hug about his neck, and  
the gnawing worm sucks blood from his heart and breasts, for  
ever and ever. Howsoever in this story, it may be altogether  
truth was not brought a bed, yet imagine what a welcome shall  
be to the damned souls? their eyes shall startle, their ears glow,  
their nostrils suck up flames, their mouthes taste bitterness, and  
for the sense of feeling, (according to the measure of their  
sin) they are wrapped in the grisly embracements of sting-  
ing and stinking flames: where now are those daintie de-  
lights, sweet musick, merrie companie? are all left behind?  
and is there no recreation in those smokie vaults? Un-  
happie dungeon, where there is no order but horrour, no  
singing but howling, no ditties but their woes, no con-  
sorts but shrieks, no beautie but blacknesse, and no per-  
fumes or odour, but pitch and sulphur. Let the heat of this  
fire cool the heat of your lust, pleasure ends with pain. In as Rev. 18. 7.  
much (saith God) as the harlot glorified her self, and lived  
in pleasure, so much give ye to her torment and sorrow:  
Rev. 18. 7.

You see now (Beloved) what Taxes are in bundles, the  
Proud, Gluttons, Drunkards, Covetous, Adulterers; these  
and such others are bundled by the Reapers at the generall  
harvest.

O then, having yet a little time, how should we labour to Use.  
escape Hells horror? let the Proud be humbled the Epicure  
fast, the Drunkard pray, the Adulterer chastise himself to pull  
down his body, and for the Covetous wretch let him with all  
holy greedinesse lay out his bags for the eternal good of his  
soul: Alas, one foot in heaven is better then all your lands on  
earth. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, then  
to dwell in the Tents, (in the houses, in the Palaces) of the Psal. 84. 10.  
wicked. Now then in the fear of God, reform your lives, and  
your

your harvest without question, shall be the joy of heaven; or if *Tares* will be *Tares*, what remains but *Binding*, and *Bundling*? *Bind them, Bundle them, Burn them.*

The harvest is done, and the Angels sing and shout for their ended task; the *Tares* are reaped, the furrows cleaned, the sickles laid aside, the sheaves *Bundled*: and to shut up all, they must be *Burned*: But stay we them a while, and at our next meeting we will set them on fire. God make us better seed, that we may receive a better crop, even that *Crown of glory in the highest heavens.*

*To burn them. ]*

**W**E have followed the Prisoners from the Barre, and brought them to the stake, what remains further, but to kindle the Faggots, and so to shut up all with the *burning*?

*Hell-fire* (at the first naming) makes my soul to tremble, and would the boldest courage but enter into a serious meditation, what it were to lie everlastingly in a red hot scorching fire, how could he chafe but stand astonished at the consideration? it is a *ferious fire*: Rouze up (beloved) for either this, or nothing will awake you from the sleep of sin wherein you snort too securely.

Some differences there are about this *fire*: many think it a *Metaphoricall*, others a *materiall fire*; be it whether it will, it is every way fearfull, and farre above the reach either of humane or Angelicall thoughts to conceive.

Rev. 21.

If it be *Metaphoricall* (as *Gregory* and *Calvine* are of mind) then is it either more, or nothing lesse terrible, when the Holy Ghost shadows unto us the joys of heaven by *gold, and pearls, and precious stones*, Revel. 21. there is no one thinks but those joys do farre surpass these shadows: and if the pains of hell are set out by fire and flames, and brimstone, and burning, what pains are those, to which these are nothing but dumb shows or types?

Or if hell fire be *materiall* (as *Anstine* and *Bullenger* do conjecture) yet is it farre beyond any fire on earth: mark but the difference: our *fire* is made for comfort: *hell-fire* is created for nothing else but torment: our *fire* is blown with some ayrie breath

breath of man, but *hell fire* is blown with the angry breath of God; our *fire* is fed with the fuel of Wood or Cole; but *hell fire* is tempered with all the terrible torturing ingredients of Sulphur, and Brimstone; or (to cut the way nearer) I will reduce all the differences to some of these four, and so proceed in their order; they differ first in *heat*, secondly in *light*, thirdly in their *object*, fourthly, in *distance*.

First, in *heat*, *The pile thereof is fire and much wood, and the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it*, *Esa. 30.33.* This fire is not made by the hand of man, nor blown from the bellows of some forge, nor fed with any fuel of combustible matter: no, it is the arm of God, and the breath of God, and the anger of God that kindles it sharply, and continues it everlastingly; and (I pray) if the *breath that kindles it, be like a stream of brimstone*, what is the *fire* itself? you know there is a great difference betwixt the heat of our breath, and the *fire* in our chimnies: now then if the breath of God that kindles *hell fire* be dissolved into brimstone: What a fearful *fire* is that, which a great torrent of burning Brimstone doth ever mightily blow? A torrent of Brimstone said I? no, it is not Brimstone, but *like Brimstone*, like to our capacity, although for the nature this *like* is not *like*; nay, could we know exactly what this breath were, you would say (I warrant you) it were far more hotter then ten thousand Rivots of Brimstone, were they all put together: *Our God* (saith the Apostle) *is a consuming fire*, *Heb. 12.29.* And if God be a *fire*, what then is *hell fire*, kindled by the breath God? *O my soul, how canst thou but tremble at the thought of this fire, at which the very Devils themselves do quake and shiver?* Pause a while and consider, wert thou arraigned at some earthly bar, thy doom past, the execution at hand, and thy body now ready to be cast, (as many a Martyr was) into some burning fire, or boyling Caldron: O how wouldest thou shout and roar, and cry through the extremity of torment? but what is a boyling Caldron, or that boyling sea of fire and brimstone? pitch and sulphur, boyl together, were not this enough? see there the perplexing properties of such heats; they burn as Brimstone, darkly to grieve the sight, sharply to afflict the sense, loathsome to perplex the smell: it is a *fire* that needs no bellows to kindle it, nor any pipe of



of the least air to cool it; the fire was not; the smoke vents not; the chimneys are built to receive the way where they lie scorching, burning, leading their hostiles, and their musles furries. The flames of *Nebuchadnezzars* furnace could ascend forty nine Cubits; but if it be a butt or a pit, sure these flames have an endless height; how heathen is that glowing Oven, where the fire burns daily, abiding long, and bright, the fire turns roundly, and the darkness follows it; the darkness follows it, but burns in an heat surpassing ours, unspeakable heat, there is one difference.

Matth. 25. 30.

Secondly, as hell fire differs from ours in darkness, so in light. Cast that unprofitable servant into his own (Satan's) year of darkness, Matth. 25. 30. *There* [the people to the gates of darkness] to confound them. Consider that the great of this circumstance, if a man were in darkness, should suddenly hear a noise of ghosts, and spirits, roaring to visit him, what would his hair bristle; his tongue falling in his mouth, and his heart be so bold as to dare say, although it be of the devil, yet from him, or his body, yet the only feeling of death, I would think his very inward heart to shake and shudder. O then, what comfort is that when darkness, such a fearful, and terrible hollow to that, and reprobates sit in the darkness of their bodies, which hell be filled with the cries and howls of his own, and comfort him with them; and the darkness in May be with will, if it be that he fire, there is a sudden light to say, (which is a sudden light, fire hath been, no light, in a dark room, if there be a light, to the eye, yet such has been, in a prison, man has not been so do imagine) that is, a sudden light, but a sudden light, but how was it for comfort, but confusion; for a sudden light, he that in twilight sees deformed images, yet in the light he holds shapes of devils; and spirits, by a kind of delight, why better he saw nothing, than such a sudden light, as a sudden light, a thousand times worse, as a sudden light, to the eyes of Reprobates, they may discern through the darkness, the ugly faces of friends, the foul visages of Reprobates, the furious countenances of their friends, or parents; while all lie together in the same condemnation. What comfort affords this light, where nothing is seen but the Judges wrath, and the prisoners punishment? O (will they cry) that our eyes were out, or the flames were quenched, or that

that some period were put to this endlesse night of darknesse ! but all in vain, lo pillars of smoak arise out of the infernall pit, which darken the light, as the fire lightens the darknesse : and this the second difference.

Thirdly, there is yet another difference, in the *fuell or object of this fire*; ours burns not without *materialls*, this works also on *spirituals*. It is (I confesse) a question whether devils suffer by *fire*? and how may that be? some are of opinion, that they are not onely spirits, but have bodies, not organically as ours, but aereall, or somewhat more subtil then the air it self: this opinion howsoever most denie, yet *Austin* argues for it; for if men and devils (saith he) are punished in the same *fire*, and that *fire* be corporeall, how are Devils capable of the suffering unlessse they have bodies, (like men) fit for the impression? And yet if we deny them to have bodies, I see no impossibilitie, but that spirits themselves may suffer in hell fire: is it not as easie *August. de civit. dei lib. 21. cap. 10.* with God to joyn spirits and fire, as souls and bodies? as there fore the soul may suffer through the body, so likewise may those spirits be tormented by *fire*. I will not argue the case either with, or against *Austin*, yet safely may we put this conclusion; *not onely men in their bodies, but devils and souls must together be tormented in hell fire.* thus our Saviour couples them in that last heavy doom, *Go ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his Angels.* What a *fire* is this? it tryes the reins, it searcheth the bowells, it pierceth the very soul and inmost thoughts. *O fire* above measure! where spirits are the tormentors damnation the punishment, men and devils the fuell and the breath of an offended God the Bellows. Think not on your fires, that gives you heat for warmth, or light for comfort, neither *fear you him that kils your bodies*, but hath no further commission to hurt your souls: here is another *fire*, another *Judge*, a *fire* that kindles souls, a *Judge* that sends bodies and souls to *everlasting fire*: such heats, such darknesse, such objects accompanie this *fire*, the heat is intollerable, darknesse palpable, bodie and soul both combustible, all burn together that have sinned together. This the third difference.

Lastly, there is a difference in *durance*, our *fire* dyes quickly, but *hell fire lasts for ever.* This is done (saith *Austin*)

*Miris, sed  
veris modis.  
Aug. ibid.  
Aug. de civit.  
dei. l. 21.*

*admirably, yet actually,* the burning bodies never consume, the kindled fire never wasts with any length of time. We read of a certain salt in Sicilia, that if put into the fire, it swims as in water, and being put into water crackles as in fire; we read of a fountain in Libya, that in a cold night is so hot, that none can touch it, & in a hot day so cold that none could drink it: If God thus work miracles on earth, dost thou seek a reason of Gods high and heavie judgement in hell? I see the pit, I cannot find the depth; there is a fire that now stands as it was created, it must be endured, yet never, never must be ended. The custome of some countreys, that burn malefactours, use the least fires for greatest offenders, that so the heat being lessened, the pains might be prolonged, but if this be so terrible to them, whose fire is but little, and whose time cannot be long, what an exceeding horrible torment is this in hell, where the fire is extreme great, and the time for ever and ever lasting? Suppose you, or any one of you, should lie one night grievously afflicted with a raging fit of the Stone, Collick, Strangurie, Toothach, Pangs of travail, and a thousand such miseries incident to man, how would you toss and tumble? how would you turn your sides, tell the clock, count the houres, expect every moment for the gay-bright morn, and till then esteem every hour a year, and every pang a misery matchlesse, and intollerable: O then what will it be (think you) to lie in fire and brimstone, kept in highest flame by the unquenchable wrath of God, world without end? how tedious will be that endless night, where the clock never strikes, the time never passes, the morn never dawns, the Sunne never rises; where thou canst not turn nor toss, nor tumble, nor yet take any rest; where thou shalt have nothing about thee but darknesse, and horror, and wailing and yelling, wringing of hands, and gnashing of teeth for evermore? Good Lord, that for a smile of present pleasure, men should run upon the rock of eternall vengeance! Come, ye that pursue vanitie, and see here the fruit of sin at this harvest of Taxes, Pleasures

*are but momentary, but the pangs are eternall: Eternall? how long is that? Nay, here we are silenced, no Linner can set it forth, no Oratour can expresse it; if all times that ever were, and ever shall be should be put together, they would infinitely come short of this fiery misery; the latitude thereof*

*Momentaneum  
quod delectat,  
eternum quod  
cruciat.*



is not to be measured, neither by *houres*, nor *dayes*, nor *weeks*, nor *moneths*, nor *years*, nor *Lustras*, nor *Olympiads*, nor *Inditions*, nor *fabules*, nor *ages*, nor *Plato's years*, nor by the most slow motions of the eighth sphere, though all these were multiplied by thousands, or millions, or the greatest multiplier, or number numbering that can be imagined. Plainly in a word, count if you please, ten hundred thousand millions of years, and adde a thousand myriads of ages to them, and when all is done, multiply all again by a thousand, thousand, thousand of thousands, and being yet too short, count all the thoughts, motions, mutations of men and Angels, adde to them all the sands of the sea, piles on the earth, starres in the Heavens; and when all this is done, multiply all again by all the numbers, squares, cubicks of Arithmetick, and yet all these are so farre short of eternity, that they neither touch end nor middle, nor the least part or parcell of it: what then is this which the damned suffer? *eternall fire*? we had need to cry out *Fire, fire, fire*: Alas, to what end? there is no help to extinguish *fire* that must burn for ever: your Buckets may quench other fires, not this; no milk nor vinegar can extinguish that *wild-fire*: it is a *fire* which no means can moderate, no patience can endure, no time can for ever change, but in it whosoever wofully lies, their flesh shall *scorch*, their blood shall *boil*, their hearts consume, yet they shall never die, but dying live, and living die; death in life, life in death, miserable ever. This is that consideration, which shall bring all the damned Reprobates to shriek and howl everlastingly: were they perswaded that after millions of years they should have one year of pleasure, or after thousands of millions they should have some end of torment, here would be a little hope; but this word *Ever* ] breaks their hearts asunder: this *ever, ever*, gives new life again to those insufferable sorrows; and hence it is, that when all those millions of years are done and gone, then (God knows) must the wheels of their torment whirl about and about: Alas? the *fire* is durable, the heat continuall, the fuel immortall, and such is the end of Tares, they must burn without end: Bind them in bundles to burn them.

Lo here the *fire* of *hell*, which compared to ours on earth, it differs in *heat*, in *light*, in *fuel*, in *durance*: Let your

souls work on these objects, that they never come nearer to those flames.

1 Use.  
Eay 33.14.

*Who amongst us would dwell with devouring fire, who amongst us would dwell with everlasting burnings?* Beloved, as you tender your souls, and would escape the flames, reform your lives whiles you have yet a little time. You hear it sounded in Synagogues, and preached in pulpits: what sound? but *heaven or hell, joys or torments*; the one befalling the good, and the other the just end of the wicked. Do we believe this truth? and dare we commit sinne, whose reward is this fiery death? upon due consideration, how is it that we sleep, or rest, or take a minutes ease? lesser dangers have bestraught some out of their wits, nay bereaved many of their lives: how is it then that we run headlong into this fire, yet never weigh whither we are going, till we are dropping into the pit, whence there is no redemption. Look about you while it is called *to day*, or otherwise wo and alas that ever you were born, be sure a time will come, when miseries shall march, Angels beat alarms, God sound destruction, and the tents of his enemies be all set on fire, *Bind them in bundles to burn them.*

2 Use.

Or yet if comparisons can prevail, suppose one of you should be taken, & brought along to the mouth of an hot fiery furnace, then (comparing sinne with its punishment) might I question you, how much pleasure would you ask, to continue there burning but one year? *how much* (would you say?) *surely not for all the pleasures and treasures that all this world can afford you.* How is it then, that for a little sinne, that endures but a moment, so many of you so little regard eternall punishment in hell fire? If we should but see a little child fall into the fire, and his very bowels burnt out, how would it grieve us, and make our very hearts bleed within us? how much more then should it grieve you to see, not a child, but your own bodies and souls cast away for a momentary sinne into the lake of fire, that never shall be quenched? If a man should come amongst us, and cry *Fire, Fire*, thy house is all on *Fire*, thy corn, thy cattell, thy wife, thy children, and all thou hast are burning all together, how would this astonish us, making both the hair to stand upright on our heads, and the tears to gush out of our eyes? Behold then, and see the spirit of God cries out, *Fire, fire*; even the dreadfull

dreadfull fire of hel gapeth ready to devour, not thy house, thy  
corn, or thy cattel, but thy poor soul, and that for evermore: O  
then how should this break your flinty hearts afudden, and make  
your souls bleed again and again, if you have any hearts in you,  
this (me think) should move you to sorrow, and to weeping, if you  
have any care of your souls, this (me think) should drive you to  
walk humbly, and purely, meekly, and lowly towards  
God, and towards man: if not, what remains but fire, fire.  
*Bind them in bundles to burn them.* Ps. 119. 141.

Or yet if example can persuade us more, and it can in the mi-  
serable condition of that wretched Sinner man: Suppose you saw  
him in hell torments, compassed about with fires, fire, and all that  
black guard below, his tongue flaming, his eyes staring, his con-  
science biting, his soul suffering, his body all over burning in that  
fire of hel. O lamentable sight! but to make it more lamenta-  
ble, hearken how he roars and cries through the extremities of  
pains: O torment, torment, how art thou tormented in this fire! my  
head, my heart, my eyes, my nose, my tongue, my tongue is all on  
fire, what shall I do? whither shall I flee for succour? Within me is  
the worm, without me is fire, about me are devils, about me is A-  
braham, and what glorious shining angels, and Lazarus, poor La-  
zarus, in his hosanna, what is a tongue, what is a tongue? I in tor-  
ments? Why Abraham, father Abraham, have mercy on me: See  
here a man burning, suffering, crying in hell, and no drop of  
mercy, one drop of water to comfort a soul? O my tongue, I burn,  
I burn without ease or end, and is there none to help me? Come  
Lazarus, (if Abraham will, and hear) let us take of this beggar,  
and howsoever a devil's horn or a devil's foot, for I am so, so uba-  
ritable, go to dip the tip of thy finger in this, and cool my  
tongue. It is a poor suit, I don't ask much, but dip, not thy hand,  
but finger, not all, but the tip of it; not in cold, but water, not  
to quench, but to cool, not my body, but my tongue, and he it my  
tongue, only a poor little, no good so poor, no remedy so small,  
but happy were I if I could obtain it, though I begged it with tears  
and prayers of a thousand thousand years continuance: But see  
Abraham and Lazarus denie my suits; I burn, and neither God,  
nor Saint, nor Angel takes pitié on me; and shall I cry for help on  
devils? alas! they are my tormentors that lash me, and cut me  
with their whips of burning steel and iron. O beloved! what shall



we say to the roaring rage of this tormented wretch? Alas! alas! how little do men think on this? they can passe away time sporting and playing, as if they went to prison but for a few weeks, or dayes, just like men; who having the sentence of death putt upon them, run fooling and laughing to the execution; but when once hell mouth hath shut her self, then shall they find nothing but eternitie of torments: in the fear of God take heed in time of this eternitie, eternitie, lest you also come in to this place of eternitie, eternitie of torment: it is the doom of *Tares*, wo to them whosoever, that are of the number, for they they ] must be gathered, and bound, and bundled, and burned.

We have now done our task, and ended the harvest: if you please to cast back your eye upon the particulars delivered, they amount to this summe.


Gal. 6. 7.

*Whosoever a man sows that shall also reap*, Gal. 6. 7. If the enemy sow *Tares*, and we nourish the seed, what think you is the Harvest? Gather ye together first the *Tares*, saith our Saviour to the Angels; they are branded in their name, *Tares* ] sped in the time, first ] curst in their doom, gathered ] but worst in the hands of their executioners, it is by *Angels* ] and yet what is all this to the latter work in hand? If the *Tares* weeded up might rot in the furrows, the punishment were lesse; but as they are gathered, so they must be bound. ] Is that all? nay, as they are bound, so they must be bundled ] Is that all? nay, as they are bound and bundled, so they must be burned ] Bind them in bundles to burn them. I must end this Text, yet am loath to leave you where it ends: As there is an harvest of *Tares*, so there is a better harvest of Wheat. *They that sow in tears shall reap in joy*;

Psal. 126. 5.

if we repent us of our sinns, we shall have a blessed harvest indeed: how? forty grains for one? nay, (by the promise of our Saviour) an hundred fold. *A measure heaped, and shaken, and thrust together, and yet running over*. Every Saint shall have joy and glory, fountains of pleasure, and rivers of delight, where they may swim, and bathe their souls for ever and ever: what though *Tares* must to the fire? the Wheat is gathered into Heaven. Pray you then with me, that we may be Wheat, not *Tares*, and God so bless the seed, that every soul of us may have a joyfull harvest in the kingdom of Heaven. *AMEN*.

Luke 6. 38.



# Right Purgatorie.

HAB. I. 3.

*When he had by himself purged our sins.*

**H**ere is the subject of humilitie and glory: he purged our sins, and sits on the right hand of the maiesty on high. He purged our sins, by his suffering on the crosse, he sits on Gods right hand; by obtaining the crown: he purged our sinnes by dying for them, he sits on Gods right hand, by ruling with him; what need we more? here is his passion and session in the same order he performed them, for then he sate down on the right hand of his Father, when he had by himself purged our sins.

But to come nearer the words, they are as the drage of an Apothecary, and we will examine the ingredients. *O I am sick* Cant. 5.8. of love, saith the Church in Canticles, Cant. 5. 8. Sick indeed, not of love onely, but of sinne also; a disease that infatuates the mind, gripes the conscience, distempers the humours, disturbs the

passions, corrupts the body, indangers the soul: Is not he blessed that can help this maladie? Come then ye that labour of sin, and to your endless comfort see here the manner of the cure: there is a Physician *he*, ] the patient *himself*, ] the physick administered *when he had purged*, ] the ill humours evacuated, *when he had purged our sinnes*. ]

Or to gather up the crumbs, lest in this costly receipt or physick any thing be lost; see here the remedie girt and compass with each necessary circumstance, the time *when*, ] the person *he*, ] the matter *purged*, ] the manner, *by himself*, ] the disease, *sinne*, ] the extene of it, *ours*. ] Observe all, and you find no time more dismall then this *when*, ] no person more humbled then this *he* ] no physick more operative then this *purge*, ] no disease more dangerous, no plague more spreading then *sinne*, ] *our* ] sinne, for which he suffered. *When he by himself had purged our sins*. ]

We have opened the body of the Text, now look on the parts, and you may see the Anatomie of our Saviour in every member of it.

*When* ]

*Ne sedendo videtur purgare: Annot.*

*Erasm. in text.*

**T**He Text begins with the time, *When* ] *he had purged*: ] and this time (saith *Erasmus*) according to the originall denotes the time past, lest that we had thought *he had purged our sinnes by his sitting him down at the right hand of God*. First therefore (saith the Apostle) *he purged*, ] and then saith: ] he first purged by his death, and when that was done, *he sate at the right hand of the Majesty, in the highest places*. Whence observe:

*Doftrine.*

Matth. 1. 18.

Matth. 4. 1.

Luke 2. 21.

Matth. 11. 19.

John 8. 59.

Matth. 26. 16.

50.

Matth. 27. 29,

35.

*The time that Christ purged was in the dayes of his humiliation*. Then was he born, *Matth. 1. 18*. then was he tempted, *Matth. 4. 1*. then was he circumcised, *Luke 2. 21*. then was he traduced, *Matth. 11. 19*. then was he persecuted, *John 8. 59*. then was he betrayed, *Matth. 26. 16*. then was he apprehended, *Matth. 26. 50*: then was he mocked, *Matth. 27. 29*. then was he crucified, *Matth. 27. 35*. But all his life was full of infirmitie, so (according to the nature of all infirmities) he had those four times mentioned by Physicians in his life, the *beginning, the increase, the Akmen or state, and declination*. Give me

leave



leave but to prosecute these *times*, and by that *time* we have done, the hour (I know) will summon us to a conclusion.

First then he had his *appto*, his *beginning*, and that was the first time of his *purg*ing, even at his birth; then took he our infirmities upon him, and in some measure evacuated the brightnesse of his glory, to become for us a poor, a weak, a silly babe on earth. Mark (I pray) how this *purge* works with him at his first entrance into the world, it brings him into so poor and low estate that heaven and earth stand amazed at so great a change: where was he born, but at Bethlehem, a little citie? where did the shepherds find him, but in a poor sory cottage? and there if we look after majestie, we find no guard but *Joseph*, no attendants but *Mary*, no heralds but Shepherds, none of the bed-chamber but beasts and oxen, and howsoever he is styled *King of the Jews*, yet the Jews cry out, *They have no King but Cesar*. His mother indeed descended of kings, and he himself gives crowns to others, of *victory*, of *life*, of *glory*, but for his own head no crown is prepared but a *crown of thorns*. Rev. 4. 10. anon you may see him clothed in purple, anointed with spittle, but for the *crown* we speak of, they can afford him no richer then of the hedge, no easier then of thorns.

Thus for the *beginning*, what then is the *increase* of this?

This *increase* (say Physicians) is when the *symptomes* more manifestly appear either of *life* or *death*; and no sooner was our Saviour born, but he had manifest tokens evidently showing that for us he must die. If you run through his life, what was it but a *sicknesse* and a *purge*? Consider his *parcitie* in abstinence, his *constancie* in watching, his *frequencie* in prayer, his *assiduity* in labour. But how soon, and *Herod* makes him flee into Egypt, and live an exile in a strange land? At his return he dwells at Nazareth, and there is accounted *Jesus the carpenter*. When he enters into his *Ministerie*, he hath no house to repose him, no money to relieve him, no friends to comfort him. See him first set on by Satan, then by men; he is led into the wilderness by the spirit, and there he *fasts forty dayes and forty nights*, without bit of bread, or drop of water. The devil (seeing this opportunity) begins his temptation, who presently overcome, the Jews follow after him with hue and cry; mark but their words and works: In word they call him a *glutton*, a *drunkard*, a *deceiver*.

- Matt. 11. 19. *carver, a fencer, a mad-man, a Samaritan, and one possessed with a devil.* Good words I pray I is not he the anointed of God? the Saviour of men? yes, but *they rendered me evil for good, and hatred for my good will*; said the Psalmist in his person. When therefore he did miracles, he was a forer; when he re-proved sinners, he was a seducer; when he received sinners, he was their favourer; when he healed the sick, he was a breaker of the Sabbath; when he cast out devils, it was by the power of devils; what and how many unjust contumelies indured he of the Pharisees, who so sometimes cast him out of the cite, accused him of blasphemy, *cryed Out upon him, he was a man not worthy to live.* And as they say, they do; observe but their works: First they send officers to apprehend him, but they being overcome with the grace of his speeches, return onely with this answer, *Never man spake like this man.* Then took they up stones to stone him, but by his miraculous passage (whiles they are a conspiring his death) *he escapes out of their bands*: then lead they him to an hill, thinking to throw him down headlong, and yet all would not do. for ere they are aware of it, he fairly passeth through the midst of them all. At last his last passion draws near, and then men and devils combine in one to make him at once wretched and miserable: *He is despised and rejected of men: yea he is a man full of sorrows* (saith the Prophet) *and hath experience of infirmities,* Esay 53.3.
- Or for a further inquirie, let us do what our Saviour bids, John 5.39. *Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testifie of him.* We have but two Testaments in the whole Bible, and both these give full evidence of Christs miserable life. In the Old Testament it was prefigured by Adams penalties, Abels death, Abrahams exile, Isaacs offering, Jacobs wrestling, Josephs bonds, Jobs suffering, Davids mourning; yea, the Prophets themselves were both figures, and delivered prophecies of our Saviours afflictions. Thus Esay of him: *Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows, yet we did not esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted,* Esay 53.4. Thus Jeremy of him: *He gives his cheeks to him that smites him, he is filled full with reproach,* Lam. 3.30. Thus Daniel of him, *After threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be slain: and shall have nothing,* Dan. 9.26. Thus Zechary of him, *What are these wounds in the midst of thy hands?*

and he shall say, With these wounds was I wounded in the house of my friends, Zach. 13. 6. But come we to the New Testament; Zeck. 13. 6. and in every Gospell, we may not onely read, but see him suffer: *Matthew* who relates the history of his life, what writes he but a tragedy, wherein every chapter is a scene? Look through the whole book, and you read in the first Chapter, *Ioseph* will not father him; in the second *Herod* seeks to kill him; in the third *Iohn* the Baptist would needs out his humility deny him baptizing; in the fourth he fasts fourty days, and fourty nights, and is tempted in the wilderness; in the fifth he foretells persecutions, and all manner of evill against his Apostles; in the sixth he teacheth his church that strict course of life, in fasting, praying, giving of almes, and forgiving of enemies; in the seventh he concludes his Sermon made on the top of a mountain; in the eighth he comes down, and towards night hath no house to harbour in, nor pillow to rest his head on; in the ninth he is rebuked of the Pharisees for not fasting; in the tenth all men hate his disciples for his sake; in the eleventh they call him that knew no excess, a glutton and a drunkard; in the twelfth they tell him how he casts out devils through *Beelzebub* prince of devils; in the thirteenth they are offended at him, and derive his pedigree from a Carpenter; in the fourteenth *Herod* thinks him to be *Iohn Baptist* ghost; in the fifteenth the Scribes reprehend him for the breach of their traditions; in the sixteenth the Sadducees tempt him for a token; in the seventeenth he pays tribute to Cesar; in all the rest he foretells and executes his passion: now count not chapters but hours, from that hour wherein he was sought for, untill the sixth hour of his crucifying: one betrayes him, another apprehends him, one binds him, another leads him bound from *Pilate* to *Herod*, from *Herod* back again to *Pilate*; thus they never leave him, till his soul leave the world, and he be a dead man amongst them.

Math. Chap.

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You have seen the beginning and increase, and we'll now draw the Curtains, that you may behold the Bridegroom where he lyeth at Noon day, to wit, in the state or vigour of his grievous sufferings.

This state, or *Acme* (say Physicians) is when nature and the disease are in greatest contention, when all the symptoms are become most vehement, so that neither nature or the infirmity, most need.



Keckey, Syst.  
l.3. c.4.

needs have the victory; and although (say Divines) all Christ's life was full of miseries yet principally and chiefly is that called his passion in Scripture, which he endured two dayes before death: and to this extreame passion (saith a Modern) is the purging of sin chiefly attributed. Come then ye that possibly behold, and see, if there was ever any sorrow like unto this sorrow, which is done unto him in the day of Gods anger. His infirmities are now at full, and the symptoms which make it evident unto us, are some inward, some outward, inward in his soul, outward in his body: we'll take a view of them both.

Matth. 26.37.  
Mar. 14.33.  
Luk. 22.44.  
Ioh. 12.27.

First, his soul, it began to be sorrowfull saith Matthew: to be amazed and very heavy saith Mark: to be in an agony saith Luke: to be troubled saith Iohn: Here is sorrow, and heaviness, and agony, and trouble, the estimate whereof we may take from his own words in the garden. *My soul is exceeding sorrowfull; even unto death*: Now was the time he purged, not onely in his body, but his soul too; now was my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father save me from this hour, but for this cause came I unto this hour. A farall hour sure, of which it was said before often, his hour was not yet come, but being come, he could then tell his Disciples, the hour is at hand, and after tell the Jewes, this is your very hour, and the power of darkness: Now was it that Christ yielded his soul for our souls, to the subjection of sorrow, possession of pain, and dissolution of nature: and therefore even lick with sorrow, he never left sweating, weeping, and crying, till he was heard in that which he feared.

Matth. 26.38.  
John 12.77.

Matth. 26.45.  
Luk. 22.53.

Heb. 5.7.

Psal. 45.2.  
Revel. 1.14.

Secondly, as his soul, so his body had her symptoms of approaching death: Our very eye will soon tell us, no place was left in his body where he might be smitten, and was not: his skin was torn, his flesh was rent, his bones unjoynted, his sinews streyned; should we summe up all? See that face of his, fairer then the Sons of men, how it is defiled with spittle, swoln with buffers, masked with a cover of gore-blond; see that head, white as white wooll, and sunn, how is it Crowned with thorns, beaten with a reed, and both head and hair dyed in a sanguine red that issued from it; see those eyes that were as a flame of fire, how they swim with tears, are dim with blond, and darken at the sad approach of dreadful death: see that mouth which speak as never

Revel. ibid.

never man spake, how it is vvan vvith stroaks, grim vvith death, John 7.46. and embittered with that tartest potion of gall and vinegar: Should we any lower? See those *arms* that could embrace all the power of the world, how they are strained and stretched on the Crosse; those *shoulders* that could bear the frame of Heaven, how they are lasht with knotty cords, and whips; those *hands* that made the world, and all therein, how are they nailed and clenched to a piece of wood; that *heart* where never dwelt deceit nor sinne, how it is pierced and wounded with a souldiers spear: those *bowels* that yearned with compassion of others infirmities, how they are drie and pent with straining puls: those *feet* that walked in the wayes of God, how they are boared, and fastened to a Crosse with nayls: from hand to foot there is no part free, but all over he is covered in a mantle of cold blood, whose garments were doft before, and took of them that were his hangmen: Poor Saviour, what a wofull sight is this? A bloody face, thornie head, watery eyes, wan mouth, strained arms, lashed shoulders, nayled hands, wounded heart, griping bowels, boared feet: Here is sorrie pains, when no part is free: and these are the outward Symptomes of his state that appear in his *Body*.

We have thus far seen our Sun (the *Sunne of righteousness*) Mal.4.2. in the day-break, and rising, and height of his suffering: what remains further, but that we come to the *Declination*, and so end our journey for this time?

This *Declination* (say Physicians) is, when *Nature* over-comes sickness, so that all diseases attain not this time, but those, Galen. lib.3. de Cris. cap. 5. and those onely that admit of a Recovery: yet howsoever (saith my \* Authour) there is no true declination before death: there is \* Senert. instit. at least a seeming declination, when sometimes the symptoms may zution. medicina lib.2. par.1. cap.12. de morb. temp. become more remis, because of weak nature yielding to the fury and tyrannie of death overcoming it. I will not say directly, that our Saviour declined thus, either in deed, or in shew: for neither was the cup removed from him, nor died he by degrees; but in perfect sense, and perfect patience both of body and soul, he did voluntarily, and miraculously resigne his Spirit (as he was praying) into the hands of his Father. Here then was the true declination of this Patient, not before death, but in death, and rightly too: for then was it that this Sunne went down in a ruddy Cloud;

Cloud; then was it that this Patient received the last dregs of his *Purge*; then was it that Gods Justice was satisfied, the *consummation* est was effected, all was finished: as for his buriall, resurrection, and ascension which follow after this time they serve not to make any satisfaction for sinne, but onely to confirm it, or apply it, after it was made and accomplished.

Use 1.

Matth. 11. 29.

Matth. 5. 3.

Luke 14. 7.

John 13. 5.

But what use of all this? Give me leave (I pray) to shake the tree, and then do you gather the fruit: from the first part, his birth, we may learn *Humility*, a grace most prevailling with God for the obtaining of all graces; this was it that made *David* King, *Moses* a Governour: nay, what say we to *Christ* himself, who from his first entrance, untill his departure to his Father, was the very mirrour of true *Humility* it self? Learn of me (saith he) to be humble and lowly in spirit, and you shall find rest unto your souls. Hereunto accorded his Doctrine, when he pronounced them *Blessed* who were *poor in spirit*, hereunto accorded his reprehension, when he disliked their manners who were wont to choose out the chief rooms at feasts: hereunto accorded his practice, when he vouchsafed to wash his *Disciples* feet, and to wipe them with the towell wherewith he was girded. O *Humility*, how great are thy riches, that are thus commended to us! thou pleasest men, delightest angels, confoundest devils, and bringest thy Creatour to a Manger, where he is lapped in raggs, and cloathed in flesh! Had we Christian hearts to consider the *Humility* of our Redeemer, and how far he was from our haughty dispositions, it would pull down our Pharisaicall humours, and make us farre better to remember our selves.

Use 2.

Matth. 16. 24.

1. 1.

Secondly, as we learn *humility* from his birth, so we may learn *patience* from his life. If any man will come after me (saith our Saviour) let him deny himself, and take up his crosse and follow me. Dear Christian, if thou wilt be saved, mind thy *Christ*: Art thou abused by lies, reproaches, evil sayings, or doings? we cannot more shew how we have profited in *Christ*s School, then by enduring them all: if *patience* be in our calamities, they are no calamities, but comforts: this is that comfort that keeps the heart from envie, the hand from revenge, the tongue from contumely, and often overcomes our very enemies themselves, without any weapons at all. Come then, and do you learn this lesson of our Blessed Redeemer! are you stricken?

so



so was Christ of the Jews: are you mocked? so was Christ of the Souldiers: are you betrayed of your friends? so was Christ of his Apostle: are you accused of your enemies? so was Christ of the Pharisees: why complain you of being injured and maligned, when you see the Master of the house himself called *Beelzebub*? Hereunto ye are called (saith Peter) for Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps, 1. Pet. 2. 21.  
1. Pet. 2. 21.

Thirdly, as *Patience* from his life, so we may learn *Remorse* Use 3. from his Passion. Is it nothing to you, all ye that passe by? O Lament. 1. 12 look on him, and let this look breed in you a remorse and sorrow for your finnes: Our Saviour labours in the extremities of pangs, his soul is sick, his bodie faints, and would you know the reason? Why, thus is the head wounded that he might renew health to all the body; we sinne, and Christ Jesus is heavie, and sore, and sick, and dies for it: his soul was in our souls stead, his body endured a *Purgatory* for us, that we both in body and soul might escape hell-fire, which our sinns had deserved: who but considers what evils our finnes have done, that will not grieve and mourn at the sinne he hath committed? Oh that my head were a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the finnes of the daughters of my people! We have sinned, we have sinned, and what shall we say to thee, O Saviour of men? Alas! our finnes have whipped thee, scourged thee, crowned thee, crucified thee; and if I have no compassion to weep for Thee, yet, O Lord, give me grace to weep for my self, who have done thus to Thee: O my Saviour! O my finnes! It is I that offend, it is thou must smart for it.

Fourthly, we may yet learn another lesson, Christ (saith Paul) Philip. 2. 8. humbled himself, and became obedient to the death, even the death of the Crosse, Phil. 2. 8. and is it not our parts to be obedient to him who became thus obedient for us? We may gather Humility from his birth, and *Patience* from his life, and *Remorse* from his Passion; and to make up the posse, here is one flower more, *Obedience*, which that Tree also yielded whereon he suffered. If John 14. 15. you love me (saith our Saviour) keep my Commandments. How, blessed Saviour? If you love me? Who will not love thee, who hast so dearly loved us, as to give up thy dearest life for the redemption of our souls? But to tell us that there is no better testi-

Cant. 5. 13.

monic of our love, then to obey his commands, he woos us with these sugared words (*whose lips like Lillies, are dropping down pure Myrrh*) if you love me: If you love me, learn obedience of me, keep my Commandments: and to move us the more (if all this cannot) what love and obedience was there in him think you? Consider, and wonder! That the Sonne of God would banish himself thirty three years from his glorious Majestie; and what more? would be born man; and what more? would be the meanest amongst men; and what more? would endure the miseries of life; and what more? would come to the bitter pangs of death; and what more? would be made obedient to the death, even the death of the Crosse; a degree beyond death. O Sonne of God, whither doth thy humility descend? but thus it must be, the Prophets had foretold it, and according to their propheties the dayes were accomplished, *When he himself must be purged*: He was born, he lived, he suffered, he died, and thus runne round the wheels of those miserable times; *When ] he had by himself purged our finnes.*

*Quò descendit  
humilitas.  
Aug. medit. 7.*

You see the Time's past, and a new Time must give you the remainder of the Text; the Time is when, ] the Person He, ] and he it is that in order vwill next come after, onely have you the patience; till we have the leisure to draw out his picture, and then you shall see him in some mean proportion, *Who had by himself purged our finnes.*

He.]

**V**VE have observed the time *When he purged*, and now time it is that you know the Physician who administers it: the Apostle tells you it is *He ]* that is, Christ our Saviour, who seeing us labour in the pains and pangs of sinne, *he bows the heavens and comes down*; he takes upon him our frailty, that we through him might have the remedie to escape hell fire. Come then, and behold the man, who undertakes this cure of souls; *He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills*, saith Solomon in his Songs: and *would you know his leaps*, saith Gregory? See then how he leaps from his Throne to his Cratch, from his Cratch to his Crosse, from his Crosse to his Crovyn; downwards and upwards, like a Roe or a young Hart upon the mountains of spices.

Cant. 2. 8.

Greg. hom. 39.

His

His first ~~step~~ <sup>leap</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>from</sup> heaven, and this tells us how he was God from everlasting. So said the Centurion. *For- ly this man was the Sonne of God.* *Mark 15. 39.* How else the sinne of man could be otherwise be expiated, but by the Sonne of God; man had sinned and God was offended, therefore God became man, to reconcile man to God. Had he been man alone, not God, he might have suffered, but he could not have satisfied; therefore, this man was God, that in his man-hood he might suffer, and by his God-head he might satisfy. O wonderfull Redemption! that God must take upon him our frailty: had we thus fallen upon the store of vengeance, that none could satisfy, but God himselfe could not he have made his Angels Embassadors, but he himselfe must come in person? no, Angels, or Saints, could neither super-erogate, but if God will save us, God himselfe must come and die for us. In evermore no little benefit, if the King would pardon a Thief, but because the King himselfe should die for this Malefactor, this were a most wonderfull, and indeed beyond all expectation; and yet thus with the King of heaven, which he will for our sake, pardon our faults, but satisfy the Law: we sinned against God, and God against whom we sin must die for it: this is a depth beyond fathoming, an height above all humane reach, what is he? God: no.

But we must fall a little, shall ~~Penitence~~ <sup>Penitence</sup> become a creature; if you ask what creature? I must tell you, though it were an Angel, yet this were a great leap, which no created understanding could measure; what are the Angels in respect of God? he is their Lord, they but his servants, ministers, messengers, and howsoever it would ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> behold their faces, yet cannot the brightest ~~eyes~~ <sup>eyes</sup> stand before God, but they will fall to cover their faces: ~~with a pair of wings~~ <sup>with a pair of wings</sup> the difference may appear in *Revel. 5. 13, 14.* where the *Lamb* is said to sit upon the Throne, but the four Beasts and ~~four~~ <sup>four</sup> ~~wind~~ <sup>wind</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~worship~~ <sup>worship</sup> him. Is not here a great distance between the Lamb in his Throne, and the Beasts at his feet? and yet thus farre will the Lamb descend that for our sakes he will dis throne himselfe, reject his state, take the office of an Angel, to bring us the glad tidings of salvation in purging our finnes.

Isai. 6. 2.  
Rev. 5. 13, 14.

And was he an Angel? nay that was too much, he was made (saith the Apostle) a little lower than the Angels for the suffering



Heb. 2.9.

ing of death, Heb. 2.9. What ? the Son of God to be made lower then the *Angels* ? here was a leap beyond the reach or compass of all humane thoughts ; he that made the *Angels*, is made lower by a little then the *Angels* ; the Creator is not onely become a creature, but inferiour to some creatures that he did create : O yee *Angels*, how stand yee amazed at this humility ? that God your Master should become meaner then his servants, that the Lord of heaven should deny the dignity of powers, principalities, *Cherubims*, *Seraphims*, *Arch-Angell*, or *Angell* : O Iesu ! how contrary art thou to thy aspiring Creatures ? some *Angels* through pride would needs be as God, but God through humility is made lower then the *Angels*, not equall with them, but a note below them, as David that sweet singer of *Israel* sung, thou madest him little lower then the *Angels*, Psalm 8.9.

Psalm 8.9. cited also in the person of Christ.

Heb. 2.7.

Heb. 2.16.

But how much lower ? by a little (saith Paul) and if you would know what that little was, he tels you again, that he took not on him the nature of *Angels*, but he took on him the seed of *Abraham*, Heb. 2.16. Here is that great abyffe, which all the powers of heaven could no less but wonder at : *Abrahams* Lord is become *Abrahams* Son ; the God of *Abraham*, the God of *Isaac*, and the God of *Jacob*, hath took upon him the seed of *Abraham*, the seed of *Isaac*, and the seed of *Jacob* ; wonder above wonders ! that God should take the shape of *Angels*, is more then we can think, but to take on him the nature of man, is more then the tongue of *Angels* can expresse ; that the King of heaven should leave his glorious mansion, and from the bosome of his Father come into the womb of his mother, from that company of *Angels*, and *Arch-Angels*, to a rude rout of sinfull men : Tell ye the daughters of *Sion*, behold thy King cometh unto thee, saith the Prophet *Esay* in the 62. Chap. 11. vers. what could he lesse ? and what canst thou more ? wonderfull love that he would come, but more wonderfull is the manner of his coming ; he that before made man a soul after the image of God, now makes himself a body after the image of man ; and he that was more excellent then all *Angels*, becomes lesser, lower then the *Angels*, even a mortall, miserable, wretched man.

Isai. 62. 11.

But what man ? as he is King of heaven, let him be King of all the world ; if he be man, let him be the ruler of Mankinde ;

no,

no, thou art deceived (O Jew) that expectest in thy Saviour the glory of the world; fear not *Herod* the loss of thy Diadem, for this child is born, not to be thy successor, but if thou wilt believe, to be thy Saviour; was he a King on earth? alas I look through the Chronicles of his life, and you finde him so far from a King, that he is the meanest subject of all men: where was he born but at *Bethlehem*, a little City? where did the Shepherds find him, but in a sorry cottage? who were his Disciples, but poor Fisher-men? who his companions, but Publicans and sinners? is he hungry? where stands his Table, but on plain ground? what are his dainties, but bread and a few fishes? who are his guests, but a rout of hungry starved creatures? and where is his lodging, but at the stern of a ship? here is a poor King, without either presence or bed-chamber, *The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not whereon to lay his head.* Matth. 8.20.

Descend we a little lower, and place him in our own rank, what was he but a Carpenter, say the Jews in scorn? *Is not this the Carpenter, Maries son?* Mark. 6.3. A poor trade sure, but to shew us that he was man, and how much he hated idleness, some time he will bestow in the labours of mans life: but O wonder! if he will reject majesty, let him use at least some of those liberall arts; or if he will be mechanicall, let him choose to some noble trade, *Thy Merchants were the great men of the earth,* said the Angell to Babylon, Apoc. 18.23. Ay, but our Saviour is no Adventurer, neither is he so stockt to follow any such profession; once indeed he travelled into *Egypt* with *Joseph* and *Mary*, but to shew us that it was no prize, you may see *Mary* his mother steal him away by night, without further preparation: what, gone on a suddain? it seems there was no treasure to hide, no hangings to take down, no lands to secure, his mother needs do no more but lock the doors and away: what portion then is for the Lord of heaven? O sweet Jesu, thou must be content for us to hew sticks and stocks, besides which (after his coming out of *Egypt*, about the seventh year of his age, untill his baptisme by *Iohn*, which was the thirtieth) we find little else recorded in any Writers, profane or Ecclesiasticall.

And are we now at our just *Quantum*? alas, what quantity,  
M 2 what

Phil. 2. 7. what bounds hath the humility of our Saviour ? is he a Carpenter ? that were to be master of a trade, but he took on him (saith the Apostle) *the form of a servant*, not a master, Phil. 2. 7. It is true, he could say to his Apostles, *Ye call me master, and Lord, and yee say well, for so I am*, Ioh. 13. 13. and yet at that very instant mark but his gestures, and you may see their Lord and Master, become a servant to his servants : his many offices express his services, when he rose from supper, and laid aside his upper garments, and took a towell and girded himself, and after that he had poured water in a basen, begun to wash his disciples feet, and to wipe them with the towell wherewith he was girded. O ye blessed spirits, look down from heaven, and you may see even the Almighty kneeling at the feet of men ! O yee blessed Apostles, why tremble ye not at this so wonderfull sight of your lovely, lowly Creatour ? Peter, what doest thou ? Is not he the beauty of the heavens, the Paradise of Angels, the brightness of God, the Redeemer of men ? and wilt thou (notwithstanding all this) let him wash thy feet ? no, leave, O Lord, leave this base office for thy servants, lay down the towell, put on thy apparell, see Peter is resolute. Lord, doest thou wash my feet ? no Lord, thou shalt never do it. Yes Peter, thus it must be, to leave thee and us a memoriall of his humility ; I have given you an example (saith Christ) that ye should do as I have done unto you : and what hath he done, but for our sakes is become a servant, yea his servants servant, washing and wiping, not their hands, or heads, but the very meanest, lowest parts, their feet.

Verf. 15.

8.

Luk. 15. 17.

2 Cor. 8. 9.

Matth. 17. 27.

And yet there is a lower fall, How many hired servants (saith the Prodigall) at my fathers house have bread enough, and I die for hunger ? and as if our Saviours case were like the Prodigals, you may see him little lower then a servant, yea little better then a beggar : Yee know (saith the Apostle) the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, 2 Cor. 8. 9. poor indeed, and so poor, that he was not worth a penny to pay tribute, till he had borrowed it of a fish, Mat. 17. 27. See him in his birth, in his life, in his death, and what was he but a pilgrim, that never had house to harbour in ? a while he lodges in an oxen-stall, thence he flies into Ægypt, back he comes into Galilee, anon he travels to Jerusalem, within a while (as if all his life were but a wandering) you may see

see



see him on mount Calvary hanging on the cross, was ever any beggars life more miserable? he hath no house, no money, no friends, no lands, and howsoever he was God the disposer of all; yet for us he became man, a poor man, a mean man, yea the meanest of all men: and this another step downwards.

9.

But this now low enough, men are the image of God: ay but the Son of God is not used as a man, but rather as a poor dumb beast appointed to the slaughter: what was he but a sheep, said *Esay* of him? *Eesai. 53.7.* a sheep indeed, and that more especially in these two qualities. First, as a sheep before the shearer is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth: and to this purpose was that silence of our Saviour: when all those evidences came against him, he would not so much as drop one syllable to defend his cause: if the high Priests question him, *What is the matter that these men witness against thee?* *Matthew* tells us that *Jesus held his peace, Mat. 26.63.* If *Pilate* say unto him *Behold how many things they witness against thee,* *Mark* tells us, that *Jesus answered him nothing, Mark. 15.5.* If *Herod* question with him in many words, because he had heard many things of him, *Luke* tells us, that he answered him nothing, *Luk. 23.9.* As a poor sheep in the hands of the shearer, he is dumb before his Judges and accusers, whence briefly we may observe, *Christ came not to defend, but to suffer condemnation.* Secondly (as a sheep he is dumb, and) as a sheep he is slain; *He was led* (saith the Prophet) *Esa. ibid.* as a sheep to the slaughter. O *Jesu!* art thou come to this? to be a man who art God, a sheep, who art man, and so for our sakes far inferiour to our selves: nay worse, a sheep: how? not free, as one that is leaping on the mountains or skipping on the hills; no, but a sheep that is led:] led whether? not thither as *David* was, who could say of his Shepherd, that he fed him in green pastures, and led him forth besides the waters of comfort: no, but led to the slaughter. He is a sheep, a sheep led, a sheep led to the slaughter; and such a slaughter, that were he a dumb creature, yet great ruth it were to see him so handled as he was by the Jewes.

And yet will his humility descend a little lower, as he was the poorest of men, so the least of sheep; like a lamb, saith the Apostle, *Act. 8.32.* and, *Behold the Lamb* (said *Iohn the Baptist*) even the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world,

Joh. 1. 29.

Exod. 12. 5.  
and 13.Luk. 23. 4.  
1 Pet. 1. 2.

Cant. 1. 8.

Psal. 22. 6.

Job 17. 14.  
Job 25. 6.

12.

Esaï. 40. 17.

Phil. 2. 7.

*Ex omni seip-  
sum ad nihil  
redegit: Beza  
in loc.**Tert. ad Mar.  
45.*

Joh. 1. 29. This was that *Lamb* which the *Paschall Lamb* pre-figured, *Yong Lamb* (saith God to the *Israelites*) *shall be a Lamb without blemish, and the blood shall be a token for you, that I will pass over you*, Exod. 12. 13. But was ever *lamb* like the *Lamb of God*? he is without blemish, saith *Pilate*, *I find no fault in him*, Luk. 23. 4. and the *sprinkling of his blood* (saith *Peter*) *is the right token of election*, 1 Pet. 1. 2. Such a *lamb* was this *Lamb without blemish* in his life, and whose blood was sprinkled at his death, in life and death ever suffering for us, who (had he not done so) should for ever and ever have suffered our selves. Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest! saith the Church in Canticles. tell me? yes: If thou knowest not (saith our Saviour) go thy way forth by the foot-steps of the flock, Cant. 1. 8. Our Saviour is become a man, a sheep, a lamb, or if this be not humility enough, he will yet take a leap lower.

What is he but a *worm*, and no man yea the very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people, Psal. 22. 6. Did you ever think we could have brought our Saviour to thus low a degree? what, beneath a *lamb*, and no better then a *worm*? Heaven and earth may well ring of this, as being the greatest wonder that ever was: there is any bitter potion due to man, which the Son of God will not partake of to the utmost dregs; and therefore if *Job* say to the *worm*, *thou art my sister, and mother*; nay, if *Blind* say, *Man is a worm, and the son of man is but a worm*, which is more then kindred: behold our Saviour stooping thus low himself, what is he but a *man*? nay, as if that were too much, a *worm*, and not a *man*, as sung the Psalmist of him.

I am so low, that unless we think him *no body*, we can down no lower; and yet here is one leap more, that if we take a view of it, we may suppose him to be nothing in esteem, a *No-body* indeed. Look we at every man in respect of God, and the Prophet tells us, *All nations before him are as nothing*, Esaï. 40. 17. And if man be thus, why sure the son of man will be no lesse: see then (to the wondrous astonishment of men and Angels) how greatness it self, to bring man from nothing, *Exinanivit se, hath made himself nothing, or of no reputation*, Phil. 2. 7. How? *nothing*: yes, saith *Beza*; *He that was all in all, hath reduced himself to that which is nothing at all*: and *Tertullian* little less, *Exhaustit se, He hath emptied himself, or as our translation gives*

it,

it, *He hath made himself* (not of little, but) *of no reputation.*

Lo here those steps (the Scripture lighting us all the way) by which our Saviour descended; he that is God, for us became an *Angel, a man, a Serving-man, a poor man, a sheep, a lamb, a worm, a nothing in esteem, a man of no reputation.*

Let every soul learn his duty from hence; what should we *1. Use.* do for him, who hath done all this for us? There is a crew of unbelievers that hear and heed not: all the sufferings of our Saviour cannot move them a jot, either towards God, or from sin, and is not this a wofull lamentable case? I remember a passage in *Cyprian*, how he brings in the Devill triumphing over Christ in this manner: *As for my followers, I never dyed for them, as Christ did for his, I never promised them so great a reward, as Christ hath done to his; and yet I have more followers then he, and they do more for me, then his do for him: hear, O heaven! and hearken O earth? Was ever the like phrensie? The Devill, like a roaring Lion, seeks ever and anon to devour our souls, and how many thousands, and millions of souls yield themselves to his service, though he never died for them, nor will ever do for them the poorest favour whatsoever, but pay them everlastingly with pains and pangs, death and damnation? On the other side, see our Saviour (God Almighty) take on him the nature of a man, a poor man, a sheep, a lamb, a worm, a nothing in esteem; and why all this? but onely to save our souls, and to give them heaven and salvation: yet such is the condition of a stubborn heart, that (to choose) it will spurn at heavens crown, and run upon hell, and be a slave to Satan, and scoff at Christs suffering, yea and let out his blood, and pull out his heart, and bring him a degree lower then very *beelzebub* himself, rather then it will submit to his will, and march under his banner to the kingdome of heaven. Hence it is, that the Devill so triumphs over Christ, *As for my followers, (saith he) I never died for them as Christ did for his: no Devill, thou never diedst for them, but thou wilt put them to a death without all ease or end. Think of this, yee unbelievers; me thinks like a thunderbolt, it might shake all your hearts, and dash them into pieces.**



But a word more to you, of whom I hope better things; let me exhort the Saints, that you for your parts, will ever love, and serve, and honour, and obey, and praise the Lord of glory, for this so wonderfull a mercy; I pray, have you not cause? had your Saviour onely sent his creatures to serve you, or some Prophets to advise you in the way of salvation, had he onely sent his Angels to attend you, and to minister unto you; or had he come down in his glory, like a King that would not onely send to the prison, but come himself to the dungeon, and ask, saying, *Is such a man here?* or had he onely come and wept over you, saying, *Oh that you had never sinned;* all these had been great mercies: But that Christ himself should come, and strive with you in mercy and patience, that he should be so fond of a company of Rebels and Hel-hounds, (and yet we are not at the lowest) that he would for us become *a man, a mean man, a lamb, a worm, a nothing in esteem.* O all ye stubborn hearts, (too much stubborn are we all) if judgement and the hammer cannot break your hearts, yet let this mercy break you, and let every one say, *O Iesu hast thou done all this for me? certainly I will love thee, and praise thee, and serve thee, and obey thee as long as I live.* Say so, and the Lord say Amen to the good desires of your hearts. To what this on the more, remember still, it is *you* that should have suffered, but to prevent this, it is *he* that was humbled, it is *he* that was crucified, it is *he* that was purged: what needs more? *I am he*, said Christ to the Jews when they apprehended him; *He?* what *he?* I know not what: but be *he* what he will, *he* it is, our Saviour, Redeemer, Physician, Patient, *Who had by himself purged our sinnes.*

John 18.5.

Thus far we have measured his steps downwards, and should we go up again the same stairs, we might bring him as high as we have placed him low: but his ascent belongs rather to the words following my Text; for after *he had purged*, then *he sate down on Gods right hand on high.* Come we then to the next words, and as you have seen the Person, so let us look for a companion; *This may in miserie yield some comfort, if but any society bears a share in his misery;* But me thinks I hear you say to me, as the Athenians said to Paul, *We wil hear thee again of this matter another time.*

By

By himself ]

**T**He Time and Physician have prepared a *Purge*; but who is the Patient to receive it? it is man is sick, and it is man must purge, or otherwise he dies without all remedie or recoverie: but alas! what *Purge* (what *Purgatory*) must that be which can evacuate sinne? Should man take all the vertue of herbes and minerais, and distill them into one sublimo and purest quintessence, yet impossible were it to wash away sinne: or the least dregs of its corruption: Not *Galen* nor *Hippocrates*, nor all the Artists, or Naturalists that ever lived on earth could find out, or invent any remedie for sinne; this must be a work of Grace, and not of Nature; yea, and such a grace as neither man nor Angel could afford: Behold then who it is that both administers and takes the receipt prepared; it is man that sinned, and God is become man, that so being both, he might administer it as God, and receive it as man, the same Person, being Physician and Patient, Compounder and Purger.

But, what a wonder is this? Are we a-dying, and must he purge for it? can Physick given to the sound, heal the party that is sick? It was the saying of our Saviour, *The whole need not the Physician, but they that are sick*, and Christ Jesus for his part is whole indeed, *No fault in this man*, saith *Pilate*; and he is a just man, said *Pilates* wife of him: to what end then should he purge that is whole, and we escape it that are sick? O this is to manifest the dearest love of our Soul-Physician, our endeared Saviour; *the whole indeed need not the Physician*, he need no physick, no Purge, no Physician at all, but for us he is become a Physician himself, for us he became Physician and Patient: for us he was sick, for us he purged, that we through him might escape that danger of eternall fire.

But how purged he? *By himself*? Was there none to associate him in this misery? no, he purged by himself ] onely, and that without a

{ Partner.

{ Comforter.

First, without a partner, there was none that laid a finger in the burthen of his Crosse to ease him: why, Blessed Saviour, thou hast Myriads of Angels waiting on Thee, and can they not a little lighten

lighten thy heaue yoke? No, the *Angels* are blessed, but they are finite and limited, and therefore unable to this expiation of *sinne*.

*Rem. Coll. 1. sec. 4.* But what say we of the *Saints*? if you will believe the *Rhe-*  
mists, they can tell you that the sufferings of *Saints* (sanctified in *Christ's* blood) haue not onely a forcible satisfaction for the Church, and its members; but withall they are the accomplish-  
ment of the want of *Christ's* passion; an horrible blasphemy: as if *Christ's* were not sufficient in it self, but his wants must be supplied by the satisfaction of others; my Text tells me, *Christ* purged by himself. ] therefore not by any other, but sufficiently in his own person; and as for that Text they urge against us,

*Col. 1. 24.*

*Coloss. 1. 24.* Now rejoyce I in my sufferings for you, and fulfill the rest of the afflictions of *Christ* in my flesh for his bodies sake which is the Church; whence they argue these two points, first the want of *Christ's* sufferings, and secondly, the abounding of *Saints* sufferings for the satisfaction of others. To the first we answer, that the afflictions of *Christ*, which the Apostle saith, I fulfill, are not meant of the afflictions which *Christ* suffered in his Person, but in his members, thus *Augustine*; Non dixit presuratum meorum, sed *Christi*; quia membrum erat *Christi*, The Apostle saith not, my afflictions, but *Christ's*, because he was a member of *Christ*. who is usually said to suffer both with, and in his members. To the second we answer, that *Paul's* sufferings, for his body which is the Church, served not for satisfaction, but for confirmation of their faith; thus *Ambrose*, *Christ's* passion sufficeth to salvation, *Peter* and *Paul's* passion serve onely for ex-

*August. tract. in Joh. 108.*

*Christi passio nobis sufficit ad salutem, Petri & Pauli contulit ad exemplum. Ambr. serm. 66.*

ample; so then if you will have the true sense of the words, they run thus; Now rejoyce I in my sufferings for you, whereby I fulfill the measure of those tribulations which remain yet to be endured of *Christ* in his mysticall body; which I do for the bodies sake, not to satisfie for it, but to confirm it, or strengthen it in the Gospel of *Christ*; and good reason have we to admit of this comment; otherwise how is *Christ* a perfect Saviour, if any act of our redemption be left to the performance of any Saint or Angel? no it is *Christ*, and onely *Christ* *Jesus*, and onely *Jesus*, nor is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, *Acts 4. 12.*

*Acts 4. 12.*

3.

But if not *Angels*, or *Saints*, what say we of good Works? Cannot



Cannot they expiate sinne? yea, say our aduersaries, they are meritorious, and applicatory; and expiatorie, so here is a three-fold use of them, what? I haue Christ purged by himself? and is there any other means whatsoever to expiate sinners? no saith the Apostle, so incompatible are these two, his grace, and our works, that if it be of grace, it is no more of works, or else grace were no more grace; and if it be of works, it is no more grace, or else works were no more works. By grace then ye are/audded not of works, lest any man should boast himself, Ephes. 2. 8, 9.

ST. I THOMAS I

Rom. 11. 6.

Ephes. 2. 8, 9.

But if no purging by Angels, Saints, nor good works, what say we to purgatory it self? we say it is a fable, or were it an Article of Faith (as the Pontificians affirm) let us have Scripture for it; yea saith Roffensis, *We went through fire and water*, Psal. 66. 12. and Sir Thomas Moore will haue more Scripture yet, *I haue sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water*, Zach. 9. 11. here are two places for Purgatory, and one saith, there is water, the other saith, there is no water; but to say truth of both the Catholick faith, resting upon diuine authoritie beliethe heauen and hell, but third place (saith Augustina) we know none, neither find we in holy Scripture, that there is any such place: neither speaks he onely of places eternall, that are to continue for ever, for he purposely disputes against *Lambus purgatorium*: and rejects all places temporary; yea, elsewhere he acknowledgeth, there is no middle place at all, but he must needs be with the Devil, that is not with Christ: away then with those paper walls, and painted fires, a bug (could Flauding once say) meet onely to fray children; God will haue no rivall in sinnes purge, no Angel in Heauen, no Saints, no Works on earth; no purgatory under earth, it is he himself will purge it by himself, my text affirms it, (and who dares gainsay it) that he by himself (by no other) hath purged our sinnes.

Roffen. contra

Luther. art. 37.

Psal. 66. 12.

Zach. 9. 11.

Aug. hypog. 1. 5.

tom. 7.

Aug. de pec.

merit. & re-

miss. l. 1. c. 28.

Juel. def. Apol.

2. part.

Thus farre you have seen Christ purging without a partner, he trod the winepresse alone, and there was none to help him; but of the bitterness of this purge that admits of no help, no ease, as he hath no partner to help him, so no Comforter to chear him in his sorrowfull sufferings.

Esay 63. 3.

Some case it is to haue one or other touched with the sense of our miseries, and if they cannot help us, yet to do what they can (be it onely to condole us) it were a comfortable refresh-

Solamen mi-

seris sociis,

&c.

ing ; ay, but our Saviour finds no refreshing at all, *he purged by himself, without a Partner, without a Comforter ; not any one one earth or in heaven, that afforded his poor heart any cure or cordiall. First, look on earth, for to them doth he address that speech in Lamentations, is it nothing to you all ye that pass by ? the most grievous torments find some mitigation in the supply of friends, and what friends hath our Saviour to comfort him in his torments ?*

1. If you say the *Gentiles* ; I must confess he found faith in some, and a seeming favour from others : the Centurion is witness of the one ; of whom our Saviour himself confessed, *I have not found so great faith no not in Israel, Matth. 8. 10.* and *Pilate* gives a token of the other, when *he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just man, Matth. 27. 24* but alas I did *Pilate* so favour him as to free him ? no, he fears to condemn him being innocent, and yet dares not absolve him, being so envyed as he was by the *Jewes* ; what then can a little water ? what can *Jordan's* floods ? what can *rivers of wine, and oil* do, towards the washing of those hands, that *had power to release him* and would not ? he knew *they had delivered him of envy, Matth. 27. 18.* he confesses, *I find no fault in this man, Luk. 23. 14.* he tells him that *he had power to crucifie him, and he had power to loose him, John 19. 10.* and yet fondly would he wash away the guilt of his unjust sentence, with a little water on his hands ; no *Pilate*, that ceremony cannot wash away thy sin, that sin I mean, which thou and the *Gentiles* in thee committed, in delivering of *Jesus to the will of the Jewes.*

Luk. 23. 25.

2.

But if delivered to the *Jewes*, sure it is well enough ; he is their Country-man, Kinsman, of the stock of *Abraham*, of the Tribe of *Juda*, of the Family of *Ioseph* ; but this rather aggravates then allaiies his misery, that his own people should degenerate into Traitors : not a *Gentile*, but a *Jew* to be his Executioner ? what torment had not been a lenitive, and a recreation in comparifon of this ? *Daniels* Den, the three Childrens Furnace, *Esays* wooden Saw, *Israels* fiery Serpents, the *Spanish* Inquisition, the *Romish* Purgatory, are all as far short in torture, as the last of them in truth, to the malice of a *Jew*, witness our Saviours death, when they all conspired not only

only to scourge him, mock him, buffet him, flay him; but to flay him in such a manner, as to hang him on nails, and to make the Cross his Gibbet,

But what? no comforter amongst them all? do the Gentiles condemn him? will the Jewes crucifie him? and is there none to pity him? Yes, what say we of his Disciples, that heard him, followed him, and were sent of him by two and two into every City and place, whether he himself should come? Would you think that these seventy, (for they were so many in number) which for a time did his Embassage with joy, would now have forsaken him? yes, if you mark it, many of them went back, and would walk no more with him. Some stumble at his Doctrine, others at his passion, But all were offended, as it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered, Matth. 26.31.

Yet if the Gentiles reject him, they do but like Gentiles who were ignorant of God; if the Jewes hate and maligne him, it is but their old wont of killing the Prophets; if the Disciples that are weaker, faint, and waver in faith, it was no more then was said of them: O ye of little faith! but what say we to the twelve Apostles, those Secretaries of his mysteries, Stewards of his mercies, almoners of his bounties, will they also go away, and leave him comfortless alone? no, saith Peter say, Master, to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternall life, Joh. 6.68. or if he will have deeper protestations; I am ready to go with thee (saith Peter) into prison and to death, Luk. 22.33. to death? yes, though I die with thee, I will not deny thee, and thus said all his Disciples, Matth. 26.35. and yet like Jonas Gourd, when the Sun beates hottest, how soon are they all gone, and vanished away? loe one betrays him, another forswears him, all run from him, and leave him alone in the midst of all his enemies.

And yet if his Apostles leave him, what say we to Mary his mother, and other his friends? these indeed waite on him, seeing, sighing, wailing, weeping, but alas! what do those tears but increase his sorrows? might he not justly say with Paul, What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? Act. 21.13. Pity, and of all other feminine pity, it is the poorest, helpless salve of misery; but howsoever it was to others, this was so far from any

8c. 2. du. I

1.

Luk. 10.1.

Luk. 10.17.

Joh. 6.66.

Matth. 26.31.

Matth. 23.31.

Matth. 8.26.

Joh. 6.68.

Luk. 22.33.

Matth. 26.35.

5.

Act. 21.13.

salvo



Luk. 23. 28.

salve to him, as 'tis one of his greatest, tenderest sores about him : *Daughters of Ierusalem, weep not for me, but weep for your selves, and your children.* O see the wonder of compassion which he bears to others in his passion ; he hath more care of the women that follow him weeping, then on his own mangled self, that reels along fainting and bleeding even unto death, the tears that drop from their eyes is more to him, then all the bloud in his veins, and therefore careless (as it were) of his own sacred person, he *turns about* his blessed bleeding face to the weeping women, affording them looks and words too of compassion, of consolation, *weep not for mee, but weep for your selves and your children* : But O blessed Saviour, didst thou flow unto us in showrs of Bloud, and may not we drop a tear for all those purple streams of thine ? yes Lord, thou dost not here forbid us weeping, onely thou turnest the stream of our tears the right way ; that is to say, homewards into our own bosomes, pointing us to our *sins*, the truest cause of thy sufferings.

Luk. 23. 38.

6.

John 16. 2.

But as for comfort to our Saviour, whence (trow ye) may it come ? if we compass the earth, *the Gentiles, Iewes, his Disciples, Apostles, Mary his own Mother, and all other his friends*, they are but as *Iobs miserable comforters* all ; but let us go up into heaven, and there (if any where) be his *comforters* indeed : alas ! what *comforters* ? If you imagine the *Angels*, it is true they could attend him in the Desert, and comfort him in the Garden, but when he came to the main act of our Redemption, not an *Angell* must be seen : how, not seen ? no, they must not so much as look through the windows of heaven to give him any ease at all ; nor indeed were it to any purpose if they should ; for who can lift up, where the Lord will cast down ? O yee blessed *Angels*, how is it that your Hallelujahs cease ? that your songs which you warbled at his birth, are finished at his death ; that your glorious company, which are the delight of happy souls is denied to him, who is the Lord and Maker both of you and them : why, thus it must be for our sakes : *I am full of heaviness* (said our Saviour in his type) *and I looked for some to take pity, but there was none, and for comforters, but I found none*, Psal. 69. 20.

Psal. 69. 20.

7.

And yet if the *Angels* be no comforters, he hath a *Father in heaven*

heaven that is nearer to him : I and my father are one (saith our Saviour) and it is my Father that honoureth mee, Ioh. 8. 34. it is my Father that loveth me, Ioh. 10. 17. it is my Father that dwelleth in me, Ioh. 14. 10. and howsoever others forsake mee, and leave me alone; (as himself proclaims it) yet I am not alone, because the Father is with mee, Ioh. 16. 32. Is it so, (sweet Saviour) whence then was that sorrowfull complaint of thine; My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Leo it is that first reconciled it, and all antiquity allow of it: the union was not dissolved, but the beams, the influence was restrained. Affe-  
 ctione iustitie (saith Scotus) he was ever united to his Father, because he ever loved, trusted, and glorified him; but affectio-  
 ne commodi, that delight ever emergent from that divine visi-  
 on, was for a time suspended, and therefore was it that his  
 body drooped, his soul fainted, he being even as a scorched  
 Heath-ground, without any drop of dew of the divine comfort  
 on it.

Marth. 27. 46.

Non solvit u-  
 nionem, sed  
 subtraxit vi-  
 sionem.  
 Scotus 4. sent.  
 D. 46. 2.  
 resp. ad princip.  
 argum.

Yet be it that his Father now forsakes him, will he forsake himself? O yes! he burns in the fiery furnace of affliction, without all manner of refreshing; and this was in that was figured in the Law, by those two Goats offered for the sins of the people; whereof the one was the Scape-Goat, and the other was the Offering: the scape-goat departed away, and was sent into the wilderness, but her companion was left alone in the torments, and made a Sin-Offering for the people; even so was this Sacrifice of God; man, man-God, blessed for ever, the humanity was offered, but the divinity escaped; the humanity suffered for the sins of the world, but the divinity departed away in the midst of sufferings, and left her sister and companion all alone in the torments: thus he purged himself, himself only in his humanity, no other with him, all other left him; the Gentiles, Jewes, Disciples, Apostles, Mary his mother, and God his Father, nay he himself is bereaved of himself, the humanity of his divinity, if not in respect of the union, yet as touching the consolation: when he hat by himself (in his humane nature, without any comforter) purged our  
 sins.

8.

Levit. 16. 20.

Thus far you have seen Christ drink the cup of his bitter pains, pure and without mixture of any manner of ease; what now remains

Use.

Psal. 116. 13.

Psal. 148. 2.

remains, but that we have some use of it? *I will take the cup of affliction* (saith David) and call upon the Name of the Lord. Psal. 116. 13. and what can we less, if our Saviour hath begun to us in pain, shall not we afford him our thanks? the Cup of death could not passe from him, and must the Cup of Salvation be removed from us? *Praise him, praise him all his Hosts*: howsoever he was alone in his sufferings, let us all bear the burdens in a song of thanksgiving, and in this song let us sing weeping, and weeping sing, our sins may draw the tears which were the cause of his sufferings, and our satisfaction may make us sing, which those his sufferings did effect: what needs more? he suffered by himself for the cause of our sins, the effect our salvation; let us motion for the one, and praise him for the other; praise him, and him alone, for he had no partner in his sufferings, nor will he have any in our thanks, he had no comforter in his miserie, nor will any share with him, in the duty we owe him of praising his Name. *Alas, have we not reason (saith you) to give all the glory unto him? it was he that suffered that which we deserved. he purged by himself* when we our selves lay sick of sin, in perill of death and damnation; yea, he was alone he could not when there was no other remedy for our recovery, yea, he by himselfe purged our sin, and purged our sin, yet on him we should not think.

Thus far you have seen the Patient, and order only requires that we prepare the Receipt, the Patient was himselfe, the Receipt is a Purge, but to what purpose? *to purge* must save a further time, and in the mean while, and remember him in your thoughts, who hath done all this for you, and the Lord make you thankful.

**Y**ou see who it is that hath freed us from sin, to wit Christ our Saviour without a Compurgator, *he purged by himselfe* but what did he by himselfe? do we say *he purged*? what need he to purge, who never committed any sin in thought, word, or deed? it is without doubt he needs not, and yet do it he will, not to clear himself, but us.

But this Purge doth imply a medicine, and so we must apply



ply it, a medicine it was, and many medicines he used for the curing of mans soul; the first by diet, when he fasted *fourty days and forty nights*. Matth. 4.2. the second by Elecuary, when he gave his most precious *body and blood in his last Supper*, Matth. 26.26. The third by sweat, when *great drops of blood issued from him falling down to the ground*; Luk. 22.44. The fourth by plaister, when he was *spit upon by the Jewes*, Mark 15.19. The fifth by potion, when he tasted *vinegar mingled with gall*, Matth. 27.34. The sixth by letting of blood, when his hands and feet were pierced, yea, when his *heart vein was stricken*, and his *side goured with a Spear*; Joh. 19.34. the last (which contains all the rest) was by *purge*, when by all his sufferings (and especially by his blood shed) he *washed us from our sins*, Revel. 1.5. Here was the cures of all cures which all the *Galileists* in the world may admire with reverence, that our Lord and Saviour should become our surety, that our soul-Physician should become our *Purger*; how? not by giving us Physick, but by receiving it for us; we (miserable wretches) lay sick of sin, and he (our Physician) hath by himself purged and delivered us of it.

Matth. 4.2.

Matth. 26.26.

Luk. 22.44.

Mark. 15.19.

Matth. 27.34.

Joh. 19.34.

Revel. 1.5.

Observ.

1 Pet. 1.19.

1 Joh. 1.7.

Rev. 1.5.

Rom. 5.9.

Heb. 13.12.

Heb. 9.22.

But that we may the better see how this Purge wrought with him, we must know, that *purging* in generall, is taken for any evacuation whatsoever: and to say truth in a word, the *evacuation of Christs blood was the right purging of our sins*. Hence is it, that (as Scriptures affirm) *the blood of Christ doth redeem us, cleanse us, wash us, justify us, sanctifie us: We were redeemed by his blood*, 1 Pet. 1.19. and *his blood cleanseth us from all sin*, 1 Joh. 1.7. and *he washed us from our sins in his blood*, Revel. 1.5. and *being now justified by his blood*, Rom. 5.9. and therefore *Iesus suffered, that he might sanctifie the people with his own blood*, Heb. 13.12. This blood was it that was believed by the Patriarchs, witnessed by the Sacrifices, shadowed in the figures of the Law, expected of all the faithfull from the beginning of the world; and therefore the Apostle concludeth, *almost all things are by the Law purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission*, Heb. 9.22. It is true, Christ purged by his death and other his sufferings, and yet are all these contained in the shedding of his blood: this blood is the foundation of true Religion, for other foundati-

on can no man lay. Therefore neither was the first Testament ordained without blood, Heb. 9. 18. Nor is the new Testament otherwise sealed, then with blood, Matth. 26. 28. What needs more? If the blood of Bulls and of Goats (in the old Testament) sanctified to the purifying of the flesh; how much more shall the blood of Christ (in the new Testament) purge your Consciences from dead works, to serve the living God. Heb. 9. 13, 14. O sweet blood of our Saviour that purgeth our Consciences, evacuates our dead works; restores us to our God, will bring us unto heaven.

But O my Saviour, when didst thou shed thy blood, and thy garments like him that treadeth wine, and thy precious blood that hath given this new? yes, and thy right hand dipped in the wine for us, and that we may the better see the colour, let us distinguish the times when his Blood was shed for us.

Six times, saith a Modern; seven times, saith Bernard, did Christ shed his blood for us; and (to reduce them in order) the first was at his Circumcision; when his name Jesus was given him, which was so named of the Angel, before he was conceived in the womb; and was this without Mystery? no (saith Bernard), for by the effusion of his blood he was to be our Jesus, our Saviour. Blessed Jesus! how ready art thou for the sacrifice? What? but eight days old, and then to shed thy blood for the salvation of our souls? *Maturum hoc Martyrium*; here is a mature Martyrdom indeed. It is a superstition took up with the Egyptians and Arabians, that Circumcision should fright away devils; and the Jews have a conceit not much unlike: for when the child is Circumcised, one stands by with a vessel full of dust into which they cast the Prepuce: the meaning of it is, that whereas it was the curse of the Serpent, *Dust shalt thou eat all the dayes of thy life*; they suppose therefore the Prepuce (or fore skin) being cast into the dust, the Devill by that Covenant eats his own meat; and so departs from the child. But howsoever they erre, of this we are sure, that Christ destroyed his flesh as a bait to Satan; held him fast with the hook of his Divinity through the bleeding of his blood; this blood was it first shed at his Circumcision; and we cannot imagine it a little pain, seeing the flesh was cut with a sharp stone which made *Siphon* cry out against Moses, Surely a bloody

1 Cor. 3. 11.  
Heb. 9. 18.  
Matth. 26. 28.

Heb. 9. 13, 14.

Esay 63. 2.

\* Adams Crux-  
fix.

\* Bern. de pas-  
sione Domini.  
cap. 36.

Luk. 2. 21.  
Bern. ibid.

Ambros. l. 2. de  
patriarch. A-  
braham.

Gen. 3. 14.  
Pet. Mart loc.  
com. class. 4. c. 7.  
Symbol. Ruffini  
Tomo Jerony-  
mi. 4.

dy husband and their common: what a love is this, that Christ newly born should so early shed his blood: but all was for our sakes; for the salvation of our souls. *Exod. 4. 25.*

You see one vein opened, but in his second effusion not one, but all the veins in his body fell a bleeding at once, and this was at his passion in the garden, when (as the Evangelist testifies) he fell into an agony, and his sweat was like drops of blood, trickling down to the ground: here is a physick purgative indeed, when all his body evacuates sweat like drops of blood: but what? be the pleurisie never so great, how strange is the phlebotomy; it seems not to console where the sign lies, you see all his body falls at once to sweating and bleeding, not is the cure less strange then the physick; for we had suffered, and it is he that purgeth; we had the fever, and it is he that sweats and bleeds for the recovery of our health; did you ever hear of such a remedy as this? oftentimes a bleeding in the head (say Physicians) is best stop by striking a vein in the foot, but here the malady is in the foot, and the remedy in the head; we (silly wretches) lay sick of sin, and Christ our Saviour purgeth it out by a sweat like drops of blood trickling down to the ground: here is a wonder, no violence is offered, no labour is sustained, he is abroad too in the raw ayr, and laid down grovelling on the colder earth, or if all this be not enough to keep him from sweating, the night is cold (so cold that harder souldiers were faine to have a fire within doors) and yet notwithstanding all this, he sweats saith the Text: how sweats? it is not *sudor diaphoreticus*, a thin faint sweat, but *grungetus*, of great drops, and those so many, so violent, as they pierce not onely his skin, but clothes too, trickling down to the ground in great abundance; and yet may all this fall within the compass of a naturall possibility. But a sweat of blood puts all reason to silence, yes, saith Hilary, it is against nature to sweat blood, and yet (how soever nature stands aghast) the God of nature goes thus far, that in a cold night (which naturally draws blood inwards) he sweats without heat, and bleeds without a wound. See all his body is besprinkled with a Crimson dew, the very veins and pores, not waiting the tormentors fury, pour out a shower of blood upon the suddain; foul sin that could not be cleansed save onely by such a bath! what? must our suffers be thus sweat out by our Saviour? Yes (saith Bernard) we sin, and our

2.

Luk. 22. 44.

Contra naturam est sudare sanguinem.  
Hillar. l. 10. trinitate.



Bern. in ramis  
Palmarum,  
serm. 3.

Saviour weeps for it, not onely with his eyes; but with all the parts of his bodie: and why so? but to this end, *That the whole body of his Church might be purged with the tears of his whole body.* Come then ye sons of Adam, and see your Redeemer in this heavie case! if such as be kind and loving are wont (when they come to visit their friends in death or danger) to observe their countenance, to consider their colour, and other accidents of their bodies; tell me, ye that in your Contemplations behold the face of your Saviour; What think you when you see in him such wonderfull, strange, and deadly signes? our sweat (howsoever caused) is most usuall in the face or forehead; but our Saviour sweats in all his bodie, and how then was that face of his disfigured when it stood all on dros, and the drops not of a wattrie sweat, but of scarlet blood? O my heart! how canst thou but rend into a thousand pieces? O my beloved! *well may our eyes shed tears at this, when his veins thus shed their blood for us.*

3.  
Bern. de Pass.  
Dom. c. 38.  
Esay 50.6.

But here is yet a third effusion of blood, and that (as Bernard tels us) was in *vellicatione genarum*. in the nippings and tearings of his sacred cheeks, to this bears the Prophet witness, *Esay 50.6. I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to the nippers; or as our later Translation, I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair:* whether his cheeks were torn, or his beard plucked off, some vary in opinion: Bernard thinks both might be true; or howsoever we believe, most probable it is, that neither of them could be effected without effusion of blood. And now me thinks I see that face fairer then the sonnes of men spit on by the Jews; nor is their scorn without some cruelty; for in the next Scene they exercise their fists, which that they may do with more sport to them, and spight to him, they first *blindfold him, and then smiting him on the face, they bid him read who it is that strikes him;* and yet (as if whitenesse of their spittle, and blewness of their strokes, had not caused enough colours) they once more die his rosie countenance in a bloody red; to this end do they *nip his cheeks* with their nails, and (as others) *pluck off his hair* with their fingers, whereby streams and stroaks of blood run down his cheeks, and drop down at his chin to his lower garments: O sweet face of our Saviour, what mean these sufferings, but to tell us, if ever *confusion cover our face* for him, that we consider then how blood and sweat thus covered his face for us.

Bern. ibid.

Luke 22.64.

But

But yet here's a fourth edition of his Crucifixion: the blow  
drew not blood enough from his face, and therefore he must  
must fetch more from his head. *Job 21.35.*  
*should with a beating his head against the wall*  
*should with a beating his head against the wall*  
in field of many a becke, as you see in picture, and for that  
one dangerous blow to his head, as in his shoulder as a man  
to beat it in upon his head, to make a Crown: and for that  
but neither is it for a man's head, but for a man's head, as the Crown  
woven of thorns, which with thorns and thorns of blood  
in lieu of a crown. *Psalm 118.* *Psalm 118.* *Psalm 118.*  
crown, I shall be crowned, I shall be crowned, I shall be crowned  
pleasure, I shall be crowned, I shall be crowned, I shall be crowned  
waited with his blood, as he brings forth his heart and  
thorns, to crown him, which whetstone, which whetstone  
crush into his tender head, and so this crown, which do not  
only sick, but also full of thorns, but also a crown, which do  
false, which do false, which do false, which do false, which do  
redemption, which do redemption, which do redemption, which do  
Counsell, which do Counsell, which do Counsell, which do Counsell, which do  
more, which do more, which do more, which do more, which do more, which do  
do, which do do, which do do, which do do, which do do, which do do, which do  
crown, which do crown, which do crown, which do crown, which do crown, which do  
gins, which do gins, which do gins, which do gins, which do gins, which do  
picks, which do picks, which do picks, which do picks, which do picks, which do  
on his neck, which do on his neck, which do on his neck, which do on his neck, which do  
at, which do at, which do at, which do at, which do at, which do at, which do  
right, which do right, which do right, which do right, which do right, which do  
blood, which do blood, which do blood, which do blood, which do blood, which do  
where, which do where, which do where, which do where, which do where, which do  
cred, which do cred, which do cred, which do cred, which do cred, which do cred, which do  
Confession, which do Confession, which do Confession, which do Confession, which do  
and Saviour, which do and Saviour, which do and Saviour, which do and Saviour, which do  
holy, which do holy, which do holy, which do holy, which do holy, which do holy, which do  
without, which do without, which do without, which do without, which do without, which do  
while, which do while, which do while, which do while, which do while, which do while, which do  
and again, which do and again, which do and again, which do and again, which do and again, which do  
drop, which do drop, which do drop, which do drop, which do drop, which do drop, which do

Math. 27.10.

Ne hic puto ri-  
vos sanguinis  
desisse.  
Bern. de pass.  
Dom. c. 39.

Deut. 25. 2, 3.

S. Ger. l. 4. di-  
vin. insinuat.  
4. 35.

this ? the Law of *Moses* commanded that Malefactors should be beaten with whips, and it shall be if the wicked be worthy to be beaten, that the judge shall cause him to lye down, and to be beaten before his face according to his faults by a certain number : what number ? forty stripes he may give him, and not exceed, lest if he should exceed and beat him above these with many stripes, then thy brother should seem vile unto thee. Deut. 25. 2, 3. Thus indeed were the *Jews* tied, but the *Gentiles* neither bound by law, nor moved with compassion, exceeded this number : I have read that he received no lesse then 500 stripes ; which if we consider these things, is not altogether improbable. First, the law of beating, that every guilty should be stricken by every one of the Souldiers, a free man with staves, and a bond man with whips. Secondly, the cause of this Law, that the body of him that was to be crucified, should be disfigured, that the nakedness should not move the beholders to any dishonest thoughts, when they should see nothing pleasing or beautifull, but all things torn and full of consideration. Thirdly, the purpose of *Pilate* who hoped to *spare* his life, by this so great cruelty used against him. Fourthly, the great care and haste which the Priests used in carrying of the crosse, lest Christ should have died before he was crucified : every one of these reasons argue an unreasonable whipping, which our poor Saviour endured. But (O joy of the Angels, and glory of Saints) who hath thus disfigured thee ? who hath thus defiled thee with so many bloody blows ? certainly they were not thy sins, but mine, that have thus evil entreated thee : it was love and mercy that compass thee about, for I should have suffered, but to prevent this, thy mercy moves thee, and so thou takest upon thee all my miseries.

6.  
Joh. 19. 5.

But all this will not satisfy the *Jews*. Behold the man, said *Pilate* to them, when he thought to have pacified their wrath by that dolefull sight, but this nothing moved them, though (presently after) it moved rocks and stones to shiver in pieces : Behold then a sixth effusion of blood, when his hands and feet were pierced thorow with nails : he bears indeed upon his shoulders an heavy and weighty cros of fifteen foot long, which must needs (say some) cause a great and grievous wound, but (to omit that which is questionable) here be those wofull sufferings ; now come the barbarous inhumane hang-men, and begin to lose



loose his hands that were tied to the gall, to tie them to (a worse  
 for pillory) the cross, then they lay off all pure-glued cloaths,  
 which did so cleave to his mangled battered back, that they pull  
 off cloaths and skin together : now, yet more (and how can I  
 say it without tears for him) the cross is ready, and nothing  
 wanting but a measure for the body : when therefore they lay  
 him on it, and though the print of his blood gives them a true  
 length, yet spitefully they take it longer, that so they may  
 stretch and rack him on the cross, *gill you may tell her bones*, Psal. 22. 17.  
 And now all fixed, his hands and feet are bored, the great nails  
 of whose wounds *David* fore-flawed by those words, *They* Psal. 22. 16.  
*digged my hands and my feet*, Psal. 137. 3. And well may we *Socrat. L. 1. c. 17.*  
 think so, for (as Ecclesiastical History reports) so big were the  
 very nails, that *Constantine* made of them an helmet, and a  
 bridle. O then what pain is this, when all the weight of his  
 body must hang on four nails, and they so be driven into  
 the least sensible parts, but yet now he hangs on his feet, the  
 most finew is, and therefore more sensible part of the body : how-  
 soever, yet to hang thus for a long time (it may be) is somewhat  
 tellerable, but that he hangs till he dies, and so the longer he  
 continues, the wider go his wounds, and the fresher is his tor-  
 rare. And now (my brethren) *behold and see, if there were* Lam. 1. 12.  
*over any sorrow like unto this sorrow* : what else appears  
 in him, but bleeding wounds, bruised shoulders, scourged sides, stir-  
 rowed back, harrowed temples, *digged hands and feet* : I digged I  
 say, not with small pins, but with rough, boystrous nails, and  
 how then shot the blood from those hands and feet *was digged*, Cant. 2. 1.  
 and digged thorough ? O, I am the rose of Sharon, it is truly said *Bern. de pass.*  
 of Christ, *Look on one hand, and on the other, and you may find* Dom. c. 41.  
*roses in both, look on one foot, and on the other, and you may find*  
*roses in either* : In a word, look all over his body, and it is all  
 over rose, and ruddy in blood.

Can we any more, yes, after all this flow of blood, here  
 is one more effusion ; for after his death, *One of the soldiers with* Joh. 19. 34.  
*a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and* Longinus Bi-  
*water*, Joh. 19. 34. The Soldier that gave this wound (they *shop of Cap-*  
 say) was a blind man, but our Saviours blood springing out on *padocia*  
 his eyes, restored him to his sight, and so he became a *Teste Herle*  
 a Bishop, and a Martyr : a strange cure, where the Physician *Contemplati-*  
 ons on  
 Christs passi-  
 on.

must bleed, but so full of virtue was this blood, that by it we are all saved. And yet (O Saviour) why didst thou flow to us in so many streams of blood? one drop had been enough for the world, but thy love is without measure. Physicians are usually liberrall of other mens blood, but sparing of their own; here it is not so: for in stead of the Patients arm, it is the Physicians own side that bleeds; in stead of a lance here is a spear, and that in the hand of a blind Chirurgeon: yet as blind as he was, how right doth he hit the very vein of his heart? that heart where never dwelt deceit, see how how it runs *blood and water* for our finnes, here is the fountain of his Sacraments, the beginning of our happiness: *O gate of heaven! O window of Paradise! O place of refuge! O tower of strength! O sanctuary of the just! O flourishing bed of the Spouse of Solomon!* who is not ravished at the running of this stream? me thinks I still see the blood gushing out of his sides, more freshly and fully then those sweet golden streams which run out of Eden to water the whole world. But is it his *hearts blood*? what? keeps he nothing whole without him, nor within him? his Apostles are scattered in the garden, his garments at the crosse, his *blood* how many wheres? his skin they have rent with their whips, his ears with their blasphemies, his back with their furrows, his hands and feet with their nails, and will they yet have his heart too cloven with a spear? what a wonderfull thing is this, that after all those sufferings he must have one wound more? *why (Lord) what means this open cleft and wound within thee? what means this stream and river of thy hearts-blood? O it is I that sinned, and so wash it away, his heart runs blood and water in abundance.*

Lo here those seven effusions of our Saviours blood, the first at his *circumcision*, the second in the *garden*, the rest when *his cheeks were nipped, his head crowned, his back scourged, his hands and feet nailed, his side opened with a spear,* whence came out an issue of *blood and water*.

And be our finnes thus purged? Lord in what miserable case lay we, that Christ our Saviour must endure all this for us! were our finnes infinite, for which none could satisfie but our infinite God? were not our iniquities as the sands, for which no lesse then an Ocean of blood could serve to cover them? sure here

is a motive (if nothing else) to draw from us the confession of our manifold sins. *Lord, we have sinned, we have sinned grievously, heavily, and with a mighty hand; and what now remains, but that we never cease weeping, crying, praying, beseeching, till we get our pardon sealed in the blood of Christ? O beloved! let me entreat you for Christs sake, for his bloods sake, for his deaths sake, that you will repent you of your sinnes which have put him to these torments: and to this end I shall entreat you thus to order your repentance: First (after confession of your manifold sinnes) look upon him whom you have pierced; and by your meditation supposing him to lie afore you, weep, and weep over him, whom you see, by your sinnes, thus clothed in his blood. Why thus shall it be with the house of David, Zach. 12. 10. I will poure upon the house of David (saith God) and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace, and of supplications, and they shall look upon him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one that mourneth for his onely sonne; and be sorrie for him, as one that is sorry for his first-borne in that day there shall be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. What is the house of David? and what are the inhabitants of Jerusalem, but the elect people of God? and if you be of that number, then do you look on him whom you have pierced, and mourn for him, or mourn over him, as one that mourneth for his onely sonne, yea, be sorrie for him, or be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-borne. Is it not time, think you? do you not see how every part of our Saviour bleeds afore you, his head bleeds, his face bleeds, his arms bleed, his hands bleed, his heart bleeds, his back bleeds, his belly bleeds, his thighs bleed, his legs bleed, his feet bleed: and what makes all this blood-thed but our sinnes, our sinnes? O that this day, for this cause, we would make a great mourning as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon! O weep, or if you will not weep for him, yet weep for your selves, and your own sinnes: alas, have you not caused your sins were his murderers, and your hands by your sins were imbrued in his blood.*

Secondly, stay not here, but when you have mourned and wept over your Saviour, then hate those sinnes that wrought this evil on your Saviour. Which that you may do effectually,



effectually, send your thoughts a far off, and see your Saviour in his *circumcision*, in the garden, and when you have done so, then follow him a little further; behold the tears in his eies, and the clotted blood that came from him when his cheeks were nipped, his head crowned, his back scourged, his hands and feet nailed, his side opened: and then, O then see if you can love those sins that have done all this villany I love them, said I: no (if you have any share in Christ) I hope you will rather be revenged on your sins, rather you will every one say, *O my pride, and my stubbornness, and my looseness, and my uncleanness, and my drunkenness, these were the nacles, and the whips, and the spear that drew blood from my Saviour, therefore let me be for ever revenged of this proud, stubborn, rebellious heart of mine own; let me for ever loath my sin, because it brought all this sorrow on my Saviour.* Is not this ordinary with men? should any one murder your Father or friend, whom you highly regarded and honoured, would you brook his sight, or endure his company? nay, would not your hearts rise against him? would you not prosecute the Law to the uttermost? and if you might be the Executioner, would you not wound him and mangle him, and at every stroak cry out, *Thou wast the death of my Father, thou wast the death of my Father*: and is the heart of a man thus enraged against him, that hath but murdered his friend or his father? O then how should your hearts be transported with infinite indignation (not against the man but) against sinne that hath shed the precious blood of your father, your Master, your God, your King, your Saviour? O follow, follow, after these sins with an Hue and Cry, bring them to the Bar, set them before the Tribunall of that great Judge of heaven, and cry, *Justice Lord, justice against these sins of mine; these slew my Saviour, Lord slay them; these crucified my Saviour, Lord crucifie them: Why thus pursue and never leave them, untill (if it possible may) you see these sins bleed their last; never think you have done enough, but still give your corruptions one hack more, confess your sins once more and say, Lord, this pride, and this stubbornness, and this looseness of heart, these are they that killed my Saviour, and I will be revenged of them.*

Thirdly, stay not here neither, but when you have mourned for your sins, and sought revenge on them, then by Faith cast them

them all on the Lord Jesus Christ: ease your own souls of them, and hurle your care on him that careth for you all. Certainly, there is no way to wash you clean from your sin, but onely by Christs blood, and how must you apply this but by Faith? now then, in the last place have faith, rence your soul (as it were) in the blood of this immaculate Lamb, and though you are polluted and defiled, yet (questionless) the blood of Jesus Christ will purge you from all sin: *If the blood of Bulls and Goats (saith the Apostle) and the ashes of an Heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternall Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your consciences from dead works, to serve the living God:* You may talk of a Purgatory, why here is the Purgatory, that true Purgatory, the fountain that is laid open for the house of Judah to wash in; and I pray you mark it, it is not onely for justification, but being applied by faith, as effectually for sanctification; not onely for the expiation of sin, that it be not laid to your charge, but withall to purge your Consciences from dead works to serve the living God. O then (as you tender your souls) believe, and cast your selves upon Christ for salvation, and for pardon of sins: Do you not see him bleeding on the Cross? Do you not hear him graciously offering to receive your sin-weariest souls into his bleeding wounds? what should you do then but cast your selves, with all the spiritual strength that you can (at least with infinite longings, and most hearty desires) into the bosome of your Saviour? say with your selves, *the fountain is opened, and here will we bathe for ever: Come life or come death, come heaven or come hell, come what come can, here will we stick for ever:* nay, if you must perish, tell God and man, Angels and devils, they shall pluck you out of the hands, and rent you from between the armes of your blessed bleeding Redeemer, your soul-purging Saviour. Thus if you believe, you need not to droop for your sins, but to go on with comfort to everlasting happiness; the blood of Christ (no question) will make way for you into heaven: Yea, (saith the Apostle) *by the blood of Jesus we may boldly enter into the holy places, by the new and living way which he hath prepared for us, through the veile which is his flesh.* Such is the blessed fruit of this blood, and the Lord make it effectual unto us, to bring us  
into

Heb. 9. 13, 14.

Heb. 10. 19, 20.

into heaven, even for his sake who by himself thus purged our sins.

You see the *Purge* given and taken, onely a time it must have, and then follows the *Evacuation*: *Hee purged.* What? the ill humour is *Sin*, the extent of it *Our* Sin: of both these together at our next meeting. Now the Lord to prepare us, that this *Purge* may work in us the everlasting well fare and health of our souls.

**S**in is our sickness, and it cures us of it by the Law yieldeth stripes, the Gospel lendeth life, but especially Christ yieldeth the *Physick Purgation*, which evacuates sin. To consider Christ as a man offering himself for a Saviour of sinners, is a melancholick contemplation; to behold his wounds, and not to think on them as they were our stripes, and to say more of our other miseries, or blis when we shall find what his blood was our ransom, that his stripes were our cure. Now with all our hearts we pray, *his blood be upon us and our children.* And why not, *this blood* (saith the Apostle) *speaks better things unto the blood of Abels.* From *this blood* cryeth out *anywhere* the Gospel blood speaks *away*, and (so our comfort should follow) if God heard the servant, he will much rather that the Son: for if he heard his servant for spilling; how much more will he hear his Son for saving, and regaining our souls. In this regard are two parts.

1. The ill humour evacuated, *Sin*, of which we have heard before.

2. The extent of this sin, it is *mine*, *your*, *every ones*.

What is it but *Sin*? which our Saviour purged. This is the ill humour derived from our Parents, inherent in our selves, imputed to our Saviour, and laid for our sakes on the Prophet *Isaiah*, the *sin of many*, *Isaiah* 53. 1. to which our Apostle saith, *that he his own self bore our sins in his body*: 1. Peter 2. 24. What a load then lay on his shoulders, when all our sins, the sins of all the world were fastened upon him. One mans sin is enough to sink him into hell; and had not our Saviour intervened, every one of us had known by a wofull experience, how heavy sin would

Heb. 12. 24.

Isay 53. 12.  
1 Pet. 2. 24.



would have been upon the soul of each man : but ( O happie we! ) *the snare is broken, and we are delivered.* To prevent sins effect, Christ Jesus hath *purged* and washed it away.

And is this all the matter wherefore our Saviour suffered ? was *sinne* all the disease of which he laboured , *when he had by himself purged* ? yes, it was all, and if we consider it rightly, we may think it enough to cause sufferings in him, when merely for its sake God was so wroth against us. O loathsome *sinne*, more ugly in the sight of God, then is the foulest Creature in the sight of man ! he cannot away with it , nor ( so righteous are his wayes ) could he save his own Elect because of it, but by killing his own sonne : Imagine then what a sicknesse is *sinne*, when nothing but the blond of the sonne of God could cure it : imagine what a poyson is *sin*, when nothing but a spirituall Methu-date, compounded and consecret of the best blond that ever the world had, could heal it : we need not any further to consider its nature, but onely to think of it, how hatefull it was to God, how hurtfull to his Sonne, how damnable to men.

And was it *Sinne* he *purged* ? this may teach us how hatefull *sinne* is, that put him thus to his *Purge* : Every *sinne* is a nail, a thorn, a spear, and every sinner a *Jew*, a *Judas*, a *Pilate* : howsoever then we may seek to shift it on others, yet are we found the principall in this act our selves; you know it is not the Executioner that properly kils the man , *sin* onely is the murtherer, yea, *our sinnes* onely are the crucifyers of the Lord of glory: yea, ( if you will please to hear me ) I will yet say more, *our sinnes* onely *did* not crucifie him, but *do crucifie him afresh* , Heb. 6.6. Heb. 6.6. and herein how farre do we exceed the crueltie of the *Jews* ? then his body was passible and mortall , but now it is glorified and immortall ; they knew not what they did , *for had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory* : but we know well enough what we *do* and *say* too: they buried Christ in the earth, and *the third day he rose again from the dead*; but we through *sinne* so bury him in oblivion , that not once in three dayes, three weeks he ariseth, or shineth in our hearts; O shame of Christians to forget so great a mercie ! O *sinne* past shame to *crucifie afresh the Sonne of God* ! Think of it ( beloved ) *sin* is the death of Christ , and would you not hate him that kills your brother, your father, your Master, your King, your God? beware

beware then of *sinne*, that does it all at a blow; and if you are tempted to it; suppose with your selves that you saw Christ Jesus coming towards you, wrapt in linnens, bound with a kercher, and crying after you in this gasty manner: *beware, take heed what you do, once have your sinnes most widely murdered me, but now seeing my wounds are whole again, do not (I beseech you) rub and revive them with your multiplied sinnes; pity, pity me your Jesus, save me your Saviour, once have I dyed, and had not that one death been sufficient, I would have dyed a thousand deaths more to have saved your souls, why then do you sin again to renew my sufferings?* O my Saviour, who will not leave to *sinne* that but hears thy voice in the gardens? to the companion, bearken unto thy voice, cause me to hear it: it is I that have sinned, and if this be the fruit of it, let me rather be torn of beasts, be devoured of Worms, be violently pulled or haled with racks, then wittingly, or wilfully commit a *sinne*.

Secondly, he purged *sinne*, whose; but *our sinne*: and this tels us of the universality of this gracious benefit, together with its limitation.

First, of the universality: he tasted of death for every man, Heb. 2.9. and he gave himself a rancome for all men; 1 Tim. 2.6. and he purged our sinnes, saith my Text; what, ours onely? no, saith the Apostle, he is the propitiation not for our sinnes onely, but for the sinnes of the whole world, 1 John 2. 2. You will say, all do not actually receive the fruit of his death; you say indeed truly, but I wonder through whose default: Our blessed Saviour, what is he but like a Royall Prince, who having many of his subjects in captivity of thraldome under a Forrein enemy, pays a full rancome for every one of them, and then sending forth his Embassadors, he woos them to return to their home, and to enjoy their libertie; some there are that reject the offer, they will rather serve the enemy then return to the freedome of their Lord; and are these all the thanks they give their Redeemer? O sweet Saviour! he made, upon the crosse a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sinnes of the world; but not all receive the benefit, because many by their own demerit have made themselves unworthy; and yet howsoever some despise liberty, is the arm of the Lord shortened? no see his arms spread on the Crosse to embrace all, and here is the universality of this gracious benefit.

The

Cant. 7. 13.

Heb. 2. 9.

1 Tim. 2. 6.

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Num. 11. 23.

The use hereof is full of comfort: if any man (any *sinner*) *Use.* will now come in with a truly penitent soul, thirsting heartily for Christ Jesus, and resolve unfeignedly to take his yoke upon him, there is no number or notoriousnesse of *sinne* that can possibly hinder his gracious enterment at Gods mercy seat. O then how heinously do they offend, who refuse to take Christ Jesus offered thus *universally*? if you ask who are they? I answer, they are offenders on both hands: First, those that too much *despair*, secondly, those that too much *presume*: to begin with the latter.

Some there are, that howsoever Christ, and heaven, and salvation be offered unto them; yet so close do they stick and adhere to their *sinnes*, that they are loath to leave them; and they hope God is so mercifull, that they can have Christ and their *sinnes* too. Alas deceive not your selves, though the dearness, and sweetness, and freeness, and generality of Christs offers be a doctrine most true, & we propound it unto you as a motive and encouragement to bring you in, yet not so much as one drop of all that bottomles depth of Christs mercie and bountie doth as yet belong unto any that lie in the state of unregeneratenesse, or in any kind of hypocrisie whatsoever. Away then with this *presumption*, & bethink you what a grievous and fearfull *sin* you commit time after time, and day after day in *neglecting* so great *salvation*, by chusing (upon a free offer of his soul saving blood) to cleave rather to a lust (O horrible indignity!) than to Christ Jesus blessed forever: what height and perfection of madnesse is this, that whereas a man, but renouncing his base, rotten, transitorie pleasures, might have Christ Jesus, and with him a full and free discharge of hell pains; a sure and known right to heavens joys; yet should in cold blood most wickedly and willingly, after so many intreaties, invitations, and offers, refuse this mighty change? Heaven and Earth may be astonished, Angels and all creatures may justly be amazed at this prodigious fortitude, and monstrous madnesse of such miserable men: they are the words of a late Divine, *The World* (saith he) *is wont to call Gods people precise fools, because they are willing to sell all they have, for that one Pearl of great price, to part with profits, pleasures, preferments, their right hand, their right eye, every thing, any thing, rather then to leave Jesus Christ: but who do*

I.



beware then of *sinnes* that doe us all a terrible blow: add if you are tempted to it; suppose with your selves that you saw Christ Jesus coming towards you, wrap in lincens, bound with a hercher, and crying after you in this gasty manner: *behold, take heed what you do, once have your sinnes most wilfully murdered me, but now seeing my wounds are whole againe, do not (I beseech you) rub and revive them with your multiplied sinnes: pity, pity me your Jesus, save me your Saviour, once have I dyed, and had not that one death been sufficient, I would have dyed a thousand deaths more to have saved your souls; why then do you sin against a new my suffering? O my Saviour, who will not leave to sinne that but heares thy voice in the garden, to the companion bearken unto thy voice, cause me to hear it: it is I that have sinned, and if this be the fruit of it, let me rather be torn of bodis, be devoured of Worms, be violently pulled or halld with racks, then wittingly, or wilfully commit a sinne.*

Secondly, he purged *sinne*, whole; but *our sinne*; and this tells us of the *universality* of this gracious benefit, together with its *limitation*.

First, of the *universality*: he tasted of death for every man; Heb. 2. 9. and he gave himself a ransom for all men; 1 Tim. 2. 6. and he purged our sinnes, saith my Text; what our onely? no, saith the Apostle, he is the propitiation not for our sinnes onely, but for the sinnes of the whole world; 1 John 2. 2. You will say, all do not actually receive the fruit of his death; you say indeed truly, but I wonder through whose default: Our blessed Saviour, what is he but like a Royall Prince, who having many of his subjects in captivity of thraldome under a Forrein enemy, pays a full ransome for every one of them, and then sending forth his Embassadors, he woos them to return to their home, and to enjoy their libertie; some there are that reject the offer; they will rather serve the enemy then return to the freedome of their Lord; and are these all the thanks they give their Redeemer? O sweet Saviour! he made, upon the crosse a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, ablation, and satisfaction for the sinnes of the world; but not all receive the benefit, because many by their own demerit have made themselves unworthy; and yet howsoever some despise liberty, is the arm of the Lord shortened? no see his arms spread on the Crosse to embrace all, and here is the *universality* of this gracious benefit.

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Wild. 5. 3, 4.

Rev. 3. 20.

2 Cor. 5. 20.

you think now are the true and great fools of the world? and who are likeliest one day to groan for anguish of spirit, and say within themselves, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and a proverb of reproach; we fools accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour, now is he numbered amongst the Children of God, and his lot is among the Saints: Nay, if it once come to this, with what infinite horror and restless anguish will this conceit rent a mans heart in pieces, and gnaw upon his conscience, when he considers in hell, that he hath lost heaven for a lust: and whereas he might at every Sermon had even the Son of God his husband for the very taking, and have lived with him for ever in unspeakable blisse; yet neglecting so great salvation, must now lie in unquenchable flames, without all ease or end. Sure it is the highest honour that can be imagined, that the Sonne of God should make suit unto sinfull souls to be their husband, and yet so it is; he stands at the door and knocks, if you will give him entrance, he will bring himself and heaven into your hearts: We are Christs Embassadors (saith the Apostle) as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christs stead, to be reconciled to God. We are Christs spokes-men, that I may so speak, to woo you and winne you unto him; now what can you say for your selves, that you stand out? why come you not in? if the Devil would give you leave to speak out, and in plain terms, one would say, I had rather be damned then leave my drunkennesse, another, I love the world better then Jesus Christ; a third, I will not part with my ease and gainfull trade of Usury for the treasure hid in the field, and so on; so that upon the matter, you must needs all confesse that you hereby judge your selves unworthy of everlasting life, that you are wilfull bloody murderers of your own souls: nay, and if you go on without repentance, you may expect that the hellish gnawing of Conscience for this one sinne of refusing Christ may perhaps hold scale with the united horrors of all the rest whatsoever. O then make haste out of sinne, and come, come to Christ, so freely offered unto you! Heark how he calls, Come unto me all sinners, see my arms spread, my heart open. O how gladly would I entertain you, if you would come unto me: here is a generall invitation indeed, all men, all sinners, of all estates, of all kindes, of all conditions, whosoever



whosoever you are, he keeps open house for you. *Come and welcome.*

Secondly, they offend on the other side, who after invitation come not, through a kind of unmannerly modestie, or a bashfull *despair*: Some there are, that may perhaps go so farre as to acknowledge their finnes, and to confesse, that without Christ they are utterly undone, and everlastingly damned; that may be ravilht with the thoughts and apprehensions of this invitation of Christ, and would ever think themselves happie if they had their hungrie soules filled with Christ Jesus: but yet so it is, that (considering their manifold grievous *finnes*, finnes of a scarlet die, of an horrid stain, against knowledge, against conscience, and that which troubles them most, for all these *finnes* their sorrow being so little, and poor, and scant, and in no proportion answerable to them,) they cannot, dare not, will not meddle with any mercy, or believe that Christ Jesus in any wayes belongs unto them. To these I speak, or rather let them hear our Saviour himself speak to them: *Whosoever will* (saith he) *let him come, and drink of this water of Life freely:* yea, those that think themselves furthest off, he bids them come. *Come all that are weary and heavy laden:* if they find *finne* a burthen, then Christ invites them, they (whosoever they are) that stand at the statts end, he desires them to lay aside their weapons and come in; or if they will not do it, he layes his charge on them, for this is his Commandment, that we should believe on the Name of his Sonne Jesus Christ: nay, he counts it a *sinne* worse then the *sinne* of *Sodome*: a crying *sinne*, not to come in when the Gospel is proclaimed; and therefore let them never pretend their *finnes* are great and many, but rather (because of his offer, invitation, and command, it being without any restraint of person, or *finne*, except that against the holy Ghost, if they will not come in, and cast themselves upon Christ, let them say, it is not the greatnesse of their *finne*, but a willingness to be still in their *finnes*, which hinders them; or otherwise let them know, that *finnes*, when men are truly sensible of them, should be the greatest encouragement, (rather then discouragement) to bring them in to our Saviour: *Those that be whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick:* is it not for the honour of a Physician to cure great diseases? a mighty God and Saviour loves to

2.

Revel. 21.

Matt. 11. 28.

1 John 3. 23.

Matt. 9. 12.

do mighty things, therefore in any case let them come in, and the greater sinners they are, no question the greater glory shall Christ have by their coming: And indeed to take away all scruple, it is a *Maxime* most true, *That he which is truly wearie of his sinnes, hath a sound, reasonable, and comfortable calling to lay hold upon Christ.* Do they feel the heave load of their sin? just then is Christ ready to take off the burthen: do they thirst after righteousness? just then is the fountain of the water of life set wide open unto them: are they contrite and humble in spirit? just then are they become thrones for the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity to dwell in for ever. O then come, and welcome! Christ excepts none that will not except themselves, *He died for all, and he would have all men to be saved.*

Matth. 11. 28.  
Rev. 21. 6.

Esay 57. 15.

But yet let us be cautelous: *secondly, he purged our sinnes,* and *ours* ] with a limitation; the use of Physick (we say) consists in application; and howsoever our Saviour *hath purged our sinns;* yet this *purge* of his is nothing beneficiall to us, unless there be some means to apply it: As then it is in all other Physick, so in this; we must first *take it;* secondly, *keep it.*

1. *Take it,* for as the best plaster if not laid to, can cure no wound; so Christ himself, and all his precious merits are of no virtue to him that will not apply them by faith: when you hear the Gospel preached, believe it on your parts; believe Christ is yours, believe that he lived, and died, and sorrowed, and suffered, and all this for you, to *purge your souls of your sinnes.*

2. But having *taken it;* you must secondly *keep it;* as men take Physick, not onely in belief that it will do them good, but in hope to keep it by the virtue and strength of the rective parts; so we take Christ by faith, but we retain him by holiness: these two, *faith and holiness,* are those two bonds wherewith Christ is united unto us, and we unto Christ: so that if we be of this number, then truly may we say that *he purged our sinnes:* for he both died for us, and by virtue of our faith and holiness through him, his death is applied to us; to us I say, not in any generall acception, but as we are of the number of his Saints, for *we had sinned, and they were our sinnes* ] onely that he *effectually purged,* and washed away.

Use.

And this lesson may afford us this use, that howsoever the

free

free grace, and mercie, and goodnesse of Christ Jesus is revealed and offered to all men *universally*; yet our Saviour takes none but such as are willing to *take upon them his yoke*; he gives himself to none but such as are ready to *sell all and follow him*: he saves none, but such as *deny ungodlinesse and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world*: in a word, he purgeth none, or cleanseth none *by his blood from all sin*, but such as walk in the light as God is in the light, who make conscience of detesting and declining all sins, and sincerely set their hearts and hands with love and carefull endeavour to every duty enjoyned them: why these are the men onely to whom his death is effectual, and therefore, as we mean to partake of his merits, or to have good by his death, let us become new creatures. It is true indeed, and we cannot but maintain it, that to justification nothing but faith is required, but this caution must be added, it must be a *faith that purifies the heart*, that works an universal change, that shews it self in the fruits: if therefore any of us would come in, let us have ready our answer, as a late Divine speaks the dialogue betwixt Christ and a true Christian on this manner: First, (saith he) when God hath enlightened the eyes of a man, that he can see where this treasure is, what then? *Why* (saith the Christian) *I am so enamoured with the love of it, that I will have it whatsoever it cost me*: yea (saith Christ) *but there is a price upon it, it must cost thee dear, a great deal of sorrow, and trouble, and crosses, and afflictions*: *Tush, tell me not of price* (saith the Christian) *whatsoever I have shall go for it, I will do any thing for it that God will enable mee*. Why (saith Christ) *wilt thou curb thine affections? wilt thou give up the life?* wilt thou be content to sell all thou hast? *I will doe* (saith the Christian) *with all my heart, I am content to sell all that I have, nothing is so dear unto me but I will part with it, my right hand, my right eye; nay, if hell it self should stand between me and Christ, yet would I passe through it unto him*. This (beloved) this is that violent affection which God puts into the hearts of his children, that they will have Christ whatsoever it cost them: yet understand me, I pray you: It is not to sell our houses, or lands, or children, but our *sins* that I mean: the Lord Jesus and one lust cannot lodge together in one soul: no, if we are but once



1. Joh. 2. 1, 2.

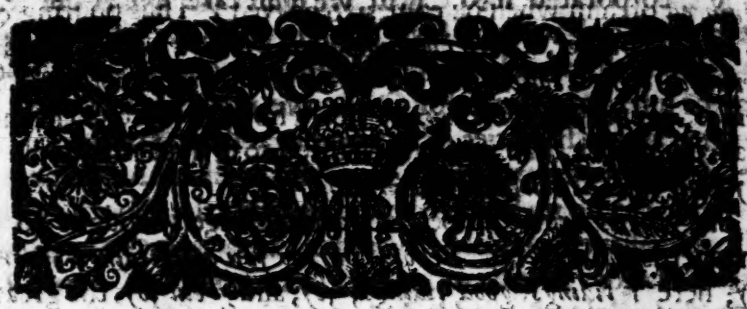
truly incorporated into Christ, we must take him as our Husband and Lord; we must love, honour, and serve him; we must endeavour after sanctification, perfect obedience, abillitie to do, or suffer any thing for Christ; we must consecrate all the powers and possibilities of our bodies and soules to do him the best service we can; we must grieve and walk more humbly, because we can do no better: and thus if we do, though I cannot say but still we shall *sin* so long as we live on this earth, yet here is our comfort; *we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our finnes.* I say for our finnes] effectually, if we believe in his Name, for it was for us he died, and they were our finnes he purged, and this is that great benefit we receive from our Saviour, in that *he by himself hath purged our finnes.*]

And now our finnes being purged, our soules recovered, I may well end this Text; onely I shall give it one visit more, and so *Farwell.*

Matth. 12. 44.

You see the maladie, *Sin,*] the remedie, *a purge,*] the Physician, *he,*] the patient, *himself,*] *our selves;*] for our infirmities were laid on him, and his sores became our salves, by whose virtue we are healed. Blesse we then God for the recovery of our soules; and be we carefull for the future of any relapse whatsoever: these relapses are they we had need to fear indeed, for in them the diseases are more dangerous, finnes are more pernicious, and men become *seven times more the children of Sathan then ever they were before.* Now then we are healed, be we studious to preserve it all the dayes of our life, and we shall find at our death, that he that purged our finnes will save our soules; we need not any other *Purgatory* after death; no, when our soules shall take their flights from our bodies, then are the Angels ready to conduct them to his Kingdome: and thither may we come for his sake, and his onely, who by *himself* (in his own person) *hath purged our finnes.* A M E N.

F I N I S.



# Heavens happinels.

LUKE 23. 43.

*To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*



E that purged our sinns, is here disposing of Paradise, at the same time when he hung on the Crosse, even giving up the ghost, he is dealing Crowns and Kingdoms to a poor penitent soule: thus like a glorious Sun that breaks through the warric clouds ere it appear unto us, our Saviour (*the Sun of Righteousness*) shoots forth his rayes of Majesty through all his sufferings on a dejected sinner. Two malefactours suffer with him, the one raides on him, saying, *If thou be Christ, save thy self, and us*: But the other prays to him, *Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy Kingdome*: in the midst of his thraldome he proclaims his Kingdome, and whom he sees a Captive, he believes a Lord: *Lord remember me*; is it not strange, that through so many, such thick clouds of misery, this dying thief should behold his glory? but where grace aboundeth, what marvel is it? *The Naturall man knoweth not the things of God, but he that is spirituall discerneth all things*: No sooner was this penitent thief converted a Christian, but on a sudden, even on the very rack of torture he confesseth himself a sinner, and Christ his Saviour; and therefore desires to be re-

1. Cor. 2. 14.

membr'd of him when he comes to heaven: Thus pouring out his soul in prayer, the *Bridgrooms* that *became* in *Flare*, saith *Bernard*, (*his Crosse being the wood, himself stretcht on it the strings, and his words the sound*) heark how he warbles the most heavenly musick that was ever chanted to a departing soul, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

Luke 2.10.

The words are a Gospel, such as the Angels brought to the Shepherds, Luke 2.10. *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy; here is tidings, good tidings; joy, and great joy, the greatest happiness that could ever befall a mortall, now waits on a malefactor, at that time when the execution was a doing, death approaching, and the horrors of hell laying hold upon him; when a word of comfort would have been most seasonable, like apples of gold in pictures of silver; then comes our Saviour (as a messenger with a pardon) and he bids him be of good cheer, there was happiness towards him: when? to day ] what? thou shalt be with me ] where? in Paradise.]* Not a word but speaks comfort to the afflicted soul, be he howsoever afflicted for the present, yet there shall be a change, and the more to sweeten it,

Prov. 25.11.

Here is the } Celerity, to day ]  
 } Certainty, thou shalt be ]  
 } Societie, with me ]  
 } Ubi, or place where all joy is enjoyed, in Paradise.]

These are those four heads that issue out of *Eden*, may God give a blessing to the watering, that you may bear good fruit till you are planted in that garden, whereof it is spoken. *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.]* We begin with the certainty of this promise, *Thou shalt be.]* &c.

*Thou shalt be.]*

**T**O this purpose was that asseveration, *Verily, verily, I say unto thee,]* Nor is it enough that he affirms it, but he assures it, *to; thou shalt be.]* Will and shall is for the King, and what is he less that bestows Kingdomes on his servants? here was a poor man desires onely to be *remembr'd of him*, and in stead of *remembring* him, he tells him he *shall be with him:*  
 how?



how? but as a coheir of his Kingdome. Blessed thief, that had such a gift, and that made unto him with such assurance as this was! It is the promise of our Saviour, who to put him out of all doubt, he tells him it shall be so. *Thou shalt be with me in Paradise.* Whence observe,

That *Salvation may be made sure to a man.* If you would *Observ.* needs know the means (howsoever it was true in this thief) it is not by any immediate suggestion, or revelation; Christ is now in heaven, and the holy Ghost works not by enthusiasmes or dreams; *The assurance of our salvation depends not upon revelation, but on the promises of the Gospel: there then must we search and see, and if our hearts be rightly qualified, thence may we draw that fulness of perswasion with Abraham, who staggered not at Gods promises, being fully perswaded, that what he had promised he was able to perform.* Rom. 4. 21. This doctrine we have confirmed by David, Psal. 35. 3. *Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.* By Peter, in the 1. Pet. 1. 10. *Make your election sure.* By Paul, in the 1. Cor. 9. 26. *I therefore so run, not as uncertainly.* From all which we may argue, David would never pray for that which could not be; nor would Peter charge us with a dutie which stood not in possibility to be performed; nor would Paul serve God at randome; uncertaine whether he should obtain any good, or prevent any mischief; no, but as one that was sure, that by so doing he should attain everlasting life, and without so doing he could not avoid eternall death. We may then be sure, if condicions rightly concur; and seeing this is a point we would be all glad to know, that we are sure to be saved, I shall beg others help, Gods assistance, and your patience, till we have opened the windows, and given you a light of the lodging, where securely our souls may rest at noon day.

*Fidelium ex-  
pectatio non  
nititur revela-  
tione, sed pro-  
missionibus  
Evangelii.*  
Rom. 4. 20, 21  
Psal. 35. 3.  
1. Pet. 1. 10.  
1. Cor. 9. 26.

*Cant. 1. 7.*

Some lay the order thus; that to assure us of heaven, we must be assured of Christ; and to assure us of Christ we must be assured of faith; and to assure us of faith, we must be assured of repentance; and to assure us of repentance, we must be assured of amendment of life.

Others tell us of more evidences, and we shall reduce them to these heads; *The testimonie of our spirits, and the testimonie of Gods Spirit:* It is not our spirit alone, nor Gods Spirit alone

Rom. 8. 16.

makes this Certificate; but both concurring, and thus Paul tells us, Rom. 8. 16. *The Spirit it self beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God.*

Our first assurance then is the testimony of our spirit, and this witnesseth with Gods spirit two waies,

By Inward tokens,

By Outward fruits.

John 5. 10.

Inward tokens are certain speciall graces of God imprinted in the spirit of a man as gully for ever despite of pardon, loss, or righteousness, faith in Christ for he that believeth on the Sonne of God, hath the witness in himself, saith the Apostle.

1. John 2. 3.

Ourward fruits are all good deeds, holy duties, new obedience, and hereby we are sure that we know him, if we keep his

2. Pet 1. 10.

Commandments, 1. John 3. 1. To say then we are sure of heaven, and to live a life fitter for devils, what a fond saying is this? no, if we have a true testimony we must be of good lives, it is our holiness, and justice, and mercy, and truth, that will be our best assurance, and so the Apostle assures us, *If ye do these things ye shall never fall.*

Our second and best assurance is the testimony of Gods Spirit, which sometimes may suggest and testify to the sanctified conscience thus, or in the like manner, *Thou shalt be saved, thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*

But here I must satisfy two doubts: first, by what means the Spirit of God gives this particular assurance? secondly, how a man may discern between the assurance of this Spirit, and the illusion of Satan, who is the spirit of lies.

John 3. 6.

To the first we say, the means is either by an immediate revelation, or by a particular application of the promises in the Gospel, in form of an experimentall syllogisme, as, *Whosoever believes on the Son shall be saved; but I believe on the Sonne, therefore I shall be saved.* The major is Scripture, the minor is confirmed by our faith, which if I have, I may say I believe: True, flesh and blood cannot say this, it is the operation of the holy Ghost; but if the work be wrought, and I feel this faith within my soul, what need I doubt but this assumption is true, *I believe on the Son?* Yet I hear some complain, they have neither sight nor sense of faith: and thus it is often with Gods dearest children: the Sonne that in a clear sky discovers and manifests it self,

self, may sometimes with clouds be overtast and darkened; and faith, that in the calmnesse of a Christian course shines, & shows it self clearly to the sanctified heart, may sometimes in the damp of spirituall desertion, or darknesse of temptation, lie hid and obscured: there is therefore in the Saints, *the assurance of evidence, and the assurance of adherence.* The assurance of evidence, is that which is without scruple, and brings an admirable joy with it, and this more especially appears either in our more fervent prayers, or in our heavenly meditations, or in time of martyrdom, or in some quickening exercises of extraordinarie humiliation, or in beginning of our spirituall, or end of our naturall life, at most needfull times, then doth Gods Spirit speak comfortably to us, whispering to our souls the assurance of our happinesse, that we shall be inheritours of his Kingdome. The assurance of adherence is that, which I doubt not the Saints have in their greatest extremities: for instance, many a faithfull soul, that makes conscience of sinne, lies and languishes upon the rack of fears and terrors, he feels nothing but a dead heart, and a spirituall desertion, yet in the mean time his soul cleaves unto Christ, as to the surest rock, he cries and longs after him, and for all his fears and sorrows he will still rest upon him, Job like, *though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.* Job 13.15. Now this adherence unto Christ may assure him of salvation; for (if we speak punctually and properly) faith justifying is not to be assured of pardon; but to trust wholly upon Christ for pardon; and this if he do, then may he with freedom of spirit say, *I believe on the Sonne,* whence ariseth this conclusion, which is the testimonie of Gods Spirit, therefore *I shall be saved.*

*Certitudo evidencie, & adhaerentia.*

Job 13.15.

To our second doubt, *how we may discern betwixt the testimony of Gods Spirit, and the illusion of Satan?* I answer.

First, the testimony of Gods Spirit is ever agreeable to the Word, and thus to crie us, the Scripture tels us, that *whoever is born of God, doth not commit sinne.* 1 Joh 3.9. which is not to be understood simply of the act of sinning, for *who can say, my heart is cleane?* but in this sense, he doth not commit sinne, that is, he makes not a trade of sinne, it doth not reign in him, if then thou allowest any lust in thine heart, or goest on in the willing practice of any one known sin & yet hast a conceit that thou art

sure



sure of salvation, alas, thou art deceived; *thou hast made a lie thy refuge, and hid thy self under falsehood.*

Secondly *Gods Spirit* breeds in the soul a Reverend love, and insatiable longing after all good means appointed and sanctified for our spiritual good: and therefore that heart which sweetly is affected and inflamed with the word and prayer, and meditation and conference, and vows, and singing of Psalms, and use of good books, we doubt not but it is breath'd on by the Spirit of God; whilst others that use all these Ordinances out of customs or formalitie, or some other sinister end, alas, their conceit of being right, is built on the sands, and therefore down it falls at deaths flood, and is overwhelmed in destruction.

Rom. 8. 26.

Thirdly, *Gods Spirit* is ever attended with the *spirit of Prayer*, and therefore saith the Apostle, *We know not how to pray, but the spirit it self, maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered,* Rom. 8. 26. O the blessed operation of this Spirit! it even warms the spirit of a man with quickning life, to pour out it self in the presence of the Lord his God, sometimes in more hearty prayers, and sometimes in more faint and cold, yet alwayes edged with infinite desires that they were farre more fervent then they are. But on the other side, every deluded Pharisee is a mere stranger to the power of Prayer. if he prays often (as I make it a question) yet never prayes he from a broken heart, and this argues, that all his confidence is no better then a weed which grows of its own accord, & therefore like *Jonahs gourd*, when affliction comes, it withers on a sudden.

Fourthly, the *testimonie of Gods Spirit* is often exercised and accompanied with fears, and jealousies, and doubts, and distrusts; and varieties of temptations, which many times will drive the soul thus distressed to cry mightily to God, to re-examine her grounds, to confirm her watch, to resort for counsell where it may be had; whilst on the contrary the Pharisees groundlesse conceit lies in his bosome without fears, or jealousies, or doubts, or distrusts, or any such ado, why so? alas, *Sathan* is too subtle to trouble him in that case; he knows his foundation is falsehood, his hope of Heaven no better then a golden dream, and therefore in policie he holds his peace, that he may hold him the faster.

Fifthly, the *testimony of Gods Spirit* is ever most refreshing

at those times, when we retire ourselves to converse with God in a more solemn manner; when we feel that we have conquered, or well curbed some corruption of nature; when we are well exercised in the Ordinances of God, or in our sufferings by man for a good cause, and conscience sake; then (or at such times) shall we feel that sweetness of the Spirit cherishing our hearts with a lightsome comfort that cannot be uttered; whilst on the contrary the deluded man is alwaies alike peremptorie in his confidence, you shall not take him at any time without a bold perswasion, that he hopes to be saved as well as the best, thus like a man who lying fast asleep on the edge of a Rock, he dreams merrily of Crowns and Kingdomes, and will not offit, but on a sudden starting for joy, he tumbles into the bottome of the Sea, and there lies drowned in the deep; that assurance which is ever secure is but a dream whereas the testimony of Gods Spirit is sometimes mixed with doubts, and sometimes (to our unspeakable comfort) with a secret, still, heart-ravishing voice thus speaks to our consciences, *thou shalt be* ] *thou shalt be* ] *with me in paradise.*

You see the testimonie of Gods Spirit, how it works in us, and how it is discerned by us; it works in us by a particular application of the promises in the Gospel, and is discerned by us by the word, by our love, our prayers, our fears, our joys at some times while we are a doing our duties.

O blessed man that feels in his soul this blessed testimonie! Use. what is here comparable to it? riches are deceitfull, pleasure is a toy, the world is but a bubble, onely our assurance of Heaven is the onely reall comfort that we have on earth; who then would not studie to make this certain? if we purchase an inheritance on earth we make it as sure, and our tenure as strong, as the brawn of the Law, or the brain of Lawyers can devise, we have conveyance, and bonds, and fines, no strength too much; and shall we not be more curious in the seeking our eternall inheritance in Paradise? a man can never be too sure of going to Heaven; and therefore in Gods fear let us examine the testimonie of our spirits by the inward tokens, and by the outward fruits: let us examine the testimonie of Gods Spirit by the means and the difference; and if we find both these testimonies to accord within us, how blessed are we in this vale of tears!

Luke 23. 37,  
39.

tears.) it is an heaven upon earth, a Paradise in a wilderness, in a word, a comfort in all miseries, be they never so embittered. See a Thief hanging on the Crosse, an Engine of most grievous torture; but who can tell the joy that entered into him before he entered into Heaven? you may guesse it by his desire to be remembered of Christ when he came into his Kingdom; he begs not for life, nor pleasure, nor riches, nor honour, no, *there is one thing necessary*; give him Heaven and he cares for nothing; to this purpose doth he addresse himself to our blessed Saviour, and he asks — *what? if thou be Christ, save thy self*, said the Jews in derision: and *if thou be Christ, save thy self and me*, said the other Thief to him; but this was onely for the bodies safetie: and here is a man quite of another mind; let the Jews rack him, tear him, break all his bones, and pull him into atomes, if our Saviour will but do so much as *remember him in his kingdom*, he desires nothing more: O blessed Christ speak comfortably to his soul that begs it thus vehemently at thy hands! but why do I prevent? the bowels of our Saviour yearn to hear him; *remember him*? yes, he will *remember him*, and he *shall be with him*; comfortable news! how leaps his heart at these so blessed words? his desire is granted, and Heaven is assured, and the Spirit of God, yea, the God of Spirits thus testifies it to him, *to day [shalt thou be] with me in Paradise.*

Thus farre of the certainty of his salvation, *thou shalt be*: ] but as the grant is sweet that is certain, so is it yet more acceptable if done with expedition: and here is both the certainty, and expedition, *thou shalt be, when? to day [with me in paradise.*

*To day.* ]

Our Saviour defers not that he promises, but as he quickly hears, and quickly grants, so he quickly gives him *Paradise*, and a kingdom. This sudden unexpected joy makes all more gratefull; to tell us of Crowns and Kingdomes that we must inherit, and then to put us off with delayes, abates the sweetnesse of the promise: men that go to suits for lands and livings, though Lawyers feed them with hopes, yet one order after another, spinning out time to a multitude of *Terms*, makes



makes them weary of the businesse: it is the happinesse of this suitour that he comes to an hearing: but the highest degree of his happiness was the expedition of his suit: no sooner he motions, *Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdome;* but the Lord gives him that he asks upon his first motion, *to day, ere the Sun be down, the Kingdome shall be thine, thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*

But you may object, Was there no *Limbus Patrum*, no *Purgatory* to run through: but the very same day he died, he must then go to *Paradise*; no, unless *Limbus* or *Purgatorie* be *Paradise* it self, there is no such thing at all. Some there are, that rather then say nothing, speak thus: *Christ giving up the ghost,*

*his soul descended into hel,* and the very same day was this *Malefactor* partaker of Christs beatificall vision, with the other *Patriarchs* in *Limbus*. But of how great difference is *Paradise* and *Limbus*, we shall hear another time sure it is, *Christ* promised not a *Dungeon* in stead of a *Kingdome*, nor is *Paradise* a place of pleasure, of any such imaginary melancholy nature: we conclude then, *To day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,* ] it is all one, as to say, *To day, (thy day of death) thou shalt be with me in Heaven,* and there enjoy me in my *Kingdome*.

*Mox ut Deus expiravit ipse secundum animam ad infernos descendit, Guliel. Paris. cap. 21. secundum verbum.*

But again you may object, That *Christ* rather that day, descended into *hel*, then ascended into heaven: The Creed teacheth, that after he was crucified, dead, and buried, he descended into *hell*.

To answer the objection, some go about thus, by *hel* (say they) is meant *Paradise*, where the soul of *Christ* was all the time that his body lay in the grave: If this be not a misconstruction, I am sure it is no literall Exposition, and me thinks a very strange kind of figure it is, to expresse Christs ascent into *Paradise* by his descent into *hell*. Others more probably understand Christs abode in the grave for the space of three dayes. *Austin* after

*Aug. Epist. 57.*

some turns and wrenches concludeth thus: *Est autem sensus multo expeditior, &c.* It is a farre easier sense and free from all ambiguity, if we take *Christ* to speak these words, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise* ] not of his *Manhood*, but of his *Godhead*; for the man *Christ* mass but day in the grave according to the flesh, and in *hell* as touching his soul, but the same *Christ* as *God* is alwayes every where. Thus he: But this will

not

Perkins on the  
Creed.

not satisfie all, and therefore they argue thus against it; These words (say they) must be understood of his Manhood, not his God-head: and why so? For they are an answer unto a demand, and unto it they must be sutable: Now the Thief (seeing that Christ was first of all crucified, and therefore in all likelihood should first of all die) makes his request to this effect; Lord, thou shalt shortly enter into thy Kingdome, remember me then: to which, Christs answer (as the very words import) is thus much; I shall enter into Paradise this day, and there shalt thou be with me: but the God-head, which is at all times in all places, cannot be said properly to enter into a place, and therefore not into Paradise. Again, when Christ saith, I then shalt be with me in Paradise] he doth intimate a resemblance between the first and second Adam: the first Adam sinned against God, and was presently cast out of Paradise; the second having made satisfaction for sinne, must presently enter into Paradise. Now there is an resemblance but in regard of the soul, or man-head, and therefore to apply it to the God-head, were to belife this analogy between the first and second Adam.

R. Clerk D.  
in D. Serm.

These reasons are weighty, but should we say with wisdom, That Christ in his soul went down into hell, one of our Worthies can tell us, that Christs soul, united to his Godhead, might do all that, and yet be that day in Paradise: God works not usually like man: Satan could shew Christ all the Kingdoms of the world in the twinkling of an eye, and Gods expedition exceeds his. To this agrees another, that we have no warrant in Gods word, for to fasten Christs soul unto hell for all the time of his death, but that it might be in Paradise before it descended into hel. That he was in Paradise must be received; because himself doth affirm it, and that he descended into the deep must be received also, for the Apostle doth avouch it; but how he descended, or what time he descended, as also what manner of triumph he brought thence, cannot be limited by any mortall man. To conclude, I will not denie, but that according to the Creed, he descended into Hell, yet howsoever we expound it, Metaphorically or literally, it hinders not this truth, but that immediately after death his soul went into Paradise.

B. Bilson, l.  
of the power  
of Hel destroy-  
ed, fol. 219.  
Rom. 10. 7.

The objections thus solved, now come we to the Thief thus comforted by Christ, to day] shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

What

What? *in day?* without all doubts or delays? here's a blessed dispatch, if we either consider the misery endured, or the joy to be received.

First, in regard of his *miserie*, he was a Thief condemned and crucified: we read of four kinds of deaths in use amongst the Jews, strangling, stoning, fire and the sword: the Croffe was a death whether for the pain, the shame, the curse, farre above all other: we may see it in that gradation of the Apostle,

Phil. 2.8.

He became obedient to death, even to the death of the Croffe. Phil. 2.8. What engine of torture was that? it spins out pain: it slows his death yet a little and a little till it be more then any man can think: loe his hands bored, his feet nayled, his legs broken, every part full of pain from top to toe, and thus hangs this Thief, the poze of his body every moment increasing his pain, and his own weight becoming his own affliction: in this case were not a quick riddance his best remedie? were not the news of death better then a lingering life? Lo then to his eternall comfort, Christ our Saviour (for the same condemnation) grants him his desire. What would he have? a dispatch of pain? he shall have it *this day*. *Thou shalt be with me*. *To morrow (yea, today) thou shalt be with me*.

1 Sam. 28.19.

But secondly, hee's a greater comfort, his *miserie*s have an end, and his joy is at hand: while he is even gasping in deaths pangs, he is carried on a sudden from earth to heaven, from his Croffe to Paradise, from a world of wo to a kingdom of happiness, and eternall bliss. O how blessed is the change, when in the very moment of misery joy enters! Suppose you a poor man in the night time out of his way, wandering alone upon the mountains, far from company, destitute of money, heated with rain, terrified with thunder, stiff with cold, wearied with labour, famished with hunger, and near brought to despair with the multitude of miseries; if this man upon a sudden, in the twinkling of an eye, should be placed in a goodly, large, and rich palace furnished with all kind of clear lights, warm fire, sweet smells, dainty meats, soft beds, pleasant musick, fine apparel, honourable company, and all these prepared for him, to serve him, honour him, and to anoint and crown him a King for ever; what would this poor man do? what could he say? surely nothing, but rather in silence weep for joy: Such, nay, far



far happier was the case of this poor malefactor : he was like the man wandering on the mountains, full of as much pain as the crosse could make him; but on a sudden he and our Saviour crucified with him, both meet in his Kingdome: and now, Lord, what a joy enters into him, when he entred into heaven ! on *Calvary* he had nothing about him, but the *Jews* at his feet, and the nails in his hands, and the Crosse at his back; in stead whereof, no sooner comes he to *Paradise*, but the Angels, Archangels, *Cherubims*, *Seraphims*, all hug him, and embrace him; imagine with your selves, how was he astonished, and as it were besides himself at this sudden mutation, and excessive honour done unto him ! Imagine with your selves what joy was that, when he met our Saviour in his glorie, whom that very day, he had seen buffeted, scourged, crowned, crucified; *blessed day that could ever bring forth such a change!* Beloved, I know not how to express it, but let your souls in some meditation flie up from *Calvarie* to Heaven; in the morning you might have seen Christ and this Thief hanging on two Cresses, their bodies stretched, their veins opened, their hands and feet bleeding in abundance, the one desiring to be remembered of the other, and the other complaining that he was forgotten of his Father: in this dolefull case both leaving the world, ere might they meet again, and now what hugs, what kisses are betwixt them ? When *Joseph* met with *Jacob*, he fell on his neck (saith *Moses*) and wept on his neck a good while; but never was any meeting on earth like this in Heaven: here we have a *Joseph* lift out of the dungeon to the Throne, where no sooner set, but our Saviour performs his promise of meeting him in *Paradise*, at which meeting the *Angels* sing, the *Saints* rejoyce, all *Harps* warble, all *Hands* clap for joy, and the poor soul of this penitent Thief, ravished with delight, what does it, or what can it do, but even weep for joy (if any weeping were in heaven) to see on a sudden so great a change as this.

Use.

Num. 23. 10.

And if this be his case, who will not say with *Balaam*, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?* O let us (I beseech you) present unto our souls the blessed condition to come, and this will be effectually to stir us up to every good duty, and to comfort us in all conditions whatsoever: what will a man care for crosses, and losses, and disgraces in the world,

world, that thinks of an heavenly Kingdom? What will a man  
care for ill usage in his Father's house? He knows he is a King  
at home: we are all (as the name of our Father from God)  
but even strangers here, were that all we suffer indigni-  
ties, yet here is our Father, we have a Father close to come, and  
all this in the mean time is but a nothing of us, of what  
heavenly Kingdom we are to come, and what his Kingdom and  
inheritance was a very preparation of him, that he might know  
himself, and that he might know himself for to govern right,  
so we are all Kings, as soon as we believe, we have the  
same blessing, and the same power, on our head, and runnes  
down about us, so we must be humble, and feared, before we  
are in heaven, and here (and the same) we have yet here to  
spend, and yet here to be content, and yet here to be at home,  
it is not long, and we shall be in the Kingdom of God, here  
we are worthy, and yet here we are not worthy, and yet here we are  
there, and yet here we are not there, and yet here we are  
better, and yet here we are not better, and yet here we are  
of our Father, and yet here we are not of our Father, and yet here we are  
I may say, and yet here we are not I may say, and yet here we are  
that know we are a change, and yet here we are not a change, and yet here we are  
shadow, and yet here we are not shadow, and yet here we are  
light, and yet here we are not light, and yet here we are  
what we should be, and yet here we are not what we should be, and yet here we are  
take this, and yet here we are not take this, and yet here we are  
(as Augustine said) to suffer every day, and yet here we are not to suffer every day, and yet here we are  
to men of this, and yet here we are not to men of this, and yet here we are  
much more, and yet here we are not much more, and yet here we are  
worth, and yet here we are not worth, and yet here we are  
Thief (now a killed Saint in glory) for a day's suffering,  
an half day's repenting, was thus welcomed to Heaven, and yet here we are  
we live in his repentance, not in his delay, he indeed had mercy  
at the last call, but this priviledge of one mercie not a common  
law for all, one finds mercie at the last, that none should de-  
spaire, and but one that none should prelude, be then your  
as red as Scarlet, you need not despair, if you will not repent,  
and lest your repentance be too late, let this be the day of your  
conversion, now abhorre sinnes path, sue out a pardon, call up-

Rem. 8. 18.

Hieron. in ca-  
tologo.

Aug. serm.  
31. de sanct.

I speak of  
suffering and  
repenting as  
means, not as  
the cause.

on Christ with this Thief on the Crosse, *Lord, remember me, remember me now thou art in thy Kingdom; thus would we do, how blessedly should we die, our consciences comforting us in deaths pangs, and Christ Jesus saying to us at our last day here, our day of death, our day of dissolution: To day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*

We have *dispatch* with *expedition* this *dispatch*, this *expedition*, to day ] the next day you shall hear the happiness of this grant, which is the society of our Saviour, *thou shalt be: with whom? With me ] in paradise.*

*With me ]*

And is he of the Society of Jesus? yes, though no Jesuite neither, for they were not then hatcht ) but what noble order is this, where the *Saints sing, Angels minister, Archangels rule, Principalities triumph, Powers rejoyce, Dominations govern, Virtues shine, Thrones glister, Cherubims give light, Seraphims burn in love*, and all that heavenly company ascribe and ever give all laud and praises unto God their Maker? here is a Society indeed, (I mean not of *Babylon*, but *Jerusalem*) whether Jesus our Saviour admits all his servants, and whereto this Thief on the Crosse was invited, and welcomed, *thou shalt be with me ] in paradise.*

For if *with me ]* then *with all* that is *with me*, and thus comes in that blessed company of Heaven; we will onely take a view of them, and in some scantling or other you may guesse at *Heavens happiness.*

*With me ]* and therefore with my *Saints*; blessed man that from a crew of thieves (by one houres repentance) became a companion of Saints: and now he is a *Saint* amongst them, what joy is that he enjoys with them? O my soul, couldst thou so steal Heaven by remorse for sinne, then mightst thou see—what? all those millions of *Saints* that ever lived on earth, and are in Heaven; there are those holy Patriarchs, *Adam, Noah, Abraham*, and the rest, not now in their pilgrimage tossed to and fro on earth, but abiding for ever on *Mount Sion, the City of the living God*: there are those goodly Prophets, *Esay, Jeremy, Ezekiel*, and the rest, not now subject to the torments of their cruell adversaries, but wearing *Palms, and Crowns* and all other



other glorious Ensigns of their victorious triumphs: there live those glorious Apostles, *Peter, Andrew, James, John*, and the rest, not now in danger of persecution or death, but arrayed in *long robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb*: there Revel. 7. 14. live those women-Saints, *Mary, Martha*, and that Virgin-mother, not now weeping at our Saviours death, but singing unto him those heavenly songs of praise & glory world without end: there are those tender infants (*an hundred forty four thousand*, Revel. 14. 1, Revel. 14. 1.) not now under Herods knife bleeding unto death, 3, 4. but harping on their harps, and following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth: there lives that noble armie of Martyrs, (*they that were slain upon the earth*, Revel. 18. 24.) not now under the merciless hands of cruel tyrants, but singing and saying their *Hallelujahs, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power be unto* Revel. 19. 1. *the Lord our God: these dwell all the Saints and servants of God* (*both small and great*, Revel. 19. 5.) not now fighting in Revel. 19. 5. this vale of tears, but singing sweet songs that echo through the Heavens, *as the voice of many waters*: *as the voice of mighty thunders*, so is their voice saying, *Hallelujah for the Lord God* Revel. 19. 6. *omnipotent reigneth*. And is not here a goodly troop, a sweet company, a blessed societie and fellowship of Saints? O my soul, how happie wert thou to be with them! yea, how happie wilt that day be to thee, when thou shalt meet all the *Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, Disciples, Innocents, Martyrs, the Saints*, and servants of the King of Heaven? why thus happie and blessed, is this penitent Thief: no sooner entred he into the gates of Heaven, but there meets him *with musick and dancing*, Luke 15. 25. all the quire of Heaven, and (*Lord*) what a joy entred into his soul, when his soul entred into his makers joy? Tell me (could I speak with thee that dwellest in the Heavens) what a day was that, when stepping from the Cross and conducted to Paradise, thou wast there received with all honourable companies and troops above? there did the Patriarchs meet thee, and the Prophets hug thee, and the Martyrs struck up their Harps to bid thee welcome to the Tabernacle of Heaven. Such honour have all his Saints that attain the fellowship of the Saints in glory.

But more then so, *thou shalt be with me*] and therefore with my Angels: Lo here a blessed companie indeed, these are the heavenly Choristers eternally singing Jehovahs praise: The Seraphims



was in the grave; and if the *soul* be it that makes us men, what a passing great joy is that, when men standing amongst the Angels shall see their Lord, the Lord of heaven, nor to be an Angel, but a man? Here is the solace of Saints, when they shall see & say, who is yond that rules on the Throne of heaven? who is yond that sits on the right hand of God the Father? and they shall answer themselves again, it is he that for us became man; for the salvation, it is he that of our *soul* hath took upon him a body & *soul*. And think now with thy self, whosoever thou art that readst (if thou wilt but spend thy few *evil* dayes in his fear, & so die in his favour) what a comfort will it be unto thee to see that Lamb sitting on his seat of state? If the wise men of the East came so far, and so rejoyced to see him in the manger, what will it be to thee to see him sitting and glittering in his glory? If *John Baptist* did leap at his presence in his mothers belly, what shall his presence do in his royall and eternall Kingdome? It passeth all other glories (saith *Austin*) to be admitted to the inestimable sight of *August*. *Christ* his face, and to receive the beams of glory from the brightness of his Majesty: nay, should we suffer torments every day, or for a time the very pains of hell it self, thereby to gain the sight of *Christ*, and of his Saints, it were nothing in comparison. No wonder then, if *Paul* desire to be dissolved and to be with *Christ*. Alas, who would not be so? O most sweet Saviour (saith one devoutly) when shall this joyfull day come? when shall I appear before thy face? when shall I be filled with thy excellent beaurie? when shall I see that countenance of thine, which the very Angels themselves are so desirous to behold? an happie time sure will it be to each faithfull soul: And thus happie was this man, he parted sorrowfully with our Saviour on the Crosse, but he met him joyfully in his Kingdome: those sweet souls that both left the world at one time, no sooner had heaven gates opened unto them, but with mutuall kisses they embraced each other in unspeakable manner.

Phil. i. 23.

Nor was this all, thou shalt be with me, ] not onely with my *soul*, but with my *God-head*: this indeed was the height of blisse, the very soul of heavens joy it self; set aside this, and crown a man with the Empire of all the earth, the splendour of heaven, the royall endowments of a glorified soul, the sweetest company of Saints and Angels, yet still would his soul be full of empti-



ness, and utterly to seek for the surest Sanctuary whereon to rest: onely once admit him to the face of God, and then presently, and never before, his infinite desire expires in the bosome of his Maker: I denie not but the other joyes in heaven are transcendent and ravishing, but they are all no better then accessories to this principall, drops to this Ocean, glimpses to this Sunne. If you ask how can our souls enjoy this God-head? I answer, two wayes; first, by the *understanding*; secondly, by the *will*. The *understanding* is filled by a clear glorious sight of God, called *Beatificall vision*; *We shall see him face to face*, saith Paul, 1 Cor. 13. 12. *We shall see him as he is*, saith John, 1 John 3. 2. For as the Sunne by his beams and brightnesse illightens the eye, and the air, that we may see not onely all other things, but also his own glorious face: so God, blessed for ever (in whose presence ten thousand of our suns would vanish away as a darksome mote) doth by the light of his Majestic, so irradiate the minds of all the blessed, that they behold in him, not onely the beaue of all his Creatures, but of himself; and thus shall we see and know that glorious mystery of the Trinitie, the goodnesse of the Father, the wisdom of the Sonne, the love and comfortable fellowship of the holy Spirit, nothing that can be known, but in him we shall know it, in most ample manner.

Secondly, the *will* is for ever satisfied with a perfect inward, and eternall communion with God himself; Christ that is God and man, by his Man-hood assumed uniteth us unto God, and by his God-head assuming uniteth God unto us, so that by this secret and sacred communion, we are made partakers (and as it were possessours) of God himself: O bottomlesse depth, and dearest confluence of joyes and pleasures everlasting! here is the perfection of all good things, the Crown of glory, the very life of *Life everlasting*. And well may it be so, for what can the soul desire, God will not be unto her? It is he that is eminently in himself beauty to our eyes, musick to our ears, honey to our mouthes, perfume to our nostrils, light to our understanding, delight to our will, continuation of eternitie to our memorie; in him shall we enjoy all the varieties of times, all the beautie of creatures, all the pleasures of *Paradise*. Blessed Thief, what a glory was this to be admitted to the societie of Christ in his Deitie! *thou shalt be with me?*] how then should he be but

1 Cor. 12. 12.

1 John 3. 2.

but happie? Where could he be ill with him? Where could he be well without him? In thy presence there is fulnesse of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures evermore; joy, and fulnesse of joy: pleasures, and everlasting pleasures: Blessed are all they that live in thy house, O Lord, for they shall praise thee eternally world without end. Psal. 84.4.

Ubi male poterat esse cum illo? ubi bene poterat esse sine illo? Aug. Psal. 16. 11. Psal. 84.4.

You see now Heavens societie, they are Saints and Angels, and Christ, and God blessed for ever and ever.

Who then would not forsake Father and Mother, the dearest fellowship of this world to be with Christ in his Kingdome? You that love one another in the deepest bonds, who cannot part out of this life but with the survivors grief, and hearts break: tell me what a merry day will that be, when (you shall not onely meet again, never more to part asunder, but when) Christ our Saviour shall gladly welcome you (every one of you) into his societie, *then shalt be with me,* and let me speak to the joy of us all, I mean all broken-hearted Christians, (as for you that are profane ones, you have your portion here, therefore stand you by, and let the Children come to their share) a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when I shall meet you, and you me in the Kingdome of heaven: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when you and I shall be all admitted into the societie of God, and of Christ, and of his Saints, and of the Angels: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when with these eyes we shall behold our Redeemer, together with that Thief that was crucified with him: a day will come, I trust in the Lord, when we shall meet again with all the Saints that are gone afore us: and is not this a comfort? what shall we say when we see our Saviour in his Throne, waited on with Mary his Mother, and Magdalen and Martha, and Lazarus, and Paul, and Peter, and all the Apostles and Disciples of our Lord and Saviour? yea, when this Thief shall be presented to our view, the wounds in his hands and his feet shining like Starres, and Pearls, and Rubies, all his body glittering in glory, and his countenance magnifying the Lord for his conversion and salvation world without end.

But stay, least we be lead too forward, there is no such thing for us, if now we are not in the Covenant of grace: heaven is both happie and holy, and if we would enjoy heaven, then we

I Use.

2.

Phil. 3. 10.

must fit our selves to that state to which God hath preserved us to this purpose (saith the Apostle) *Our conversation is in heaven from whence we look for the Saviour* Phil. 3. 20. He was assured of heaven, and therefore he conversed as a Citizen of heaven before he came there, every way glorified himself (as much as earth would suffer him) like them that live in heaven; and thus must we (if ever we go to heaven) become like to those that are in that place. *Drink ye my joy* (saith the Father)

1 Cor. 6. 9.

*Whom emangers & adulterers, nor Fornicators, nor the like shall enter into the Kingdom of God* 1 Cor. 6. 9. Do men who live in these sinnes without all remorse or repentance ever think to go to heaven? is it possible that ever any flesh should go out of the puddle into Paradise? no, no. *Why ye workers of iniquities, I know you not* saith our Saviour: let no man cherish presumptions of an heavenly Kingdom, except he abstain from all sinnes against Conscience. What then? but so live we here as becomes his servants, and thus when we part, it is but for better companie: we lose a few friends, but we shall find him that welcomes all his with this heavenly harmonie, *thou shalt be with whom? with me* in Paradise.

Matt. 25. 41.

Hitherto of the Society. The last thing considerable is the place or *Ubi* where his soul arrived; but of that hereafter, as the Lord shall enable me. God give us all grace so to live here that howsoever we go hence one after another, yet at last we may all meet together with our Lord and Saviour in his heavenly Paradise.

In Paradise.

*illa enim verè  
Paradisus de-  
ficiarium est.  
non corporalis,  
aut localis, sed  
spiritualis &  
cœlestis.  
Bellar. de 7.  
verbis Domini  
l. 1. cap. 4.*

**A**ND where was that? our Adversaries say in *Limbus*, and yet (to give them their due) *Bellarmino* so means, nor as that *Limbus* was Paradise, but that in *Limbus* this thief had his Paradise, to wit, the vision of God: *The vision of God* (saith *Bellarmino*) is a true Paradise indeed, not locall, but spirituell. But with *Bellarmino*es leave we have no such sense of Paradise, in any part of holy Writ. In the old Testament we read of an earthly Paradise, wherein *Adam* lived; in the new Testa-  
ment we read of an Heavenly Paradise, whither *Paul* was caught, yet both these were locall, for the one (saith *Moses*)  
was



was a garden Eastward in Eden, Gen. 2.8. and the other (saith Gen. 2.8.  
*Revel.*) was in heaven, which he calls the third heaven, 2. Cor. 12. 1. Cor. 12. 3, 4  
 2. and that *Paradise* in my Text must be understood of Hea-  
 ven, this resemblance confirms; the first *Adam* sinned against  
 God, and was presently cast out of that *Paradise* on earth:  
 the second *Adam* made satisfaction for him, and so must pre-  
 sently enter into this *Paradise* of heaven: because of the sin of  
 the first *Adam*, both he and all his posterity were thrust out of  
 Eden, because of the sufferings of the second *Adam*, both he,  
 and we, this Thief, and all believers, are to go into heaven. So  
 then this *Paradise* whither *Christ* is gone, and this Thief went  
 with him, what is it? but as *Paul* calls it, the third heaven? Or  
 as the Thief himself styled it in his prayer to our Saviour, Re-  
 member me; where? in thy Kingdom.

And if this be it we call *Paradise*, what can we say of it? It  
 is not for us (saith *Bernard*) in these earthly bodies to mount into Bern. super  
 the clouds, to pierce this fulgure of light to break into this beat. Cant. serm. 38.  
 temple of glory; this is reserved to the last day, when *Christ*  
*Jesus* shall present us glorious and pure to his Father, without spot  
 or wrinkle. And yet because God in his Word doth here give us  
 a taste of heaven, by comparing it with the most precious things  
 that are on earth, let us follow him so far as he hath revealed it,  
 and no further.

In the midst of *Paradise* was a Tree of Life, Rev. 2.7. and this  
 Tree bears twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every Revel. 2.7.  
 Moneth, Rev. 22.2. What more pleasant then life? and what Revel. 22.2.  
 life better then where is variety of pleasure? here is a tree of life,  
 and the life of the tree; a Tree of life that renews life to the eat-  
 ers, and the life of the tree bearing fruit every moneth. and as  
 many moneths so many fruits; such are the varieties of heavens  
 joyes, where youth flourisheth that never waxeth old, change of  
 delights and choise too enteth that never knoweth end. But  
 look we a little further: *John* that calls this place *Paradise*, Re-  
 vel. 2. calls this *Paradise* a City, Rev. 21. and hereof he gives Rev. 21. from  
 us the quantitie and quality, the bignesse and beauty: first for the 10 verse  
 the greatnesse of it; An Angel with a golden Reed measures it, and to 24.  
 and he finds the length and the breadth, and the height of it are  
 equal. Secondly, for the beautie of it, The Walls (saith he)  
 are of Iasper, and the foundation of the Walls garnished with all  
 manner

manner of precious stones, the twelve gates are of pearls, and the streets paved with pure gold: there is no need of Sun or Moon: for the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb (Christ Jesus) is the light thereof. See here the excellency of this City: on which words to give you a short Comment,

x

John 14.2.

Rolloc. in Job  
cap. 14.

Casman.

apavoy 820.

Job 11.8.

Wee'l begin first with the *Greatness* of it: The Angel sets it down twelve hundred *Furlongs*, verſ. 16. Yet that we may know this certain number; it is but figuratively taken; you may gheſſe at the measurable magnitude of this Citie, by thoſe many *Mansions*, ſpoken of by Chriſt; John 14. 2. *In my Fathers houſe are many Mansions*: How many? ſo many (ſaith one) as would ſuffice *in finitum mundum*, a thouſand worlds of men, and though all the men in this one world attain not to it, it is not for want of room, but of will, *They believe not in him who hath prepared theſe ſeats for them*. And gheſſe it you may by that incredible diſtance betwixt Heaven and Earth. Some Aſtronomers compute, that betwixt us onely and the ſtarric Firmament, there is no leſſe then ſeventy four Millions ſeven hundred three thouſand, one hundred, eighty miles; and if the Emphyreall Heaven (as many ſay) be two or three Orbs above the Starric firmament, how many more miles is it then beyond? and the further it is diſtant (we all know well enough) the heavens being Orb wiſe, and one comprehending another, that which is furtheſt or higheſt muſt needs be the greateſt; hence is it that Scriptures compare the height of Heaven (and conſequently the magnitude) to the perfection of God paſt finding out; *Canſt thou by ſearching find out God? — it is as high as heaven, what canſt thou do?* Job 11.8.

Secondly, If ſuch be the immenſity, what think you is the *beauty*? It is a moſt glorious Citie, whoſe walls are of *Iaſper*, whoſe building is of *gold*, whoſe gates are of *pearls*, whoſe foundation of *precious ſtones*: and if ſuch be the gates and ſtreets, what then are the inner rooms? what are the dining Chambers? what are the lodging rooms? O how unſpeakable is the glory of this Citie! Kings ſhall throw down their Crowns before it, and count all their pomp and glory but as duſt in compariſon; and well they may: for what is an earthly *Kingdome* to this heavenly *Paradiſe*? where is mirth without ſadneſs, health without ſorrow, life without labour, light without darkneſſe, where every

every Saint is a King, adorned with light as with a garment, and clad in the richest robes that God bestows upon a creature.

But that which more especially commends the beauty of this Citie, is the lustre of it, *There is* (saith John) *no need of Sun or Moon*, it is *verus lux*, wholly light it self, not like the starrie firmament, bespangled here and there with glittering spots. *It is all as it were one great, one glorious Sun*, from every point it pours out abundantly whole rivers of purest light, and then what a light is this? *Zanch. de Coelo beatorum, cap. 4.*

Nor is this all; for the glorie of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof: besides the native lustre, there is the glorie of God, the glory of all glories; this is, it for which Moses prayed, *O Lord, I beseech thee shew me thy glory*; to whom God answered, *thou canst not see my face and live, — but I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while my glory passeth by: then will I take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen.* And if Moses face shone so bright with seeing Gods back-parts, that the Israelites were afraid to come nigh him, and that he was faine to cover his face with a veil while he spake unto them, how bright then is Paradise, not onely lightened with the back-parts of God, but with his own divine glory? From the majestie of God (saith a modern) there goes out a created light, that makes the whole Citie glitter, and this being communicated to the Saints, God thereby causeth that they see him fully face to face. *Exod. 33. 18, 20, 21, 22, 23. Exod. 34. 30, 33. Zanch. de Caelo beat. l. 1. c. 4.*

Again, The glory of God, and the Lambe of God both give their lights; that Lambe that was slain from the beginning of the world, that body of his once crucified, now brighter then ten thousand Suns, O how infinitely glorious doth it make this Paradise, this Citie of God? His countenance is as the Sun that shineth in his strength, saith John, Revel. 1. 16. But what starres are those in his hands and his feet? Where the nayls pierced, now it sparkleth; where the spear entred now it glittereth gloriously: if we look all over him, his head and his hairs are as white as snow, his eyes are as a flame of fire, his feet like unto fine brasse, as if they burned in a furnace: no wonder then if such beams come from this Sun (the Sun of righteousness) that all heaven shines with it from the one end to the other. *Revel. 1. 16. Ibid. v. 14, 15.*

And



- And yet again the Lambe, and the Saints all give their lights;
1. John 3.2. for we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him. 1. Job.  
3.2. how like? why, he shall change our vile bodies, that it may be  
Phil. 3.21. fashioned like unto his glorious body, Phil. 3.21. In what like?  
Dan. 12.3. even in this very quality; for they that be wise shall shine, Dan.  
12.3. How shine? as the brightnesse of the Firmament: nay  
more, as the starres, saith Daniel: nay more, as the Sun, saith  
our Saviour; nay, yet more saith Chrysostome: howsoever the  
righteous in heaven are compared to the Sun, Marth.  
Marth. 13. 43. 13. 43. It is not, because they shall not surpassse the brightnesse of  
Chrysost. in it; but the Sun being the most glittering thing in this world, he  
Matth. Hom. 6 takes a resemblance thence only towards the expressing of their  
glory. Now then what a masse of light will arise in Paradise,  
where so many millions of Sunns appear all at once? If one  
Sunne make the morning sky so glorious, what a bright shining  
and glorious day is there, where's not a body but 'tis a Sunn?  
Revel. 21.23. Sure it is, There shall be no night there. no need of candle. no need  
of Sunne, or Moon, or Star. O that this clay of ours should be  
partakers of such glory! what am I O Lord, that being a  
worm on earth, thou wilt make me a Saint in heaven? this body  
of earth and dust shall shine in heaven like those glorious span-  
gles in the firmament; this body that shall rot in dust and fall  
more vile then a Carrion, shall arise in glory, and shine like the  
glorious body of our Saviour in the mount of Tabor. To come  
neer my Text: See here a Saint. Thief shining gloriously, he that  
was crucified with our Saviour at whose death the Sun hid her  
face with a veil, now he reigns in glory without need of Sunn:  
for he is a Sunn himself, shining more clearly then the Sun at  
noon; he that one day was fastened to a Crosse, now walks at  
liberty through the streets of Paradise, and all the joyes, all the  
riches, all the glory that can be is poured upon him. What else?  
He is in Paradise, and what is Paradise but a place of pleasure?  
where sorrow is never felt, complaint is never heard, matter of  
sadness is never seen, evil success is never feared, but in stead there-  
of there is all good without any evil, life that never endeth, beau-  
ty that never fadeth, love that never cooleth, health that never  
impaireth, joy that never ceaseth; what more could this peni-  
tent wish, then to hear him speak that promised Paradise, and  
per-

be made by the same. *To be made by the same*  
*in Paradise.*

And this is the reason why I have not *Paradise* in my  
*heart*, for *Paradise* is a place of rest and  
 better, where we shall be able to see the face of God  
 the Father, and to be with him for ever and ever, and that you  
 may see what a *Paradise* is, and how it is made.

Meditation is the way to *Paradise*, and the way to *Life*.  
 God may bless you, and may give you the *Paradise* of *Heaven*.  
 Did we but think on this, that *Paradise* is a place of rest and  
 heavenly mansions prepared for us, and that we shall never hunger  
 upon it, and ever and anon we shall see the face of God, we come  
 to the *fingering* and *possession* of it. O how would these hea-  
 venly meditations ravish our souls, as if *Heaven* were a *Paradise*,  
 before we entered into *Heaven*. Consider of this, whether we  
 soever we are, whether we are vexed, or troubled, or oppressed,  
 or persecuted for the name of *Christ*; there is nothing so im-  
 mured, that a thought of *Heaven* will not free you. Yet I know  
 that we are only to think of it, we shall lose *Heaven* and *Paradise*  
 to get into this golden *Citie*, where *Heaven* is a *Paradise*, and all  
 is gold and pearl; nay, where *Heaven* is a *Paradise*, and all  
 in comparison of those things which shall be revealed unto each  
 faithful soul.

On the other side, Consider with your selves what fools are  
 they who deprive themselves willingly of this endless glory,  
 who bereave themselves of a room in the *Citie* of *Paradise*, for a  
 few carnall pleasures. What *Bedding* and *banquet* hairest are  
 they who shut themselves out of *Paradise*, for a little *confort*  
 of self? What *Jealousie* and *envie* hairest are they who wil-  
 lingly and wittfully bar themselves out of this *Paradise*, for the  
 short fruition of worldly wealth and riches. As for your *sinfull*  
*I hope better things*. Let me advise you for the love of God, for  
 the love of *Christ*, for the love that you have to your own souls,  
 that you will settle your affections on things above, and not on  
 things beneath; and then you shall find out the comfort of  
 it when leaving this world, the Spirit of *God* shall whisper to  
 your souls this happy tidings, *To day shall thou be with me in*  
*Paradise.*]

Here

Here is an end. Shall I now call up the accounts of what  
have delivered you? The Total is this:

*Every sinner that repents and believes, shall be saved: you  
need no other instance than this Thief on the Crosse, at one hear-  
ty tear, one penitent prayer, Lord, remember me in thy King-  
dom, the Lord gives him his desire; see here the sinner, thou shalt  
be] the expedition, so day] his admission, with me] the place  
whither he is inducted, it is into Paradise,] and there now he  
officials, doing service to God without ceasing, world  
without end. O Lord, give me grace so to re-  
pent and believe, that whensoever I go  
hence, that day I may be with  
thee in Paradise.*

AMEN

Wm. Browne Jun.  
his book - 1679:-

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M D C L.



